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Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vancat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantum sive confitentum.
S. AUG. EPIST. CCXXXVIII. AD. PASCENT.

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THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC

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THE NUNCIO AND TWO VICARS APOSTOLIC.

ADDA, LEYBURN, AND GIFFARD.

ON the 3d of July, 1687, a procession was seen slowly winding along the streets of Windsor and passing through the gates of the royal castle. It was long since such a cortege had been seen in England, and the singular spectacle gave rise to various emotions. Great multitudes had flocked to the town, and it was impossible for them all to find food and lodging. Many carriages emblazoned with arms stood by the roadside all day, while the lords and ladies in them waited for the show. Even among them there was every variety of opinion, no less than among the foot passengers who had toiled along dusty roads. There were some who, strong in their Protestant and Puritan feelings, regarded this exhibition as an ominous tempting of the Almighty, and could scarcely repress the bitter words and execrations which they thought meet for expressing their indignation. There were others who looked on with transports of delight, believing it to be a prelude to the liberty, if not the ascendency, of their long-persecuted faith. A Catholic king was on the throne, a Catholic queen was his spouse, and he was not ashamed or afraid to profess his loyalty to the ancient creed.

The procession did not appear till late in the afternoon, and it was headed by the Knight Marshal's men on horseback. A long train of running footmen followed, and then a royal coach, in which sat Ferdinand, Count of Adda, Archbishop of Amasia, and Papal Nuncio at the court of James II. He was dressed in the purple

proper to his office, and a bright gold cross glittered on his breast. The equipages of the principal courtiers and ministers were swollen in number by the coaches of Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, and Crewe, Bishop of Durham, whose arms and liveries caused no small disgust in the minds of Protestant beholders.

Two months before, Adda had been consecrated as Archbishop, *in partibus*, by the king's express command, in the chapel of St. James Palace. The officiating prelates were Leyburn, of whom I shall have more to say presently, and two bishops from Ireland. The public were admitted through open doors, and even Puritans, anxious to secure the royal favors, were found among the spectators. The queen, in the evening, received a large number of favored guests in her own apartments, and, Adda being there in his episcopal attire, James fell on his knees before all his courtiers and implored a blessing. We shall have reason to see in the sequel that if the king had been more consistent in his private conduct, if he had not outraged the laws of England, which he had solemnly engaged to observe, and if he had, without the smallest sacrifice of principle, been less demonstrative in the outward observance of his religion, he might have promoted its interests enormously, and left to subsequent rulers an example of toleration, justice, and prudence. Had he listened to the advice he uniformly received from Rome, this would have been his course; a course no less creditable to himself than fortunate for the nation. His secret immoralities probably lay at the root of his insane mode of government, perverted his judgment, and engendered in his mind the presumptuous hope of atoning for habitual violation of the moral law by outward zeal for the Church whose precepts he transgressed.

The consecration of Adda, though a striking ceremony, was eclipsed by the procession of which I have spoken. It is impossible at this distance of time to say what illustrious converts were present at the pageant. But we can easily guess the names of several amongst them. There may have been seen Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, whose descendant has lately been the ambassador of England at the conference in Constantinople on the Eastern question. There too may have been Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, general, courtier, and diplomat, now old and infirm. William Wycherley, the writer of comedies, may have been looking on, and near him one better known to posterity and more highly appreciated, John Dryden. He, too, would have advised his majesty to take moderate measures, for we find him saying in one of his letters, "Oh that our monarch would encourage noble idleness by his own example, as he of blessed memory did before him. For my mind misgives me that he will not much advance his affairs by stirring."

Severe as Lord Macaulay's strictures are on many of the Catholics who surrounded King James, he has a good word to say for Adda in several parts of his history. He was, he wrote, sent to London charged to inculcate moderation both by admonition and example. He was not possessed of eminent abilities, but had a mild temper and courtly manners. He did not at first assume a public character, but passed for a foreigner of rank whom curiosity had brought to London. He was treated with high consideration and appeared daily at court. He did all in his power to diminish the odium inseparable from the office he filled, and to restrain the rash zeal of his royal master, declaring that nothing could be more directly injurious to the interests of the Church than a rupture between the King and his Parliament. In all this he was amply seconded by Dr. Leyburn, and supported by Pope Innocent himself. The interesting dispatches of Adda, copied from the Papal archives, are preserved in the British Museum, and afford abundant testimony as to the real nature of the advice which James received from his ecclesiastical superiors. They were all impressed with the necessity of his keeping on good terms with his Parliament if he expected to advance his religion and retain his throne.

Father Petre, indeed, a Jesuit of great influence at the royal court, appears to have been less moderate in his counsels, but then he did not speak with the same authority as the nuncio and Leyburn. There is reason to believe that the King intended to confer upon him the Archbishopric of York, and kept the see unoccupied several years for that purpose. But no Jesuit could be appointed bishop without a dispensation, and Innocent XI could not be induced to grant such a dispensation to Father Petre.

The patience of Lord Castlemaine, the English envoy at Rome, became exhausted, and he complained bitterly that no countenance was shown at the apostolic see to him and the Marshal d'Humières, the ambassadors of the two Catholic kings of England and France. He bluntly declared to the Pope that unless he had reason to expect a change of measures he would immediately quit the papal court, to which Innocent returned the laconic answer, "Lei epadrone." He desired his nuncio, however, to demand satisfaction from the King for the insult offered to him by the ambassador. James recalled Castlemaine to England, but gave him a place in the council. By means of Rinaldo d'Este the King renewed his solicitations in behalf of Father Petre, not now that he should be made an archbishop, but that he might receive a cardinal's hat. In the meantime he named him Clerk of the Closet, and he was authorized to take his seat among the privy councillors.

In one of his dispatches Adda terms the King's quarrel with the Parliament *una gran disgrazia*, and repeatedly hints that his majesty

might, by a constitutional policy, obtain much for the Catholics, and that the attempt to relieve them illegally was likely to bring upon them great calamity.

It was on the 12th of January, 1688, that the congregation of the Propaganda, at the instance of James II, passed a decree for the erection of additional Vicariates in England. The decree was approved by Pope Innocent, and in three briefs, dated January 30, 1688, his holiness appointed three Vicars Apostolic, with their titles *in partibus*, to assist Bishop John Leyburn, previously made Vicar Apostolic of the whole of England. In the letters addressed to them conjointly they were informed that they would have the faculties formerly given to archpriests, and such as ordinaries enjoy in their sees, and their authority was to be exercised in districts of which the fourfold territorial division was intrusted to the hands of the Apostolic Nuncio. Leyburn, the Bishop of Adrumetum, had represented to the Holy See the want of additional vicars, and though his recommendation was complied with, his own jurisdiction and that of his episcopal associates, was granted with the ordinary limitation *ad nostrum et Sedis Apostolicæ beneplacitum.*

This was certainly a boon for England and a step towards the recovery of her Catholic character, which had been in abeyance more or less during a hundred and fifty years. It was four years over a century since the last Catholic Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Watson, died in prison in Wisbeach Castle. It was three years over a century since the last survivor of the ancient Catholic hierarchy of England, Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, died at Rome in exile. Every abnormal method of church government had been tried during the long period of persecution, in order to keep alive the embers of the smouldering Church. When Bishop Watson died, in 1584, the Catholic religion in England seemed destined to perish. The few priests who at the peril of their lives, under various disguises and constant shifting of domicil, had remained in the country had nearly all died. But when hope seemed to be expiring, William Allen, the recognized head of the English secular clergy, raised to the Cardinalate with the express object of encouraging the English Catholics, was, in 1587, plunged in fresh grief by the death of Mary, Queen of Scots. He had already proved his zeal for the suffering Catholics by writing tracts and pamphlets on many contested doctrines of the Church, and while residing at Douay and at Rheims, took every occasion of solacing and supporting his English brethren under their trials. He was, in short, "Prefect of the English Church;" and when he died at Rome, in 1594, Queen Elizabeth was still on the throne, and tortures of the most heathenish description were inflicted in her name on the harried adherents of the ancient faith.

Four years later, George Blackwell was appointed Archbishop of England, by letter of Cardinal Henry Caietan, Cardinal Protector of that kingdom, and this was done by command of Clement VII. Owing to the exceptional character of the times, many faculties were granted to him which are commonly restricted to bishops, and twelve assistants were to aid him with their counsels. He was particularly warned not to exceed his faculties, not to publish laws or statutes, nor to fulminate censures against laymen, nor to suspend or deprive of faculty any priest without consent of the Cardinal Protector.

It would be foreign to my purpose to go into the minute history of the Church during the Archpriesthood of Blackwell and his successors, or I might show how a new trial of Catholic loyalty presented itself in the person of the appellants, who maintained the lawfulness of subjection and obedience to the queen, to which some of them added the compromise of frequenting Protestant temples and churches. George Blackwell himself, the Archpriest, fell into the trap, but it did not save him from persecution, for he was arrested and forced to confess himself Archpriest and Superior of the Priests on the English Mission. Though he tried, by abject submission to the ruling powers, to screen himself from suffering, he was deprived by the Pope of his office of Archpriest, and died in prison in 1613.

At the period of Blackwell's deprivation, five years before his death, he was succeeded by George Birkhead or Birket—the proper names of that period are variously spelled—and he received faculties which enabled him to deprive all priests who had taken the oath to the queen and failed to make satisfactory amends for betraying their Master's cause. He ascertained, however, by strict examination, that only twenty priests out of five hundred, scattered through England, had taken the oath. Extraordinary powers were given to Birkhead's successor, William Harrison, and his brief, dated July 11th, 1615, said, among other things: "*Sit ordinarius Anglorum et Scotorum, cum omni potestate quam habent ordinarii in eorum diocesibus.*" His term of government ended with his death, in 1621, in the reign of James I, when the Gunpowder Plot was still fresh in the memories of men and served to exasperate them against all whom imagination connected with it. By his advice and earnest solicitation the rule of the Church was intrusted to a Vicar Apostolic. William Bishop was selected for this purpose. He was a very remarkable character, and not free from inconsistencies. A convert from Protestantism, he had embraced the Catholic religion when there was every worldly reason for avoiding it; left the University of Oxford, together with his estate, relations, and country. Then he returned to England to encounter bitter persecution, was

confined as prisoner in Gatehouse, and after release and a second exile from his native land, came back as Bishop and Vicar Apostolic to rule the Church. In this capacity he exceeded his faculties, and, accounting himself a true ordinary over the kingdom "and equal to the Pope," divided it into portions, and to each portion assigned an archdeacon, as head over all Catholic priests and laymen within his district. He also instituted rural deans, subject to the archdeacons, and five vicars-general, in different parts of England. The archdeacons, rural deans, and vicars, composed what was called a Chapter; but the weak point in the whole business was, that although Dr. Bishop wrote frequently to Rome for confirmation of his acts, neither Gregory XV. nor Urban VIII. ever granted him the least encouragement, nor recognized in any way the presumed rights of the Chapter. "The Chapter of the English Church," consisting of twenty-four canons, besides the members already mentioned, with its capitular seal bearing the image of St. Thomas of Canterbury, was therefore a fond delusion. Dr. Bishop, however, died regretted, and though he had published a "Protestation of Loyalty" to Queen Elizabeth, he did not betray the interests of the Church. His death occurred in 1624.

In the following year Richard Smith, Bishop of Chalcedon, succeeded as Vicar Apostolic. It was the year in which Charles I. came to the throne and began that course of absolutism which cost him his kingdom and his life. Dr. Smith was, unfortunately, rather like the King in his love of arbitrary proceedings. He gave much displeasure to the Pope by his indiscretion, and turned the minds of many priests and laymen against him by insisting on things unreasonable. He ordered, for example, that no one should hear confessions unless approved by himself, thus reviving an angry contest between the regulars and their bishop. He forced the laity to pay an annual pension for support of himself, his clergy, and parish priests, and commanded them to receive his ministers and officials, though by doing so they brought themselves into peril of treason. These facts prove how difficult it is to rule the Church in times of persecution. Though the blood of martyrs be the seed of the Church, the period when their blood is shed, and more especially the period when Catholics are persecuted without being actually brought to execution, are times of great internal disturbance and lawlessness. It was found necessary to put a stop to Bishop Smith's mode of governing. The sentiments of the Holy See were conveyed to him through the nuncio in Paris and the Queen of England's confessor, and though upon this admonition Dr. Smith relinquished many of his pretensions, he was detained in France, and ultimately resigned his office. There were at this time about 150,000 Catholics in England, but, owing to the se-

verity of the laws (a hundred pounds reward was offered by government, in 1628, to any one who should deliver up Bishop Smith) many of them were extremely lax in the observance of their religion and conformed outwardly to the Established Church. Not a single priest in England was under obligation to administer the sacraments. But I must not digress into historical details respecting the habits of Catholics under Charles I., interesting as it would be.

Dr. Richard Smith, the second Vicar Apostolic of all England, never returned to that country after his withdrawal to France. He spent the last thirteen years of his life in the Convent of the Augustinian Nuns at Paris, where he died in 1655, at the age of eighty-eight. From that time till the accession of James II, the English Vicariate remained vacant. The clergy were obliged to resort to Irish or Continental prelates for the performance of those functions which none but bishops could discharge, and the internuncio at Paris was the principal medium of communication between the Catholic subjects of the Stuarts and the Holy See. The Propaganda received, from time to time, reports of the state of the Mission, the spies, the informers, the fines, imprisonments of "recusants," the internal dissensions, the trucklings to government, and the frequent disorder and insubordination to rules sanctioned by the Holy See. They were records not so much of advance or retrogression, of numerical losses or gains, as of a constant and all but desperate effort to maintain a position full of embarrassment and difficulty. Yet hope did not altogether withdraw her rainbow presence from the sombre scene. Many who were sanguine were occasionally cheered by the conversion of distinguished persons, and the presence of two Catholic queens in succession, Henrietta Maria and Catharine of Braganza, supported the drooping courage of those who looked to outward and exalted protection for comfort and strength. Not even the condition of Ireland afforded them much consolation, for though the native inhabitants of that oppressed island adhered, with amazing fidelity, to the faith of their fathers, and were in a large numerical majority, yet they were the victims of distracted counsels and the dupes of fallacious prospects of successful revolt. The laws by which they were governed did not become less severe, and they were trodden down under the hoofs of Ormond's royal dragoons, and then afterwards mown like grass by the ruthless scythe of Cromwell's Puritan infantry.

During the reign of Charles II, in the absence of a Vicar Apostolic, special faculties were granted to Paul de Almeida, High Almoner and Master of the Chamber to the Queen, and also to Francis Hunter, an English priest. Many petitions were forwarded to Rome imploring the boon of episcopal authority, but for various

reasons they were not granted. Philip Howard, indeed, brother to the Earl of Norfolk, was actually appointed to the vicariate in 1672, but his briefs were kept back by express desire of the King. He had been recommended to the Holy See as one who, though a Dominican, never failed to entertain due esteem for the secular clergy, and possessed many qualities difficult to find in any other person. He was of a noble family, and closely connected with the King, whose favors he enjoyed. His life was exemplary, and he had no small amount of learning, zeal, application, and prudence. He was obedient to the Apostolic See, averse to the pretended Chapter, of pleasing and moderate behavior, and altogether separate from court interests and politics.

The number of Catholics in England had, by this time, risen to 200,000, and the priests had multiplied in proportion. They had for many years been deprived of the sacrament of confirmation, and there were difficulties in the way of procuring consecrated oils from abroad for sacramental uses. There were 230 secular priests in various parts, according to a report of a commissioner named Negretti; 120 Jesuits; 80 Benedictines; 55 Franciscans; a few discalced Carmelites; and a few Dominicans. But, for these and other reasons, the presence of a bishop was earnestly requested, and of all the missionary priests in England none was considered so eligible as Father Howard. He was sprung from the noblest houses of Britain, being grandson, on one side, of an Earl of Arundel, and on the other of a Duke of Lennox. His position in her majesty's household, was one of trust and confidence, having the direction of the masses said in her royal chapel. He endeavored to gain for himself and his colleagues increased liberty in the discharge of ecclesiastical functions, and on one or two occasions caused displeasure in the King's mind by his zeal for making converts. At functions and vespers in the Queen's chapel, he used to sit by the gospel side of the altar, with two assistants, and habited as a prelate, with a rochet. The masses were celebrated with music, and the chapel was almost an open church.

All the efforts made to secure the vicariate for Father Howard failed of success. Again and again his friends were disappointed, and even when the necessary briefs were obtained the King caused them to be delayed in their execution. He was greatly detested by the Protestants, both on account of the many persons whom he succeeded in reconciling to the Church, and because he promoted the royal proclamation in favor of liberty of conscience, made in March, 1672. Perhaps, too, the conspicuous position he occupied in the palace as "my Lord Almoner" excited their spleen. When in charge of the Queen's oratory, at Whitehall, he enjoyed an annual stipend of 500 pounds sterling, with 500 pounds additional

for his table, and 100 pounds for the requirements of the oratory. The fact of his having printed some bulls of indulgence, granted by the Holy See, brought him into danger of being prosecuted for treason, and, seeing that his enemies were determined to bring the matter before Parliament, he thought it better to obtain the King's leave to retire to the Continent.

While residing at Bornhem he was created a Cardinal, and was generally called the "Cardinal of Norfolk." At the king's request he was also made Cardinal Protector of England and Scotland, though his majesty had not thought it expedient that he should reside in the kingdom as a Vicar Apostolic. Though he had a palace of his own in Rome and apartments in the Vatican, with a pension of 10,000 scudi from the Pope, he chose the claustral life of the Dominican Convent of St. Sabina, where, to the time of his death, he shared the humble fare of the friars in the common refectory.

To the best of his power he opposed the arbitrary proceedings of James; for, as Lord Macaulay says, "neither his own wrongs nor those of his house had so heated his mind as to make him a rash adviser. Every letter, therefore, which went from the Vatican to Whitehall recommended patience, moderation, and respect for the prejudices of the English people." He was bitterly disappointed when he found that the Duke of York, by succeeding to the throne, imperilled instead of advanced the Catholic cause in England. He heard without pleasure of a papal nuncio being received at court, and of four Catholics, one of whom was a Jesuit, being called to the Privy Council. Innocent XI. shared, as I have already intimated, the alarm felt by Cardinal Howard. He looked coldly on Castlemaine, the English ambassador at Rome, and sought rather to strengthen the spiritual condition of his flock in England than to obtain for them the less solid advantage of political power. Though he firmly refused to countenance the appointment of Father Petre to the Archbishopric of York, he was willing, as we have seen already, to appoint Vicars Apostolic, and place the conduct of the matter in the hands of the nuncio, Adda. The revolution which soon followed showed how correct his forebodings had been. It is certain that if the nuncio and Dr. Leyburn had not shown wisdom and moderation, William of Orange would have exercised much greater severities.

I have little more to say of the Count of Adda. He consecrated Dr. Bonaventure Giffard in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, on Sunday, April 22d, 1688; and, at St. James's, where the King had founded a convent of fourteen Benedictine monks, on Sunday, May 6th, of the same year, he consecrated Dr. Philip Ellis, who had been selected for the Western Vicariate. He warmly recommended

Matthew Prichard as a Vicar Apostolic, and accordingly, in 1713, Father Prichard became the second Vicar Apostolic of the Western District. The present Pope, Pius IX., in a Letter Apostolic, relative to the restoration of the Hierarchy in England, made honorable mention of Adda, the Nuncio, as having divided England into four districts, the London, the Western, the Central and the Northern, to be governed by Vicars Apostolic, fortified with the necessary faculties and with the proper power of Ordinaries.

In the month of September, 1669, the Abbate Oandius Agretti, a Canon of Bruges, and Minister Apostolic in Belgium, arrived in England on a special mission to examine into the condition of ecclesiastical affairs. The report which he drew up is particularly interesting, and entitled *Relatio dello stato Religione Cattolica in Inghilterra.* In one part of this important document he wrote some observations which may serve to introduce Bishop Leyburn (or Leyburne) to my readers, but it must be remembered that what I am about to quote was written sixteen years before Leyburn was, on the relation of the Cardinal of Norfolk, elected to be Vicar Apostolic of all England.

"On the invitation of Father Howard, Signor John Leyburne came from the country to speak to me. He is an active man, attached to the faction of the Capitulars, who even proposed him for Bishop of England. All speak well of him, and think he has no equal for ability for the post of President of Douay College, inasmuch as he is noble, learned, of good manners, skilled in languages, and experienced in the college, where he was Vice-President. I proposed him to the Internuncio as substitute for his uncle, and now I understand from your Lordship that your Eminence has chosen him for the said Presidency of Douay, and I believe your selection will be daily more and more applauded. Dr. Leyburne evinced before me great submission to the Holy See, although he desires not the Presidency, inasmuch as he is placed more commodiously in the house of Viscount Montagu, who, they report, has great affection for him. The said Signor John Leyburne, when speaking of the Chapter business, went so far as to tell me several times that whenever the Holy See resolves on suppressing the Chapter, the Capitulars will obey promptly and blindly, although he showed himself fully persuaded that the Chapter was validly erected and likewise confirmed by the Holy See."

When Leyburn arrived in London, in October, 1685, the King had been only eight months on the throne. From him, Leyburn received every welcome, a lodging in Whitehall, and a pension of 1000 pounds a year. He came in company with the Nuncio Adda, and Lord Macaulay gives him credit for some learning, a rich vein of natural humor, and for being "the most cautious, dexterous and taciturn of men." "He seems," the historian adds, "to have behaved on all occasions like a wise and honest man." Hanagan in his *History of the Church in England*, says that "Leyburn was as unobtrusive in manner as he was diminutive in person."

In 1687, he visited the northern counties to administer confirmation. It was nearly 60 years since a Catholic Bishop had appeared in England, and nearly 150 since any one had travelled unmolested

in the discharge of Episcopal functions. The total number of persons confirmed by him on this occasion was 20,859, and great was the joy of those who received him into their houses during his visitation. It consoled the hearts and cheered the hearths of the landed gentry to have amongst them once more a prelate of their own despised and persecuted faith, and they spared no effort to make his sojourn in their mansions as agreeable to himself and as profitable to their neighbors as it possibly could be. We have a list of the places where he administered confirmation, and of the number of persons in each place who received that sacrament. Many of their descendants are still living, and many of the houses in which he stayed and ministered have retained their Catholic traditions to better times. They have seen the hierarchy restored and a Cardinal Archbishop not only quietly installed in Westminster, but honored and courted by various classes of non-Catholics, received and entertained frequently by the heir-apparent to the throne, and admitted to easy conference with the Queen of England. It is to be hoped that the lessons afforded them by the history of King James II. will never be forgotten, lest through presuming too much on their power, they should lose the advantages, political and social, which they have regained so slowly and with such great difficulty.

Considering the times in which he lived, and the life of danger and strife through which he had passed, Dr. Leyburn was a highly educated man, and equal to his position as President of Douay College. We learn also that he was an intimate friend of Descartes and Hobbes, both of them too eminent to bestow their friendship on a very inferior mind. The former philosopher enjoyed the favor of the Princess Elizabeth, Mazarin, and Queen Christina, but his highest honor consisted in his being the renovator of science. The great Cartesian was, in his lifetime, opposed by Hobbes, with whom he was in friendly relation. An ardent royalist, and pensioned by Charles II., he was, nevertheless, an enemy of the clergy and an advocate of that subserviency of the Church to the State which has recently become so fashionable a doctrine in nations too proud of their own enlightenment and civilization. But though the divergences of thought and principle in the three men, Leyburn, Descartes, and Hobbes, were wide, high culture was not so common in their day as to allow of those who possessed it keeping wholly apart. However much they may have differed, there must have been very much on which they agreed, and there always is among those who have reflective minds, habits of study, and conscientious feelings.

Dr. Leyburn set his face like a flint against the violent measures which James II. allowed himself to indulge in at Oxford, and this

circumstance tended to mitigate the trials he would have had to undergo when the Protestant Prince of Orange was called to the throne. When the revolution broke out, both Leyburn and Giffard were seized at Feversham on their way to Dover, and were actually under arrest when the King himself was brought into the same town. They were committed to prison, Leyburn being sent to the Tower. He was incarcerated during two years, and suffered during his confinement. Prisons at that time were more comfortless and unhealthy than they are now, and those who were detained in them long lived in the valley of the shadow of death. After his release, Leyburn was permitted to remain in England, and he resided in London in a private and unostentatious manner. His life was prolonged through the reign of William III.; indeed he did not die until Queen Anne had been some months on the throne. His age was advanced beyond the usual lot of man, and in his eighty-seventh year, being unable any longer to discharge the duties of the Vicariate, a coadjutor was given him in the person of Dr. Witham.

Before giving such particulars as I have been able to collect regarding Dr. Giffard, it is necessary that I should recall the circumstances which led to his instalment as President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

There was no act of the reign of James II., which brought him more into disfavor with his subjects and turned their eyes and hearts more towards his son-in-law, William of Orange, than the forcible expulsion of the Fellows from Magdalen College, and the intrusion of a Catholic president. It is true that the college was founded in Catholic times and for Catholic purposes. It is true that when you enter its venerable inclosure you are struck by the statue of William of Waynflete and the other founders, with their patron saints, beneath canopies of exquisite workmanship. There is King Henry III., Mary Magdalen, and the Baptist. There is the ancient stone pulpit in the corner of the court, where the anniversary sermon used to be preached on the festival of St. John the Baptist, while the court was decorated with green boughs to remind the hearers of his preaching in the wilderness. The oriels, the crypts, the corridors, the refectory, the chapel, with the saints and prophets emblazoned on the panes, the screens, the panelling, the mullioned windows, the stalls, the paintings, and the rolling thunder-music of the high-built organ, all remind you of days long, long past by, when faith reigned among the people without opposition or doubt, and outward manifestations of inward belief were replete with the most varied forms of artistic beauty.

Even what was modern in the College was in harmony with what was ancient. The spacious gardens, the huge oaks, the deer toss-

ing their graceful antlers beneath luxuriant branches in the park, the lazy waters of the Cherwell creeping between pollard willows, the kine lying at ease, the bees and butterflies dreamily sipping the honeyed flowers, seemed intended to favor meditation and lead the mind away from all that is frivolous and transient. The statutes of the College marked it out as the residence of the Kings and Princes of Wales who might honor the university with their presence. Edward IV. and Richard III. had held their courts there; Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., and Henry, eldest son of James I., had been members of the College. Reginald Pole, the last Archbishop of Canterbury, had studied there, and in the time of the civil war the Fellows had been remarkable for their attachment to the royal cause. The College still continued to be enormously wealthy, and the Fellows were empowered by the statutes to elect their own president. Sometimes, indeed, they had listened to a recommendation conveyed in royal letters, and shown respect to the wishes of the sovereign.

Musing on these things, so far as his narrow mind was capable of reflection, James II. conceived the idea of engrafting upon Magdalen College a Catholic president, with a view ultimately of using it as an instrument for the restoration of the proscribed faith. But this effort was such as carried with it the reprobation of all just-minded men, for James had promised in the most solemn manner when he came to the throne that he would do nothing in violation of the law and of the rights and liberties of the Established Church.

The first candidate who appeared on the scene was one of the Fellows, named Dr. Thomas Smith, an Oriental traveller and scholar, once chaplain to the embassy in Constantinople, and a high Tory. When the office of president became vacant, in March, 1687, he hoped to obtain it by a royal letter, and he looked to Parker, the Bishop of Oxford, as the means by which the royal letter itself might be procured. But what was his disappointment to hear from his episcopal patron that the King would recommend no one who was not a friend to his majesty's religion. Smith was unable to demand the royal favor on this score, and his claim therefore ceased to be preferred. A royal letter arrived recommending one Anthony Farmer to the choice of the Fellows. But Farmer was in every respect disqualified. He had never been a Fellow of Magdalen or New College; he was certainly not a man of moral life, but just the reverse, and he was a Catholic. As a Roman Catholic he was doubly disqualified, both the law of the land and the rules of the College forbidding his election. The day arrived for the decision, and the Fellows chose rather to brave the King's displeasure than to violate their trust. They elected John Hough, a highly respectable and virtuous member of their community, and their boldness did

not fail to provoke the wrath and resentment of the Stuart sovereign.

Early in June the Fellows of Magdalen found to their cost that they were living under a government to which liberty was unknown. They were cited to appear before the high commission at Whitehall. There they encountered the most brutal of judges, the most venal of chancellors, Jeffreys. He bullied, as he alone could bully, the five Fellows sent as a deputation. But the depositions concerning Farmer's immoral conduct were not to be refuted, and the commission, with all its wish to gratify James, was obliged to declare the election of Farmer void. And here the matter rested till in the month of August a royal letter was received at Magdalen recommending Parker, Bishop of Oxford, to the Fellows as President. Parker had not declared himself a Catholic, but was undoubtedly favorable to the Catholic religion. Under other circumstances the zeal of the King for the advancement of those who professed, embraced, or encouraged Catholicism would have been highly commendable, but under the conditions which I have pointed out, and with which all students of English history are perfectly well acquainted, his conduct indicated the utmost infatuation. It must be remembered also that in his arbitrary proceedings at Oxford especially, he was acting in direct opposition to the advice he received from the most virtuous and influential Catholics near his court. Leyburn in particular warned him of the disastrous results which must follow inflaming the minds of his Protestant subjects by openly endeavoring to force Catholicism on the seats of learning and only training schools which the Protestant clergy possessed.

In Cambridge a Benedictine monk, who presented himself with royal letters for the degree of Master of Arts, was rejected because he refused to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Vice-Chancellor was dismissed from his office for having dared to refuse what he had no legal power to grant. But the assault on the Protestant privileges of Oxford was more systematic and violent. The Master of University College, Obadiah Walker, who declared himself a convert, was authorized to retain his position in defiance of the laws. A Roman Catholic, named Massey, was presented by the crown to the Deanery of Christ Church, and now in 1687 the King was resolved to make a serious incursion on the rights and liberties of Magdalen College. Though obliged to give up his nominee, Farmer, the royal autocrat persisted in declaring the election of Hough to be null, and recommended Parker, the semi-Catholic Bishop of Oxford, to the Fellows. But they were inspired with a spirit of resistance which could not easily be subdued. The King himself visited the university, and lodged at the deanery, where

he found a chapel prepared for the celebration of Mass. He summoned the Fellows before him, and rated them like schoolboys. He heaped upon them every species of reproach, and was more offensive than any of the Puritan visitors had been. The blood of the Stuarts boiled in his veins, and he cried, "I will be obeyed. Go to your chapel this instant and elect the Bishop of Oxford. Let those who refuse look to it. They shall feel the whole weight of my hand. They shall know what it is to incur the displeasure of their sovereign." The Fellows listened to this storm of words in silence, presenting a petition on their knees. But James flung it down in anger, saying, "Get you gone, I tell you. I will receive nothing from you till you have admitted the Bishop."

To admit the Bishop, however, was to give up Magdalen as well as Christ Church into Catholic hands, and would go far towards converting Oxford into a Catholic seminary. It could not be done with any show of principle and honor. The Fellows, with one exception, declared that they would not violate their oaths and the statutes. Feeling the difficulty of the position into which he had brought himself, the King employed the services of the courtly and compliant Quaker, William Penn, to break the resolution of the stubborn Fellows of Magdalen. In vain he exhorted them to yield and humor the King; in vain he suggested that the Bishop of Oxford might die soon, and that then Hough, if they set him aside as president, might be made bishop. The Fellows looked with special scorn on these proposals as coming through Penn—the Quaker whose conscience had not allowed him to wear a surplice, to pay tithe, or to take off his hat to princes of the blood—the Puritan who had been expelled from the university, and who had been imprisoned more than once for preaching in conventicles. Neither Penn's alarms, promises, nor arguments prevailed. The Fellows displayed that courage which men ought to feel who are defending a legal trust, and whose conscience teaches them that to do otherwise would be to do wrong.

The King was now thoroughly incensed. A special commission was appointed to inquire into the state of the College, and they arrived in Oxford in October, escorted by three troops of cavalry with drawn swords. The details of their proceedings are highly interesting, but I must content myself with saying that in violation of all law, statutory, civil, and religious, Hough was deprived, and the Bishop of Oxford forcibly intruded into his place. The Fellows were required by the King to ask pardon for their offences, to suspend all legal proceedings, and acknowledge that all that had been done was according to law.

It was one of the greatest errors James committed in his short and most unfortunate reign. This mode of promoting Catholicism

was of all others the most objectionable. The Fellows refused to ask pardon for having done what they believed to be their duty, and they were all condemned to expulsion. The commission pronounced them incapable of ever holding any ecclesiastical preferment, and such of them as were still laymen were declared incapable of receiving the clerical character. In these proceedings there was not a shadow of law, justice, or humanity. They rendered the royal cause more than ever unpopular, and raised up a spirit of resistance among the enemies of Magdalen itself, who refused to go through their academical exercises, now that they were deprived of their lawful governors. Many of these also were expelled, but the impoverished Fellows received supplies from every quarter, the King's own daughter, the Princess of Orange, subscribing £200.

Parker, the Bishop President, died a few weeks after attaining his unenviable post, and the King then, in spite of the dissuasion of his Catholic advisers, converted the College into a Catholic seminary. Bonaventure Giffard, then Bishop of Madura *in partibus*, was appointed president. Mass was celebrated in the chapel. Twelve Catholics were admitted as Fellows, and Smith himself, who had played such a truckling part, was expelled. The flame of disaffection was fanned all over the country, and from the date of this deplorable transaction the fate of James II. was sealed.

It is not easy to say what reasons prevailed with Dr. Giffard to induce him to accept the office into which he was intruded. The responsibility of the act certainly rested with the King, and if that monarch was arbitrary and violent in his acts, other sovereigns before him—Henry VII., Edward VI., Elizabeth—had not scrupled to spoliate the Church and persecute the clergy in a manner even more violent. James, moreover, was not one who would lightly submit to be contradicted, and his offer of the presidency of Magdalen to Dr. Giffard may have had the force of a command which it would have been dangerous to disobey. Perhaps, too, Dr. Giffard thought that God was bringing good out of evil, and the recovery of another College of Oxford from the grasp of the Protestants was a matter for thankfulness, an occasion to be improved. I do not say that any or all these reasons together are quite satisfactory, but there may have been other circumstances, with which we are not acquainted, that weighed with Dr. Giffard and induced him to accept a dignity which could not but expose him to the hatred of the vast majority of the English people.

Bonaventure Giffard was the second son of Andrew Giffard, Esq., of Chillington, near Wolverhampton. His mother, Catharine Giffard, was a daughter of Sir Walter Leveson, and born in 1642, in Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire. His father was killed in a skir-

mish near that town early in the war between the King and the Parliament. The bishop thus came of gentle blood; indeed, the family of the Giffards, of Chillington, still exists, and is able to trace its pedigree, with a single failure of male heirs, to two generations before the conquest. Educated at Douay College, Dr. Giffard proceeded thence, in October, 1667, to complete his ecclesiastical studies in Paris. Charles II. was then on the throne, and the nation had rushed from the extreme of Puritanism to the extreme of Royalist licentiousness. Giffard received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Sorbonne in 1667, having previously taken priest's orders for the English mission. He is said to have given some serious admonitions on one occasion to James, Duke of York, which the latter, when King, repaid by appointing him as his chaplain. He then became bishop over the Midland Vicariate, and in this capacity was appointed in the manner I have described to be President of Magdalen College. Dr. Leyburn, his colleague in the Episcopate, distinctly told the King that he had committed a grievous fault by this appointment, and that restitution ought to be made to the Fellows and students of Magdalen College on legal as well as on religious grounds. But James did not listen to such advice until it was too late.

Bishop Giffard was installed as President of Magdalen by proxy on March 31st, 1688, and on the 15th of June following he took possession of his seat in the chapel and lodgings belonging to him as President. It is amazing that he did not see on how slight a tenure he held the post. The Prince of Orange had already become the head of the English Opposition; the seven bishops had refused to read the King's Declaration of Indulgence, and within a fortnight after Dr. Giffard came into residence at Magdalen, the seven bishops were tried and acquitted amid unbounded demonstrations of joy. In the month of September following, William of Orange received a formal invitation from the Lords Danby, Shrewsbury, Devonshire, and many others, published his manifesto, and prepared to invade England with an armed force. In November he landed at Torbay, marched to Exeter, and by easy and triumphant stages reached the capital and the throne. Dr. Giffard was ejected from Magdalen when the revolution broke out. He was seized at Feversham on his way to Dover, thrown into Newgate, and confined there for a year.

When he breathed once more the air of freedom, the government of England had undergone a complete change. William and Mary were seated on the throne, and James had landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, to vindicate by arms his forfeited rights. Catholics were really in a safer condition in England than they had been under the sincere but baneful protection of King James. Bishop Giffard

administered comparatively in peace the affairs of the Midland District during the entire reign of William. He watched from a distance, with mingled feelings of hope and disappointment, the struggle of the Jacobites against the Protestants of Ireland, heard of the defeat of James on the banks of the Boyne, the capture of Cork and Kinsale by Marlborough, and the pacification of Limerick, putting an end to the Irish rising in favor of the Stuarts.

The year after the death of William III., in 1703, Dr. Giffard was removed from the Midland to the London District, and he took charge of the Western District also from 1708 to 1713. The Stuarts were still exiles, or rather the Stuarts in the direct line, for Queen Anne herself was, like Queen Mary, her sister, a daughter of James II. by his first wife, Anne Hyde. Her reign was principally marked by the successes and triumphs of Marlborough, and though many cruel statutes against Catholics had still the force of law, they were, for the most part, left unmolested. But Bishop Giffard was a marked man, and could scarcely expect the immunity enjoyed by others of his brethren who had not been chaplains to King James and Presidents of Magdalen College. It was not long after his removal to the London District that he began to experience danger and persecution. On February 7th, 1706, he wrote to Cardinal Sacripanti, Prefect of the Propaganda, saying: "I have been for sixteen months tossed about, *agitatus*, by continual perturbations and perils, so as scarcely to find anywhere a place to rest in with safety, *ut vix ullo in loco consistere mihi tutum fuerit.*" During more than a year he found refuge from his persecutors in the house of the Venetian ambassador, and was able by that means to discharge his duties towards his flock. Daily worship was celebrated in the ambassador's chapel, to the great comfort of Catholics, and for these services to the cause of religion, the ambassador, Francis Cornaro, received through the Propaganda the thankful acknowledgments of the Holy See.

I cannot do better here than give some passages from one of the letters of Dr. Giffard, which has been preserved. It is dated October 7th, 1714, about nine weeks after the death of Queen Anne. It will show the condition of Catholics in England at the time when George I. ascended the throne.

"Since the 4th of May (1714), I have had no quiet, have been forced to change lodgings fourteen times, and but once have lain in my own lodging. Besides the severe proclamation which came out on the 4th of May, three private persons have been, and still are, the occasion of my troubles. The first, some fallen Catholics, who in hope of the great reward of one hundred pounds, informed and procured warrants for me, Mr. Joseph Leveson, and some others. The second is Mottram, who, being expelled from the University of Cambridge for his immoralities, got into Spain; there he was entertained by the good Fathers at Seville, and in a very short time made a convert and priest, but no sooner in England, than he became as loose and immoral as

ever, and now, to gain money for his wicked courses, is turned *priest-catcher*, and has got warrants for me and others. The third is one Barker, turned out of Douay, for his ill behavior, received at Rome, made priest, and sent hither, but always of so scandalous a life that no persuasions or endeavors could reclaim him, nay, with much expense we sent him to our good community in France, where he was presently so infamous, especially for being frequently drunk, that they turned him out, and now being returned, follows Mottram's tread. A few days ago he took up Mr. Brears, and has been in search of me and others; so I am obliged to lye hidde as well as I can. I may truly say what was said of St. Athanasius, '*Nullibi mihi tutus ad latendum locus*,' where I am obliged often to change my habitation. I have endeavored to procure a little lodging in the house of some public minister, where I could be secure from the attempts of these wretches, but could not effect it. My poor brother (Andrew Giffard), though much indisposed, was forced, by the threats of an immediate search by Mottram, to retire into the country, which so increased his fever that in seven days he died. An inexpressible loss to me, to the whole clergy, and to many more.

"My services to Mgrs. Bianchini and Marcolini. They saw my little habitation, poor and mean, and yet I should think myself happy if I could be permitted to lodge there. However, *gloriamur in tribulationibus*, I may say with the apostle, *in carceribus abundantius*. In one I lay on the floor a considerable time; in Newgate almost two years; afterwards in Hartford jail; and now daily expect a fourth prison to end my life in. I have always envied the glory of martyr, happy if God in his mercy will let me have that of a confessor. . . . Mottram took up Mr. Saltmarsh, but by a good providence he got from him. The continual fears and alarms we are under is something worse than Newgate. It is also some mortification for an old man, now seventy-two, to be hurried from place to place. God grant me eternal rest.

I am yours, B. G.

"Monsignor Santini sent me the *Constitution* (Unigenitus) from Brussels, and it happened to come just as the proclamation came forth, so that all I could do was to signify it to the superiors of the regulars and to some few of the clergy. When circumstances permit I will proceed further. At least nothing shall be wanting that prudence allows of. Too forward a zeal in such things may provoke the State, and occasion great mischief. The posture of affairs at present obliges us to be very cautious. I thank God the Catholics have behaved themselves very well of late, so that the new severities cast upon us have not been deserved by them. The only thing the State now complains of is the great number of Irish priests who came in upon us at the first publication of the peace. The provincials of all regulars, except the monks and Carmelites, are gone out of England."

In 1715, Prince James landed at Peterhead, in Scotland, to claim the crown of England. His standard was joined by many Scottish chiefs, but the defeat at Sheriffmuir proved fatal to his cause, and he was compelled to return to France. Among his adherents who were taken prisoners was the Earl of Derwentwater, to whom Bishop Giffard wrote, February 20th, 1716, an interesting letter, exhorting him to place his trust in God's mercy, and consoling him with many divine promises. He would fain have attended the Earl at his execution, but that was not permitted. In that same year, the Bishop, being now seventy-four years of age, representations were made to the Holy See that it would be well to grant him a coadjutor. He, himself, however, felt quite equal to the discharge of his episcopal duties, and had no wish to have an assistant forced upon him. He wrote to the Propaganda in this sense, and Bishop Wiltram sup-

ported his remonstrance. When the matter came to be thoroughly investigated, it appeared that all the solicitation for a coadjutor had been brought about by an ambitious priest who desired the episcopal dignity for himself. Four years later, Bishop Giffard felt more keenly the incursion of old age, and was constrained to apply to Clement XI. to provide him with aid, and to be pleased to appoint Father Henry Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, to that office. He set forth the qualifications of Father Henry Howard, which were of the highest order; but he is not to be confounded with Philip, Cardinal Howard, also a missionary priest in England, of whose interesting and eventful career the writer of this furnished a sketch to the *Union Review* for May, 1868. Father Howard did not live to take in hand the pastoral staff. He caught a fever while laboring among the sick poor of his flock, and died in November, 1720. Bishop Giffard wrote of the event in these terms: "My comfort was very great in hearing Mr. Henry Howard was established my coadjutor and successor. All things were got ready for his consecration, when it pleased the Almighty to visit him with a great fever, occasioned by a violent cold taken in running up and down after some poor people, and this has taken him from us, to the inexpressible loss of this poor church, of all the clergy, and of me in particular; and as all, both nobility and gentry, rich and poor, clergy and regulars, were highly pleased in his being made choice of to succeed me, so is there a general lamentation. But our losses are his gains, for I am confident he is a glorious saint in heaven. Such charity, such piety, has not been seen in our land for a long time. This day, November 28th (O. S.), the body is carried down to Arundel Castle, attended by the duke, his two brothers, Lord Stafford, Lord George Howard, Lord Aston, and several others. You will all pray God to support me under this great affliction, and direct me to what may be most to His service and support of this poor church."

In March, 1721, Benjamin Petre was appointed coadjutor to Bishop Giffard, in the place of Henry Howard, the deceased Bishop of Utica *in partibus*. Thirteen years afterwards, in 1734, when George II. ruled in name, and Walpole was really king, Bishop Petre had to write to Lorenzo Mayes, the Roman agent of the English clergy, announcing the death of Dr. Giffard, at the advanced age of ninety-two. He died at Hammersmith, near London, and is thus mentioned by his faithful coadjutor in the letter to which I have just referred: "The most worthy Vicar of London, exhausted by his apostolic labors and by advanced age, for ten months past has slowly, by little and little, been wearing away, and that, to such a degree of weakness, as to be no longer able to celebrate mass. To supply this defect, he had frequent receptions of

Holy Communion, displaying an exemplary devotion and fervor of spirit. On the first of November last, he was attacked by a violent fever. To his latest breath he exhibited most tender affection towards God and towards the faithful under his care. He surrendered his soul to his Creator, amid the lamentations of surrounding friends, on the 12th of March, the feast of St. Gregory, the great apostle of England. He was in the ninety-second year of his age, and the forty-sixth of his Vicariate."

The tomb of the aged prelate has been discovered in the old churchyard of St. Pancras, and a copy of the inscription was obtained from Chillington, and published in *Notes and Queries*, in September, 1867. I have subjoined an English version of the Latin:

Under this stone are joined the ashes
Of two brothers, most united in their lives,
Bonaventure Giffard, E. M. V. A.,
And Andrew Giffard, P.,
Who, born of an illustrious family in the county of Staffordshire,
Gave themselves entirely,
Even from their early years,
To piety towards God, and charity to men.
They were therefore exceedingly dear to the good,
And though often exposed to the persecution of the wicked,
Preserved an unblemished reputation among all.
They experienced abundantly all the goods and the ills
Which fall to the lot of those
Who love the pursuit of virtue, understanding and science.
Their bodily strength at last failing,
Amid the grief of others,
They, themselves, joyfully closed their eyes on this world,
To open them in a better.
Go, reader, and spend in like manner what remains of life;
Thus will you best show your gratitude to them for their lives,
And thus, also, you will make them rejoice in their death.
Farewell, for thine own and for their sake,
Remember often those
Who passed away happily.
Bonaventure, born A.D. 1642, died March 12, 173$\frac{3}{4}$,
The other, born two years later, died September 14, 1714
May they rest in peace.

In his *Biographical History of England*, Noble thus speaks of Dr. Giffard: "He was much esteemed by men of different religions, and especially by those who were most intimately acquainted with his character." He left his heart to Douay College, where it was buried with an appropriate inscription. Two of the sermons which he preached at Court were printed; one on the infallibility of the Church, and the other on the nativity of our Lord. I hope that these gleanings respecting his life and labors will be read with

pleasure on the other side of the Atlantic. They are culled from a variety of different sources in the by-paths of English history, and they will, perhaps, be not the less welcome because they are not easily accessible to all.

POSITIVISM AND EVOLUTIONISM.

System of Positive Philosophy. By Auguste Comte.

First Principles. By Herbert Spencer.

Principles of Biology, 2 vols. By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate, 1864.

The Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin, A.M., F.R.S., etc. Fourth edition.

System of Logic. By John Stuart Mill.

'MODERN thought" has acquired a prestige. Of that there is little doubt. It is heterodox. Of that its advocates are proud. They find no small degree of pleasure in exciting the spleen of the conservatives, and challenge the *odium theologicum* with all the boastful and ostentatious delight of schoolboys engaged in an act of daring. They "point with pride" to the great progress in the natural sciences, which has been made since "modern thought" has engaged the attention of men. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* proves conclusively that such an advance in intellectual development is ascribable solely to the fact that the great minds of this age have divested themselves of all belief in a God. Similarly, Protestantism diffused the blessings of education. Similarly, Great Britain sprang into importance immediately upon the introduction of tobacco into that island. The brilliant conceptions of the master spirits who are now pointing the direction in which we shall evolve, are not to be hampered by the formal logic of the ignorant scholastics; but, if you desire true logic, logic in its essence, the best illustrations of religious conformity with it are to be found in those works on Evolution, which are now being thrown forth to enlighten a world which pined so long for philosophers who could be depended upon for truth positive and unmistakable. Greatest of all among the many blessings which are diffused around us, is the proud thought that we now have scientific teachers who are infallible, who stand upon planes immeasurably higher than those from

which the little minds of past ages propounded their insensate doctrines. True it is, that down through the dark perspective of the past, there may be seen to glimmer one or two lights whose brilliancy might venture to sustain a modest comparison with the many irradiations which, in this glorious nineteenth century, beam from every quarter where the spirit of the age obtains.

There is my Lord Bacon. He is continually referred to with pride, in the English-speaking world. Were he living now, there is little question that he would be accorded a seat of honor, immediately behind Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and Tyndall. It is even possible, nay, probable, that the British Association for the Advancement of Science would listen with deference to any suggestions which he might see fit to make respecting the solution of "that problem of problems, viz., how to yield the seemingly irrepressible religious sentiments of mankind reasonable satisfaction." True, privilege would cease to be privilege were he to branch off into a protest against the incomplete inductions of which he might deem his brothers of the present wondrous age guilty. The world has moved since Bacon's day. Deference would be paid him by the leaders of thought; but he would have to rest content with such fulsome expressions of admiration of his process of induction as they might vouchsafe to accord him. He could not be suffered to quarrel with the validity of any of their processes of investigation. Mankind were in their leading-strings in Bacon's time; and strict adherence to the canons of induction did very well then. But, since that epoch, the British schoolmaster has been very widely abroad; and a certain license to depart from the stricter rules is now judiciously allowed, since experience has shown that it would have been impossible to give the grand principle of Evolution the noble and majestic swing which now characterizes it, had not the leaders of progress exercised a wise discretion in ignoring those of Bacon's rules which would have defeated the objects so desired by the friends of enlightenment and progress. The sin of the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind" has been followed by retribution most dire. His soiling of the judicial ermine has been now amply atoned for by that comical conceit which his followers of this age indulge in, when they fancy that the mere accumulation of facts to sustain a preconceived principle, is alone sufficient to stamp them his disciples.

The fact is that this is by far too fast an age for "the heirs of all the ages" to stop to fulfil the requirements of the Baconian philosophy. They collect facts in quantities and numbers most surprising; and, in so doing, they complacently fancy that that is all which the most enlightened philosopher of the seventeenth century could reasonably expect of them. They never stop to analyze

them. They merely collect them. Further delay of their grand march to the shores of the Unknowable would jar most painfully with that noble, that divine instinct which impels them ever onward. Their foregone conclusion is, that Evolution is the principle into which all knowledge is reducible. The facts which they allege have been positively shown to be covered by Evolution are, to the number which they declare Evolution to be capable of explaining, in the proportion which a pebble on the shore bears to the sands of the ocean. It is hence manifest that Bacon's rules are not suited to the direction which this progressive age has taken. Plato's mode of procedure would accord much better with the aims in view. Of what use, then, are facts? it may be asked. Of what use is Bacon? Facts, it may be answered, are useful in so adorning their gossamer structures as to dazzle the imaginations of those who are not yet *en rapport* with the spirit of the times. And Bacon? Well, it is always politic to have some great name, surrounded by the glamour of the past, to swear by.

A fact is inconsistent with intellectual retrospection, according to the Evolutionists. It must, by its very nature, be used either as a mere initial point to their movement onward without halt, or as a resting-place on which they may descend for a moment to recuperate their synthetic energies. They never peep behind a fact. The grand impulse which urges humanity forward will not allow of it. They never question a fact as to the principle which governs it. That would be impolitic. It would imply a doubt of the truth of Evolution. Darwin has discovered a grand fact: that the variation of animals and plants is due to Evolution. One of those little souls in whom the germs of progress have not as yet evolved from the simpler to the more complex, stays him for a moment, and innocently inquires, What is Evolution? Why, variation, of course, is the reply, with all that deference to ignorance and bigotry, which it so becomes souls like his to simulate, that have attained to such a high degree of development. The poor conservative looks troubled; he is not yet satisfied; he has never read Plato, so he is not prepared for the reception of such wealth of knowledge; he is puzzled; the germ of progress within his contracted soul is but now quickening with the first thrill of that noble impulse which, under a favorable environment, will impel him onward to the goal of the Unknowable.

"Modern thought" has lately met with a crisis in its fate, which its exponents had not sufficient sagacity to anticipate. Like every other system of philosophy, or of religion whose *credenda* for the esoterics and for the exoterics are mutually contradictory, it has had to contend against the natural result ever following the possession, by the exoterics, of equal intelligence with the esoterics. It

was all very well to declaim against metaphysics; to deprecate the discussion of absolute *a priori* ideas; to praise the process of induction; to frown down discursive reasoning; to exalt Bacon, and to decry those of opposite modes of thought; to counsel the pursuance of methods of research to which natural scientists had ever resorted; to disclaim any premeditated desire to obtrude religious discussions into their inquiries; it was all very well to proclaim that the relative order, and the relative order alone, was their concern; it was all very well to do all these things, and still direct modern thought, and reduce all knowledge to the one, all-presupposing principle of Evolution, when the ignorance and prejudice of disciples were to be counted upon, or when the imputation of inconsistency was to be apprehended from those only whom they could arrogantly declare to be beyond the pale of rational controversy. But, when a disciple, whose scientific orthodoxy, and whose hearty concurrence with the aims professed by the exponents of "modern thought" could not be for a moment questioned, marshalled and co-ordinated into an approach to coherence all the dicta, theorems, rules, methods, and formulas upon adherence to which these leaders so ostentatiously plumed themselves, the position of affairs naturally grew perplexing and inconvenient in the extreme. The policy to be pursued at such an unforeseen juncture, it would have taxed the ingenuity of a Machiavelli to have devised. The problem grew the more complicated by reason of the favorable reception which had been extended to this philosophy, in the first flush of sympathy which had been given expression before time had been taken to gauge the effect which it might have upon those ulterior objects which these leaders had in view.

Previous to the conception of Comte's system of philosophy, it had been the complaint of those who affected to be concerned solely about the progress of the natural sciences, that the absolute and the relative were studied with but little discrimination. They complained that conceptions peculiar to one order obtained, ineffectually challenged, in the other. They complained that the progress of the natural sciences was greatly impeded by the constant intrusion of principles amenable to no ascertainable rules, of arbitrary dogmas, and of their infinite and untold corollaries. They regretted (with a pathos which was touching) that even minds peculiarly scientific were characterized by a marked impress taken from metaphysics. They counselled the most rigorous adherence to the process of induction. They counselled that no reliance be placed upon the results of discursive reasonings. They deprecated any rising above phenomena, as metaphysical, as frivolous, futile, and fraught with only barren results. They were content to suffer the use of deduction merely as an auxiliary process, useful, perhaps, in

the formation of tentative hypotheses which were to be employed with caution, and regarded with distrust until the phenomena in hand had been interpreted in every detail by the most rigorous and complete induction. But deduction was to be allowed to take no flights into regions where it was impossible for induction to follow. They disclaimed any concern either for or against religion. They desired the relative to be alone within the scope of their inquiries. They contrasted those methods which met with their approval, with those in vogue among the metaphysicians; and rejoiced in the fact that all which they claimed as the results of their methods was positive, certain, and in favorable comparison with the products of metaphysicians, whose test was the harmony between ideas, rather than the congruity between such ideas and realities positively ascertained by induction to be objective. They contended that these criteria for which they longed, would render them conversant with no other knowledge than that of the relative. But they would not presume to determine whether or not there was such a thing as the absolute. The absolute would simply lie outside of their scope. They conceded that these criteria, being the outcome of the exclusive pursuit of relative knowledge, could not serve as standards by which to judge of the absolute. They would desire it only to be admitted that it would not be just to question the soundness of these criteria within their legitimate province. All they asked was that metaphysics, and all principles which preclude the possibility of verification by observation and experiment, should not be obtruded upon their valuable time and attention.

They declared that the truths of the natural sciences had approximated, and were ever approximating, those degrees of probability which warranted the insistence on that high degree of proof of which mathematical truths are susceptible, called demonstration. The requirement of such proof (they alleged) would preclude all possibility of error, and give to science positive results. It would preclude mere theorists from claiming the award of science upon crude hypotheses, supported only upon degrees of probability, which impress men differently according to the bias and constitution of their minds. It would preclude metaphysicians from entering the scientific arena, and would prevent those interminable, heated disputes which those not abreast of the age threatened to carry on until the crack of doom without any result. They conceded that all the departments of natural knowledge were not as yet susceptible of this high order of proof. But, they said that all give promise, in a degree tallying with the order of their development, that they will eventually become so, and the effort should be, so to advance the knowledge of the natural order as ever to extend the domain wherein such proof is practicable. In the meanwhile,

pending such development of the sciences, all such theories and hypotheses, wherein metaphysical or moral proofs enter as factors, should be deemed neither competent nor satisfactory.

These were a few of the most prominent principles which the leaders of modern thought now and again intimated with a view to commend their aspirations to the approbation of the thinkers of the age. Taken with the limitations expressed and implied, there was little in this shadowed system which was *malum in se*. The object proposed seemed to be the establishment of a scientific code which should have for its aim the development solely of the natural sciences. All those who concurred in the object proposed, or who addressed themselves to the study of the subjects contemplated, were to be governed by certain rules and tests which were to be the criteria by which their collaborateurs in the same fields of inquiry were to judge of the success of their researches. Whatever conformed to the requirements of the code was to be accepted as part of the approved body of natural philosophy. But whatever was rejected as not in conformity with the stipulated conditions was not therefore to be pronounced false. The decree was to be, merely that it came not within the purview of the code. Beliefs, dogmas, convictions, estimates of degrees of probability, were neither to be approved nor condemned. They were to be considered merely without the jurisdiction of this scientific court of inquiry. Every philosopher was to be allowed recourse to any method of procedure which he might fancy. No judgment was to be passed by this natural philosophy upon his conclusions, save by implication, where an alleged certain, tangible result conflicted inevitably and unequivocally with an equally positive and definite result which had fulfilled the requirements of the code. But this conflict or incongruity was not to be asserted when it had to be proved by a chain of reasoning, any link of which failed to be equally positive and definite. When, however, a product professed to be the outcome solely of the natural sciences, it was to be received or rejected as it would be found to fulfil, or not fulfil, the tests which convention had fixed as conclusive.

This apportionment of the field of thought, and the selection of a particular domain, would not have been reprehensible if carried out consistently. The systems of law which govern our social, municipal, national, and international relations, are framed upon a similar plan ; and our freedom, physical, religious, and intellectual, is not in the main impaired by the fact that the rules and regulations they prescribe do not cover the whole ground of our necessities. Our courts of law have systems of pleading and of evidence, which wholly ignore, without questioning, many of our most dearly cherished convictions and beliefs. But from the fact that they

ignore them, it is not inferred that they call their validity into question. They lie simply beyond their scope. This system of natural philosophy for which the advocates of modern thought affected so to long, would most likely have been an advantage to the interests of truth, if developed and practiced with consistency. But consistency, alas! is a jewel whose brilliancy is allowed to shine at the pleasure of the Evolutionists. When its rays are not isochronous with the energy of Evolution, its magnitude dwindles like a variable star until the last trace of its light is lost amid the grand effulgence of the central sun of progress.

The habits of thought which then obtained among even the most advanced scientists were felt to be unsatisfactory. The more astute thinkers were sensible of the illegitimacy of many of their methods of discovery, and gave frequent expression to the desire for a system shorn of what they felt to be impediments to true progress. They added no small increments to the development of such a system by the occasional successful elimination of a discordant element. Such an element, however,—eliminated as it was,—would shortly be seen occupying a conspicuous position in some grand, inverted, pyramidal structure, whose apex rested on an ill-defined fact, whilst its base towered with such grandeur and majesty amid the clouds of metaphysics as to prove conclusively (*sic*) that the doctrine of an all-wise Providence is beneath the consideration of those ambitious to keep pace with the progress of the age. If this slight architectural defect was commented upon invidiously, if it was pointed out that their darling principle which reared this magic structure so high was, upon their own showing, one of those metaphysical entities which they affected so to scorn, they would then inveigh against those ignorant schoolmen, who had given such an impress to the world of thought, that even they, "the heirs of all the ages," could not as yet divest themselves of metaphysical tendencies. They grieved that they were not as yet capable of devising an efficient remedy. They had no doubt that a true system would correct several of the details; but they were equally convinced that in the main proportions they were correct; and that the glaring incongruity between dogma and science would be as manifest as it was now, when one or two of the less important details was not just what might be desired. They saw indistinctly the outlines of this true system. It lay vague and undefined in their minds. Of its scope and of its relations they had but an inadequate perception. They lacked the philosophical acumen and the comprehensive grasp of thought requisite for it to be wrought into coherency and distinctness. Or, rather, their philosophical acumen and comprehensive grasp of thought were not then available for such a purpose; being engaged in an examination of the process

of differentiation by which the ideo-motors, sensori-motors, and the excito-motors of the chimpanzee had evolved into that perfection of organic structure known to the world as a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

It was desirable, however, that some one whose sympathy with "modern thought" was unquestionable, should address his attention to the elaboration of this longed-for system. It was not only desirable, but positively necessary, to have some well-established and clearly defined criteria, by reference to which the legitimacy of any theory would be susceptible of ascertainment. Theorems had multiplied infinitely, and the need of a logic by which to test them was badly felt. Some one was now required to give intelligible and systematic expression to a phase of thought of the value of which all were now sensible. The natural sciences and metaphysics had been too long amalgamated, and the age was now ripe and the minds of men sufficiently enlarged for their divorce. Too many inconveniences attended their further union. The division of labor, the efficiency of which obtains as well in the world of mind as in the world of matter, counselled their separation.

Propitious to the demands of the times, the "philosophy" of Auguste Comte appeared. The mode of thought which had so long been the desire of the evolutionists was then given expression. It was wrought into the nearest approach to a system of which the subject by itself was susceptible. It challenged the attention of the disciples of progress, and commanded their sympathies so fully that in an amazingly short period of time it classed them all as ardent advocates. They flattered themselves that a genuine love for scientific methods, and a profound conviction that it alone of all systems met the requirements of the age, impelled them to adopt it. It addressed itself to all the needs of their scientific minds. The ill-regulated convictions by which they had been previously swayed, had become coherent and definite; and the decrees of science which had been before but feebly maintained could now be pressed with vigor, strengthened as they were by their indisputable claims to recognition and obedience. True it was, that they recognized in Positivism a powerful agent for the dissemination of views which the unenlightened called heterodox. But that one of their motives for advocating the system, it was of course politic to keep in the background. Positivism spread with such rapidity that half a decade after the death of its illustrious propounder, there were few among the exponents of enlightenment who had not given in their adhesion to the system. Every theory that was propounded, every new fact which was brought to light, every accession to the fund of knowledge, was held up to the world as a shining sample of what could be effected in science by

conformity to the positive process of discovery. The comportment of the guiding spirits of the age toward those who refused to avail themselves of this valuable deposit of truth gradually grew less bitter. We are at a loss to conjecture the cause. It may have been that they felt it becoming in them who walked amid light, to be lenient towards us who still plodded on through the valley of the shadow of ignorance. Or, it may have been that Comte had revealed to them the beauty of that ideal polity, for which philosophers had ever vainly hungered, and which the Church alone had come near realizing. Still, the tone assumed towards those without the pale of Positivism was enjoyably patronizing, and we were regarded with a compassion so unaffected as to be richly amusing.

But soon a change came over the spirit of their enthusiasm. A sentiment of distrust in the worth of Positivism crept into their minds. In spite of the confusion in which Comte had managed to envelop his "philosophy," one thing was sufficiently plain; and that was, that it was divisible into two distinct parts. The one was a body of theorems. The other formed what purported to be a system of logic. This was eventually seen; suspicion began to grow, and it was felt that the logic of the philosophy rendered it advisable to curb the enthusiasm with which it had been received. After their admiration of it had sufficiently subsided to allow them to forecast the effect which the growth of Positivism would have upon their own lucubrations, they were appalled to find that the effect would be the toppling over of their own magic structures reared so high. Comte's theorems, embodying as they did all the aims, the aspirations, and the previsions of a true child of "modern thought," found full favor with them. But Comte's logic—aye, there was the rub.

They had espoused Positivism, because of their sympathy with the spirit that had propounded the theorems. Those theorems took up by far the major portion of Comte's work; and, set off as they were by the subtlety and poetical fervor of such a soul as Comte's they could not fail, with persons of kindred convictions, to absorb the greater attention. These theorems negatived the idea of a sentient First Cause; they breathed a contempt for the doctrine of final causes; they ridiculed the belief in interpositions of Divine Providence; they assumed the relativity of all knowledge; they postulated the universality of the reign of law; they abounded with blank negations of all which Christians hold most dear; they projected the turning of the pyramid of society topsy-turvy, the subversal of that civilization which ages have crystallized and tested; they dethroned God and prepared the way for the establishment of a novel system of society, by first restoring chaos; all the wisdom of the past was declared an imposture; the evils of su-

perstition, kingcraft, and priestcraft were displayed in the darkest colors; the irrepressible "religious sentiments of mankind were given reasonable satisfaction" by the deification of Humanity, and a *cultus* prescribed which boasted of its superiority, in every detail, to that of the Catholic Church.

These theorems, hideous in all the beauty of the rankest Atheism, suited the Evolutionists exactly. Their love for the principles thus seemingly positively inculcated urged them to the adoption of Positivism. But, uufortunately for them and for Comte, the French philosopher had not seen fit to follow the example of his English friends, and base the truth of his views upon his mere *ipse dixit.* He had a logic; and he declared that however plausible his charming theories were, they were yet amenable to that logic, and compelled to abide by its decrees. His logic declared—and Comte himself declared—that all those theories which commended themselves so favorably to every disciple of "modern thought," were not Positive, and could lay no claim as yet to admission into the body of Positive philosophy. They were merely tentative hypotheses, to be received by a Positivist only provisionally. They had not fulfilled the requirements of Positive logic. They partook of the Positive character, only inasmuch as their propounder hoped that they would, eventually, be able to withstand the application of his logical tests. In the elaboration of these theories his position was an anomalous one, and he recognized it as such. He was working in the twofold character of a Positive philosopher illustrating his views of what a Positive philosophy should be, and ascertaining and defining its conditions; and of a speculative scientist, eager to obtain appreciation of his ingenious conceptions. But, elaborate though his theorems were, he still admitted that they had yet to be proved. He concedes everywhere throughout his works, what his logic proves,—that the doctrine of the relativity of all knowledge is merely an empirical doctrine. He intimates, with equal consistency, that the universality of the reign of law, his classification of the sciences, and his theory of the three stages of progress—the theological, the metaphysical, and the Positive—are all in the same category, all empirical, and not to be assumed as Positive until they have all passed through the prescribed probation. Each doctrine implied in his theorems would have to be proven by the canons both of induction and deduction, before Positivism would incorporate it into the body of the philosophy. Positivism would not affix its binding seal upon any principle, however beneficial it might be to the interests of science, unless the most rigorous induction had suggested and sanctioned it; and it had, in addition, been tested and confirmed by deduction founded on an amount of observation and experiment commensurate with the do-

main which it was assumed to govern. No philosophical formula could be Positive, under the existing state of our knowledge, which affected to embrace the whole subject-matter of natural philosophy. Positivism demanded that induction and deduction should proceed *pari passu*, verifying and correcting each the other; generalization should mount upon the generalization immediately below it, which itself should have previously become Positive. Positivism, according to Comte, allowed a little latitude. It did not wholly proscribe the exclusive use of either form of logic. It suffered it; provided such a course was accompanied by a full and humble recognition of the fact, that the product was to be regarded as merely tentative. In the pursuit of an investigation, when it would become difficult to employ anything but induction, then induction might lead; but it would have to be constantly kept in mind that this was only tolerated, only allowable provisionally. Deduction should follow, verifying the result in every detail, before that result could be predicated with Positive certainty. And so, *vice versa*, where deduction leads the van; not only results, but every premiss, together with all its far-reaching implications, should be confirmed by the results of induction, before Positivism would recognize its own. Comte availed himself of this privilege which his philosophy accorded him, and revelled in the formation of theories which essayed to subvert the foundations of religion and of society. He never deemed those theories Positive. He only contended that they were so plausible, that little remained in their way of becoming Positive. But he was moved to righteous anger by the bigoted scruples of men who would not kindly abolish the existing social structure, and allow him to prove the truth of his theories by a few experiments on the foundations of society.

The Evolutionists had yearned to have the scope and the limitations of their mode of thought defined. They were now defined, and they awakened to the fact that the only pleasure of which they were capable lay in transgressing those limitations. How would they be able to prod the orthodox with taunts and sneers, if they were to be confined to their legitimate sphere? Heterodoxy would lose all its charm under such constraint. And, even within the bounds prescribed, all their prestige would be gone. If the decrees of Positivism were to be enforced, how were they to keep up their reputation of being alone in possession of the truth, with the hundreds and thousands of eager, inquiring souls who looked up to them with faith and confidence for rescue from the deep slough of ignorance and superstition? To what a discount would fall that air of dogmatism upon which they now depended for maintaining their *status* as learned and brilliant philosophers! All their darling theories would be compelled to submit to the mortification of being

rated as only tentative hypotheses. Before their dearly cherished doctrines could be positively asserted as true, their progressive intellects would have to await a development of the sciences immeasurably more advanced than exists at the present time. How could they, who had availed themselves of the dominant habits of thought to achieve their personal celebrity, concur in a revolution, however salutary, which would dismantle and raze those gaudy scaffoldings which had secured to them the admiration and the awe of the disciples of Progress? What was to become of that magnificent principle of Evolution which joined and explained all the phenomena of the universe, if the canons of Positive logic were allowed to obtain among scientists? Positivism, it was clearly seen, would not rest satisfied, as proof of Evolution, with the fact that a few pigeons, horses, sheep, and cows presented modifications of an improved character. The phenomena adduced would shine out in all their glaring disproportion to the monstrous principle sought to be educed from them. Positivism would require them to define the mystic meaning of that word, Evolution, which had heretofore so kindly rid them of all responsibility to reason. Positivism would suggest the advisability of instituting an inquiry into the sustaining power of this tortoise which upholds the elephant which upholds the universe. It would demand some warrant for assuming no limit to variation, besides the gratuitous presumption which they have seen fit arbitrarily to establish. It would compel them to mate Darwin's *dictum*, "with species in a state of nature rudimentary organs are so extremely common, that scarcely one can be mentioned which is wholly free from a blemish of this nature;" with that other *dictum* of his, that favorable modifications are attributable to "a spontaneous variability which we in our ignorance call Evolution;" and to recognize the legitimate issue of such a match. Positivism would demand, that a tentative hypothesis should be formed under the supposition that all favorable variations are due to the mere regain of characters which had been previously lost by the species under adverse conditions of nature. It would demand, that what they term Evolution should be distinguished, with scientific precision, from the scientific law of Reversion, or of Atavism, which implies a limit to variability. It would demand, that Evolution should be based on scientific knowledge—not as it confessedly is, on scientific ignorance—before they should be suffered to wing their flight to measure the bounds of the Knowable with a tape-line of such questionable correctness. It would imbue them with more taste for analysis than would be consistent with their assumption of infallibility. It would clip the wings of their synthetic genius, and preclude their flight amid those ethereal regions which are so endeared to them by reason of their being im-

pervious to the superstitions of men who refuse to bend the knee to that unknown god yclept Evolution. It would contrast the magnitude and importance of their principle of Evolution, and of all it pretends to solve, with the miserable paucity of ill-digested facts which have been adduced to prove it; and remorselessly dub it Platonic. It would recall them to the fact, that the order of human knowledge is from the external to the internal. It would develop all the absurdity of a system of thought which pretends to give an *a priori* cognition of all the phenomena of the universe. It would show up in its true colors, their subjective craving after system. It would assure them that a conviction evolved from the depths of their inner consciousness, however strong, is not scientific knowledge. It would inform them, that mere observation and experiment does not constitute science. It would prevent them from saying that, because the immensity of the range of Evolution precludes the constant use of observation and experiment, the subjective harmony of their ideas becomes an infallible criterion of the truth of their conclusions. Positivism would sap the very base of their system, and would bring home to them the conviction that any logic,—however deficient,—founded on an analysis of the processes of thought which have led to the discovery of the truths of the natural sciences, cannot fail to possess a symmetry and harmony adequate to the explosion of any theory which essays to make Science conflict with the truths of Revelation.

The prospect was not alluring. Wooed and won by their sympathy with the negations assumed by the theorems, our English friends had allowed themselves to be seduced into such an indorsement of Positivism as threatened to ring the knell of Evolutionism. The grim irony of their situation was exquisite. It is with a melancholy sense of amusement that we recall the comportment of these leaders of "modern thought" in the presence of this dilemma. They saw the thin air into which their system of Evolution would dissolve under the touchstone of such a logic. They had sworn allegiance to Positivism; but most unwilling grew their subjection. They chafed, but more in sorrow than anger. They were too far gone for rage. Their case seemed hopeless. They did not see why they should continue their allegiance; but they conceived themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate, logic, and Comte. They cavilled, they demurred as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped, they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape. There they stuck (for it seemed that Evolution had called a halt), charmed into an unwilling admiration of Positivism, laying their heads together, but to no purpose, looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of Comte's logical whip.

Much eye had they to their pet theories; shrewd backward glances at the advisability of formally forswearing their longings for Positive criteria; not a little apprehensive of the probability of a retrograde phase in the progress of Evolution, and a sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but an Evolutionist finds it more difficult than any other organism to accommodate himself to a logical *habitat.* Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very bright; has no desire then for Progress. Think of him in a multitude, forced to progress logically, and wondering whether he shall be constrained to recognize a goal other than the Unknowable. Judge by this of the talents of Comte. The whole formed ample *materiel* for "an Iliad of evils." When all the consequences which attended the acceptance of Positivism had dawned upon them, they grew circumspect. They ceased their lavish praise of the system. They cudgelled their brains to devise some expedient by which to extricate themselves from their unpleasant predicament. They could not consistently attack the logic, for that was in perfect harmony with those criteria which they had, time and again, shadowed forth as the great *desiderata* of modern science. They all at once ceased to be actuated by the laudable desire to remedy the abuses of the existent habits of thought. They suddenly learned that prejudices in favor of logic were vulgar, and did not exactly suit the pure atmosphere of "modern thought." That standard which judged of the truth of a theory by the degree of rude violence which it offered to religious convictions, had long served them in good stead, and would amply suffice for all their logical necessities, without recourse to Positivism. The exigencies of Evolution did not require the employment of such an inconvenient tool as logic. It became them to regard with disdain that consistency which the enemies of Progress would force upon them to its prejudice. They had loved Positivism for its negativism; but since its negativism would not presume to be Positivism, they would retain its negativism, and wash their hands of the rest of Positivism. They were loath to have any other logic than the tests of their own *dicta;* and even those they esteemed it unkind to impose at junctures when the interests of Progress counselled the employment of others improvised for the nonce. The canon of interpretation which they had found most reliable, was the beautiful sense of the true with which they ever chanced to be inspired upon confrontation with a difficulty. This canon, they had perceived, was applicable only to the particular case, or to such other cases as they, possessed of the secret of its operation, chose to apply it. With pardonable pride it might be said, that they were gifted with a high order of perceptive facul-

ties, absent in mortals not so fully evolved. They attained their conclusions by a felicity of intuition—a sort of polarity towards truth—which precluded the necessity of a logic; and which it was presumptuous in others to attempt to formulate. They had no quarrel to make with Comte. They would credit him with good intentions. But they would take his will instead of his deed. Those narrow intellects of the Middle Ages were answerable for his innocent mistake. It showed how well-nigh impossible it is to eradicate the taint of metaphysics. In this prevailing deference to logic and regard for consistency—into which it should be candidly confessed they themselves were led for a time—they could discern the still lingering traces of the influence of the medical schools. The time has gone by when it was advisable to cramp the intellect in the formalities of logic. It was possible that Positivism would not sustain Evolutionism. But let every Evolutionist only be true to the impulse of that cosmic energy which throbs so imperiously within his pineal gland, and in the end Evolution will display a self-compensating balance which will harmonize all those little discrepancies which grovelling souls now take such a malicious pleasure in pointing out.

Such were the reflections in which the master Evolutionists indulged during the crisis. They saw that the safeguard of their brilliant hypotheses lay in the continuance of that bizarre mixture of incongruous methods which they were once wont so to deplore. They had the power to stay for awhile the effects of Positivism. They formed, in England, an admirably organized mutual admiration society—a coterie of philosophical censors—to which all the scientific societies of Great Britain are in beautiful subordination. The degree of estimation in which a writer and his works should be held by every true Briton, is fixed and adjusted by this conclave, which deigns, at stated periods, to gather the sense of the exoterics at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. They are accordingly able to dictate the dominant tone of English philosophic thought: so they damned Positivism, by the faintest praise, to that oblivion into which, in England, it is now quietly and steadily sinking. All those "liberals," who think through the medium of a few set phrases, such as "natural selection," "survival of the fittest," "instability of the homogeneous," etc., were assured that Positivism was not just "the thing." That sufficed!

The saddest commentary upon the consistency of "modern thought" in England, is to be found in the fact that Herbert Spencer's *System of Evolution* and Mill's *System of Logic* flourish together side by side without the one producing any appreciable effect on the other. The discordance which subsists between those sys-

tems (alike favored by the same intellectual class), we shall at some convenient opportunity develop for the consideration of our readers. Now and then, a glimmering of the truth in this matter seems to break in upon the self-complacent benightedness of the English "liberal" mind. But, philosophical opinion is there too completely gagged, for any such adumbration to effect the current tone of thought. John Stuart Mill, who towered head and shoulders above his fellows, in vain essayed to imbue them with a little of the tincture of consistency. But, as Mill was an analytic philosopher whose cast of thought would not suffer him to develop a system which could bear comparison with all the all-comprehensive synthesis of Spencer, they would not hearken to his voice; and he himself (English-like) allowed himself to be inspired with distrust of his own views, when he observed how completely the *sensus communis* of England was captivated by the system of his friend.

Here, in America, we see with pleasure that the tone of heterodox thought bids fair to rise superior to that which prevails in England. The intellects of this country are not to be led away by the specious theories of English philosophers. Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall may possibly be able to draw successfully upon their incredulity; but, when an equal draft is likewise made upon their credulity, it is most likely to return dishonored. Americans have all the generous feelings which are so prone to be seduced by pleas of freedom of thought. They have all the sensibility to sentiments inspired by the idea of Progress. But their imaginations are too well toned to be blindly credulous. When they ask for Progress, they will insist that they be presented with the genuine article, not with a spurious counterfeit which gives the lie on its face to that which it would fain represent. They will no more feel themselves constrained to accept "modern thought" because they love progress and enlightenment, than they now deem it incumbent on them to become Red Republicans and French Communists, because they are American Democrats. They have all the French perception of what is consistent, without the French susceptibility to the charm of brilliant and specious theories really not trimming with the canons of truth. If they cannot be brought to listen to the voice of the Church, they at least will have the manhood to abide by the logic which they may find to be the outcome of their own mode of thought; to recognize its limitations; to confine themselves therein; and to substitute for that humiliating deference to English thought, which has so long prevailed, a supreme contempt for men who could so wantonly violate good faith as premeditatedly to prostitute science to the design of undermining the religious convictions of a people. We trust that while they ponder over the records of positive science, they will appreciate the significance of the fact, that those who have

been left stranded as wrecks, to point a moral and adorn a tale, were infidels; whilst those who have achieved the results to which "modern thought" points with such egregious complacency, were men with whom the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom.

A CATHOLIC POET OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"And when I'm lost in death's cold night,
Who will remember now I write?"

SO wrote William Habington, nearly two centuries and a half ago, foreboding, perhaps, the neglect which was so soon to settle on his name. His was not a genius of that robust and cheerful temper which calmly forestalls the verdict of posterity and usurps immortality as its birthright, the royal purple of the sovereigns of song. His premonition, if such it were, had speedy fulfilment. So popular during his lifetime that no less than three editions of his poems were called for in the short space of five years, he seems, upon his death, to have dropped out of notice as quietly and quickly as a pebble tossed into a stream.

So far as we can learn, not even a single bubble of elegy—and a prodigious quantity of such "airy nothings" the drowning poets of his day were wont to set afloat, to show for a little where they had sunk in the Lethean river—marked his exit. Prof. Henry Morley indeed has conjectured, in the preface to his collection of ballads, entitled *The King and the Commons*, that the epitaph he discovered on the fly-leaf of an original edition of Milton, and which he ascribes to that poet, may have been meant for Habington, "whose character," he says, "as the author of the purest love poetry written in the time of Charles I., Milton would have appreciated" in spite of Habington's Catholicity. Gladly would we believe it if we could; a God-speed from John Milton would surely be worth a score of *vales* from lesser bards. But since the epitaph is dated in 1647, and Habington did not become a subject for the obituary muse till 1654, the difficulties seem too great. Without a wail from one of his tuneful brethren, our poet lapsed into oblivion.

Yet Milton might fitly have sung him, for he was his debtor. In Thomas Warton's edition of Milton's *Minor Poems* (second edition, London, 1791, p. 49) is this note on the verses in *l'Allegro:*

"Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn."

"The same expression, as Mr. Bowles observes, occurs with the same rhymes, in an elegant triplet of an obscure poet, John Habington, *Castara*, edit. 1640, p. 8:

> 'The nymphes with quivers shall adorne
> Their active sides, and rouse the morne
> With the shrill music of their horne.'"

As *l'Allegro* was first printed in 1645, it is easy to see which is the borrower, even if Milton were not known for a very cateran of letters. But what we chiefly wish to point out is that so accomplished a scholar as Thomas Warton, as late as 1791, knew of William Habington only at secondhand as an "obscure poet," whom he miscalls John.[1] This is not so surprising, however, if, as the *Theatrum Poetarum* says, in 1675 his poems were already forgotten.

Thus neglected, Habington was left till the beginning of the present century, to meet then from the pilgrims who came, first straggling, then flocking, to the shrine of our elder muse, a grateful, if wondering recognition. It seemed odd to find so many genuine poets in that Bœotian (or, as they themselves had said, Cimmerian) darkness beyond the Restoration, wherein, indeed, a few fixed stars were known to twinkle, but so remote and of so faint a ray, that their light was barely visible to the poetic astronomers who sought them through Mr. Addison's telescope at twopence a peep. It looks almost as though time, jealous for his favorites, turns down the page of his record on which many an imperishable work is written, that it may come with a fresher zest to a more discerning generation. The age which made Dryden and Pope its literary idols and Johnson the high-priest of its criticism, found little to relish in the writers of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts. Their mental reach, their vigor of thought and virility of style, their depth and comprehensiveness, their native force of genius, in a word, whatever in a writer may be measured by purely intellectual standards, that age, indeed, could by such standards measure,

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[1] Warton, it is true, was not so strong in the poetry of this period as in that of some others. The *Bibliographia Poetica* calls his History "ingenious but frequently inaccurate." It is by no means unlikely that Milton knew and esteemed Habington. The *Theatrum Poetarum* is supposed by Warton to reflect the critical opinions of Milton, Phillips's uncle. In it Habington is mentioned as "the author of poems which came forth above twenty years since under title of Castara, the feigned name, no doubt, of that humane goddess who inspired them; but better known by the history of the Reign of King [Edward] the Fourth, in which he hath a style sufficiently florid, and perhaps better becoming a poet than historian. . . . . In respect of his poems they are almost forgotten. He may be ranked, in my opinion, with those who deserve neither the highest nor lowest seat in the Theatre of Fame." T. P., 13, 14. The history referred to is embodied in Bishop Kennett's collection with Milton's own account of Britain up to the Conquest.

and fairly enough appraise. But the thousand shy beauties of poetry, that lurk between the lines like flowers between the files of corn; the delicacy, the grace, the exquisite simplicity of the earlier singers; the airy loveliness of fancies that flecked, like summer clouds, "the heaven of their invention;" the untamed and unfettered luxuriance of imagination, that like some glowing tropical vine, clinging about a giant tree, wreathed and often hid their sinewy strength of thought; the subtle, indefinable aroma of poetry that must be felt and cannot be analyzed, the aroma of *Lycidas*, of Lodge's *Rosaline*, of Marvell's *Garden*—these things eluded the rules of Boileau, and the precepts of Aristotle's Poetics, and the demonstrations of Bishop Hurd, as the ethereal splendors of a rainbow would mock the sculptor's chisel.

The two eras were not in unison, that was all. Ears attuned to the key of Pope's

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"

or Young's

> "This midnight pomp,
> This gorgeous arch with golden worlds inlaid,
> Built with divine ambition,"

could not catch the haunting harmony of

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a rack behind;"

could not taste the "linkéd sweetness" of

> "Valleys low where the mild whispers use,
> Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
> On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks."

Johnson estimated the weight of Shakspeare's genius in a criticism admirable for precise conception and accurate adjustment of intellectual values. Yet to Johnson Ariel and Puck were aliens, speaking a foreign tongue; the forest of Arden, the kingdom of Oberon were unknown lands. He could sneer at *Lycidas*[1] and *The Progress of Poetry*, but he could not understand them; and he deliberately put forth an ordinary passage from Congreve's *Mourning Bride* as the finest in English poetry. No wonder that for such an age Gray and Collins "swept their golden lyres" in vain.

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[1] "*Lycidas* is a good test of a real feeling for what is peculiarly called poetry." Hallam, Lit. Hist., iii., 270.

"He who wishes to know whether he has a true taste for poetry, or not, should consider whether he is highly delighted or not with the perusal of Milton's *Lycidas*." Dr. J. Warton in T. Warton's edition, Milton's *Minor Poems*, p. 35.

But presently came the reaction. People grew tired of the daintily balanced lines, the sweet monotony of couplets, the cold glitter of antithesis, the artificial sentiments to match the artificial metre. The world was stirring in its sleep; new and strange ideas were abroad; a wind of change came blowing across the sea, cold and bracing, sweeping away remorselessly many sacred cobwebs of conventionality, bearing with it rich, unfamiliar, or half-forgotten odors of freedom and freshness and the dawn. A new order of thought was coming into play, which the powdered and periwigged poetry of Queen Anne could ill interpret or satisfy. It was as though a man who had long dwelt contentedly by the side of a smooth canal, sleeping in the shadow of trim poplars, should be suddenly seized with an overpowering sense of the freedom and gladness and beauty of a mountain brook, an irresistible longing to gaze upon its wild loveliness and drink its clear cold waters. Poets began to draw their inspiration from nature rather than society, from Urania's eyes, no longer from Belinda's looking-glass; readers of poetry began to wonder dimly if those older poets they had heard of, might not fill this uneasy yearning; a few resolute lovers of poetry plunged boldly into the wilderness of black-letter and folio and struck an unexpected mine.

Among the rest who then came to the surface was Habington. The first to draw attention to his merits seems to have been the indefatigable Sir Egerton Brydges, in the *Censura Litteraria*. In Volume VII,. of the same work, Nichols gave, from the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, a fuller account of the poet's life and family, together with a generous estimate of his writings. With judges of poetry he soon made his way, until at length his newborn credit was clinched by the admission of the *Castara* into Chalmers's well-known collection. In 1812 our poet gained the still more gratifying honor of a separate issue at Bristol, judiciously edited by Charles Elton, the translator of Hesiod. The enterprise does not appear to have had the fortune it deserved, for copies of Elton's edition, fresh from the bookseller's shelves, are by no means scarce. Within a year or two, the *Castara* has been once more republished in Mr. Edward Arber's admirable, and, indeed, elegant series of cheap fac simile reprints of early English literature, for which every student is indebted to him.

Thus brought before the public, Habington was not long in attracting the notice of the critics. Their judgments, on the whole, were favorable. In the *Censura Litteraria*, Sir Egerton Brydges more than once speaks of the *Castara* with strongly accented admiration. Gifford, Hallam, Chambers, and Dyce refer with praise to his character and talents. Chalmers, Park, and Elton rate him above the poetic average of his time. Southey, Campbell, Headley,

and Ellis included in their various collections specimens of his writings, with more or less discriminating praise. The *Retrospective Review* alone denies him any merit, in a notice which is really curious for its partisan injustice. With the writers of that able but prejudiced periodical, Habington's faith was not a passport to favor.

Nevertheless, it cannot justly be said that the *Castara* is known. At least, to borrow Mr. Aubrey De Vere's remark in the preface to his *May Carols* (where he calls it a noble poem), it is much less widely known than its beauties deserve. To the general reader of poetry, Habington's name, if it be recognized at all, comes with a much less familiar sound than Carew's, or Lovelace's, or Waller's. Yet to Habington Sir Egerton Brydges accords more intrinsic merit than to either Lovelace or Carew, while Park thought that, "as an amatory poet he possesses more unaffected tenderness and delicacy of sentiment than either Carew or Waller, with an elegance of versification very seldom inferior to that of his more famed contemporaries." Nothing is, of course, more common than for critics to be led astray by caprice or individual taste, and the discoverer of an unknown poet feels often much the same sense of ownership, the same temptation to exalt his find, the same duty of defence, as if he were the Columbus of a new world. Yet, that such judgments have been deliberately recorded by critics of acknowledged repute, indicates that the author who called them forth may claim our notice on literary grounds alone. But his religion is a further reason why to Catholic readers he should be better known than he is. Habington is, in all respects, a Catholic poet, not only like Lodge, a Catholic, who chanced to be a poet, or like Pope, a poet who chanced to be a Catholic, but rather like Aubrey de Vere, one in whom faith and genius are so interfused and blended that he seems to be a poet because he is a Catholic, and a Catholic because he is a poet. In a man of Habington's nature, his religion is not a social form or a sentimental fancy, but a deep and pervading influence in his life and work. In this dual character, the poet of the *Castara* comes to us, inviting a special sympathy, and, as we trust the reader will find, clothed with a special interest.

Both his faith and his turn for letters were fairly his by birthright. On both sides he came of a stock which had long been stanchly, even aggressively, Catholic; on both sides he counted authors in his ancestral line. In each capacity his father was known, for he not only wrote books, but twice narrowly missed hanging for alleged complicity in "Popish plots," for one of which, indeed, his younger brother, our poet's uncle, was hanged. His mother, though she wrote no more, wrote once at least to some purpose, if, as held by many historians, she was the author of the famous letter which

exploded the "Gunpowder Treason" before its time; and her ancestor, *temp.* Henry VIII., Henry Parker, Lord Morley, called "the learned," was a voluminous author, leaving behind him many MS. translations, chiefly of religious works, besides "several tragedies and comedies whose very titles are lost."[1] His descendants under Queen Elizabeth were noted for their resolute adhesion to the Church. More than once a Lord Morley is recorded as imperilling life and fortune by leaving England against the Queen's express commands, when no longer permitted to live there in freedom of conscience, which, in the noble words of the Earl of Arundel, taken on a similar flight, "luy emportait plus que quarante mille d'escus de rentes et belles maysons, et authorité du premier seigneur d'Angleterre."[2]

It was in this spirit that Habington's people through all that time of bitter trial and temptation kept their faith whole and untainted. They married Catholic wives, they brought up Catholic children, they spent their substance and risked their lives to restore England to the Church. The perilous cause of the English missions found in them its most ardent well-wishers and upholders. They were the first to welcome the missionary, when in disguise and danger he set foot on his native soil, to be, so long as he pressed it, an outlaw and a fugitive among his countrymen; they were the first he turned to for help and hiding, when almost hunted down, and never in vain, though such aid meant death to the harborer. Their houses were even constructed expressly with a view to such ticklish entertainment. In Nash's *History of Worcestershire*[3] (which is based on MS. materials left by the poet's father), will be found an account of the "hiding holes," or "Priest's holes," as they were often called, at Hendlip, the seat of the Habingtons. "The access to some was through the chimneys; some had on the outside the appearance of great chimneys." Through long tubes leading to other parts of the house, food, generally in the form of soup, was conveyed to the fugitive, who often lay immured for days. In the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" (spacious for all but Papists and Popish priests), these hiding-places were seldom empty, and so artfully were they built that in January, 1606, the two Jesuits, Fathers Garnett and Oldcorne, accused of taking part in the Gunpowder Plot, baffled during twelve days and eleven nights the strictest search, yielding at last only to hunger. For that service the owner of Hendlip, the poet's father, was condemned to die, and actually underwent a lingering imprisonment.

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[1] Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

[2] Lingard, VIII., 22, quoting Egerton, 246. In 1571 Lord Morley fled to the Continent to escape a threatened prosecution for attending Mass. (Lingard, VIII., 62.) In 1577, Lady Morley was fined and imprisoned for recusancy. Ibid., 148.

[3] Vol. I., p. 585.

Such a record, backed by their ancient descent, their culture, and what for those days, before fine and imprisonment reduced it sadly, must have been their wealth, gave the Habingtons a position of no little consquence among the Catholic gentry of the time. Their family connections show that, untitled as they were, the proudest houses in England did not disdain their alliance. The poet's mother, as we have seen, was the daughter of Lord Morley. Her maternal grandfather was Sir William Stanley, Lord Mounteagle, of the junior branch of the great house of Derby, and third in descent from that gallant Edward Stanley who won his spurs and his lordship together, where his brother found an earldom, on the bloody field of Flodden. The poet himself married a daughter of Sir William Herbert, the first Lord Powis, who stood in a very similar relation to the Earl of Pembroke.[1] William Habington could claim kinship with the foremost noblemen of his time. His wife's uncle was that "stout old earl" of Northumberland, whom the Gunpowder Plot sent to the Tower "to convert," says Lingard, "that abode of misery into the temple of the Muses," and to share with Endymion Porter the somewhat uncertain honor of being the Mæcenas of the age; her grandfather was that other less lucky Earl of the same house, for whom the Tower proved a tomb instead of a temple. Imprisoned for being a Catholic, Hatton caused him to be murdered in his cell. It was given out that he had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with three slugs. But Raleigh directly charges Hatton with his murder in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, where he assumes Hatton's guilt as a fact well known to both. See Lingard's reasoning (viii., 202), which Mr. Froude by no means meets. Finally, Mrs. Habington's cousin was that Earl of Pembroke who had the honor of being Sir Philip Sidney's nephew. Habington himself was a cousin of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and, as we have seen, a distant connection of the Earls of Derby. He counted many distinguished names besides among his kin.[2]

We have not dwelt on these dull genealogical details without a

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[1] His father was the younger son of the first Earl of Pembroke of the Elizabethan creation. He was consequently first cousin to his namesake, William Herbert, the third earl, supposed by many, on doubtful grounds, to be the "W. H. the only begetter" of Shakspeare's sonnets.

[2] Among these, if we accept the ingenious conjecture of a writer in the *North British Review* (July, 1870), may, perhaps, be included the most distinguished name of that or any other time in England. According to this writer, Shakspeare's mother, who was an Arden, probably claimed descent from Ralph Arden, of Alvanley, in Cheshire, who married Catherine, daughter of Sir William Stanley, of Wootton. The speculation, however, is rather fanciful, it must be confessed, and the connection, if any, is sufficiently remote. Yet who would not feel honored to be even the most distant and inconsiderable satellite of a cousin to that daystar of English song!

purpose. They help to point one of the striking morals of the time. It was not because, but in spite of, their illustrious alliances that the Habingtons clung so steadfastly to the faith of their fathers. Of almost all the great Catholic families at this period, we have but one story: the chiefs fell away, while their followers, as a body, stood fast. Untitled Howards and Percys, Herberts, Talbots, Stanleys, Digbys, were obstinate in "recusancy" long after the heads of their respective houses, yielding to the threats or the flatteries of the court, had conformed. The Catholic nobility, under Elizabeth and James, unhappily furnished few counterparts to that heroic Earl of Arundel already mentioned, who, condemned to die for his faith, is thought to have been poisoned in the Tower; or to that stanch Earl of Shrewsbury, honorably distinguished as one of the only two peers[1] who had the hardihood to vote against the Supremacy Bill in the first year of Elizabeth's accession. This was Francis, fifth Earl, and last Catholic of his line. A member of Queen Mary's privy council, his abilities both in the field and in the cabinet had been so marked as to offset even that objection, and, so to speak, to force Elizabeth to keep him among her own advisers; "but," says Lodge, "his steady adherence to the faith of his ancestors probably obstructed his further advancement." No such "uncourtly sincerity," as Burke calls it, was permitted to stand in the way of his descendants. His son, who is chiefly known to fame as the Queen of Scots' gaoler, was so loyally Protestant[2] that he must needs break in with a brutal scoff upon his prisoner's dying devotions on the scaffold, and his grandson, in turn, had so bettered the paternal zeal as to make public prayer in the council chamber that "he might never live to see the day when toleration should be granted to Catholics in England."[3] It was a fitting answer to such an imprecation, that in less than four years thereafter, he who uttered it dying childless, his earldom passed from his own line to that of a Catholic kinsman. Not more singular and crushing was the rebuke administered by unforgetting Time to Burleigh's cruelty and Salisbury's malice, when the grandson of the one, the son of the other, became a priest of the fold they had harried so ruthlessly.

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[1] The other was Viscount Montagu, the same gallant nobleman who, to dispel all doubts of his loyalty, on the approach of the Spanish Armada brought into the field "a band of horsemen commanded by himself, his son, and his grandson, thus perilling his whole house in the expected conflict."—Butler's Memoirs of the English Catholics, ii., 11.

[2] Mr. Froude, ix., 438, calls him half a Catholic. This is unjust. The man, or rather the nobleman, who encouraged the Dean of Peterborough to embitter Mary Stuart's death-agony with his blatant bigotry, in order, as Mr. Froude admiringly suggests, "to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene," surely deserves better at the hands of a sympathizing historian.

[3] Lingard, ix., 168.

The defection of the Earls of Shrewsbury was paralleled in every other Catholic peerage of the time. However these worldly-wise lords may have held to the old religion in secret, outwardly, at least, they burned incense to the idols, and feigned a compliance with the new. But their followers, who had not indeed their temptations, scouted their subservience. While the Earl of Derby was painfully balancing between his conscience and his courtly credit, half the Stanleys in England, his own son among the number, were working for the deliverance of the unhappy Queen of Scots. Reckless of the wavering or yielding of their chiefs, Percys, Howards, and Herberts throughout the land were boldly braving, or unflinchingly enduring, the worst penalties of recusancy. The Catholicity of the Talbots, in spite of the perversion of their leaders, continued so stubborn as to trouble seriously the repose of those canny lords. Under date of May 29th, 1573, we have Gilbert Talbot, afterwards seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, writing thus pathetically to his father, the sixth Earl: "Mr. Wilson showed me some part of the confession of one that said he knew Mary Queen of Scots hated your lordship deadly because of your religion, being an earnest Protestant, and all the Talbots else in England all Papists, she esteemeth of them very well; and the Queen did verily believe all we Talbots did love her better in our hearts than the Queen's Majesty." Sorely must such a bruit have disturbed the selfish and time-serving spirit of Mary's gaoler. But none the more did he succeed in winning those of his name to his own way of thinking. His nearest kin at this time, the Talbots of Grafton and Longford, were strong Catholics, and remained so. George Talbot of Grafton, to whom the title passed in 1617, had in the previous year founded the Jesuit College of Liege, and "procured for it by his influence a settlement of the interest of 200,000 florins from the Duke of Bavaria." Dr. Thomas Talbot was a Jesuit, and president of the College of Louvain, of which Liege was an offshoot. Nor when the title was again transferred, on George's death unmarried, to John Talbot of Longford (whose mother was a Habington, the near relation of the poet), did its religion again change. Indeed, with perhaps a few intermissions, the earldom of Shrewsbury continued to be a Catholic peerage until the extinction of the Grafton and Longford line within the present century. In 1743 the then Earl was a Catholic priest.

But a more striking, as well as a more touching, proof of the fidelity with which the rank and file of the Talbots clung to their ancestral creed, is to be found in the lists of the sufferers for recusancy. There the name figures again and again—a truer patent of nobility than that which their chiefs dishonored. In 1600, for example, we find recorded that "John Talbot, gent.," was executed at

Durham for the crime of "reconciliation, and harboring and assisting priests." So, too, among the recusants "given to be made profit of"[1] to James's favorites, we find John Talbot of Grafton allotted to the Lord Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, and Mr. Talbot of Bashall to Sir Thomas Morrison. In the same lists, it may be remarked, *en passant*, are many names which figure in Habington's poems; for instance, Mr. Brundenell, no doubt the father of the R. B. to whom one of the poems of the *Castara* is dedicated, and who was afterwards Earl of Cardigan, and (a more sorrowful distinction) the father of that wretched Countess of Shrewsbury, who is said to have held Buckingham's horse, disguised as a page, while he slew her husband, Francis, the tenth Earl, in the famous duel behind Montagu House. Here, too, we find also assigned to the Lord Hay, Mr. Audley, "who married the sister of the Lord Windsor," whose brother was one of the Gunpowder Plotters, and to "Mr. Leviston of the Bedchamber, Sir Edward Stanley." Both Windsor and Stanley figure in the *Castara*.

It will thus be seen that it was not the example of their great connections which kept our poet's family firm in the faith. Doubtless the tough Saxon fibre in their blood had much to do with this constancy.[2] They came, as has been said, of an ancient house, the prototype of many untitled Catholic families in England, whose long descent a patent of nobility would cloud. The poet's immediate ancestor was Richard Habington, or Abington, or Abingdon, of Brockhampton in Hertfordshire, who traced his pedigree beyond the reign of Henry III. to Philip, or Richard de Abington, or Abingdon, lord, perhaps of the district whence the present town of Abingdon takes its name. It may be noted in passing, that about this time John Abington was Abbot of Tewksbury. Richard Habington (as for uniformity we shall call him) had, among other children, two sons, Richard and John, with whom alone we need concern ourselves. Eleanor, the daughter of the former, married Sir Thomas Baskerville, "who could boast of the blood of the Planta-

[1] "Giving to make profit of," refers to one of the worst of the many intolerable oppressions under which English Catholics then groaned. It meant simply that the person to whom a recusant was so given, was empowered to collect for his own benefit the numberless fines and forfeitures imposed on Papists for almost every act and omission of their lives, and which amounted often to a practical confiscation of their estates. To give but one instance out of many: for absenting himself from the Protestant service, a recusant was subject to forfeit to the crown all his goods and chattels, and two-thirds of his lands. No wonder my lord Hay was able to spend, as Clarendon says, "£400,000 in a very jovial life," say $2,000,000, equal to at least $10,000,000 now.

[2] I do not know that it has ever been remarked how many of the old historic Catholic names in England are of Saxon origin: Howard, Titchbourne, Swinburne, Sherburne, Sherlock, Charlton, Throckmorton, etc. The same preponderance of Saxon names is noticed among the most distinguished of recent English converts: Newman, Manning, Wilberforce. Religious ethnology might find here a fruitful theme.

genets," and whose "most ancient and honorable name" is inscribed on the roll of Battle Abbey. Not even the blood of the Plantagenets, however, was any shield for recusancy, since we find, in 1587, Walter Baskerville returned to Burghley for exclusion from the magistracy because his wife was a recusant. There are few names connected with our poet that are not to be found in the honorable roll of those who, in one way or another, suffered for conscience's sake. Eleanor Baskerville, the daughter of Sir Thomas, married John Talbot of Grafton, and became the mother of John, tenth Earl of Shrewsbury, and of George Talbot, our poet's cousin and bosom friend, whose early death he laments in the *Castara.*

John Habington, the poet's grandfather, was born in 1515, and died in 1571, his life extending through a great part of four reigns, embracing the most momentous epochs in English history. He was under cofferer or treasurer to Elizabeth, whose favor he seems to have enjoyed. He was, according to Holinshed, "an officer of good credit in her highness's house, and for manie advancements was bound to say, God save Qu. Elizabeth." Among other marks of her royal bounty, she was pleased to stand godmother to one of her under-treasurer's sons, a compliment which at a later period helped, we are told, to save that favored individual's head. John Habington seems to have been employed in public affairs during the preceding reign likewise, and was perhaps one of the officials holding over, like the Earl of Shrewsbury; or, it may be, retained through that nobleman's influence. In the earl's confidence and correspondence he certainly was, and held by him in esteem. So much may be gathered from the letter in Lodge's *Illustrations*, 1, 347, addressed by Habington to the earl, then Lord President and Lieutenant of the Northern Marches, wherein, writing from Berwick under date of October 15th, 1557, he begs the earl to hasten "the ships laden with corn and victuals" in the tone of one who has the trust and favor of his correspondent. Francis, the fifth Earl of Shrewsbury, was then one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in England. He could scarcely have foreseen that in little more than half a century his title would have passed from his own descendants to the blood of his Berwick subordinate.

John Habington was twice married. By his second wife, Catharine, the daughter of John Wykes, of Morton-Jeffreys, he had two sons, Thomas, the poet's father, and Edward, born "at his manor-house at Thorpe, near Chertsey in Surrey." In 1563 he bought, and ten years later rebuilt, Hendlip; "a curious old seat," says Nicholls in the *Censura Litteraria*, "beautifully situated about four miles from the city of Worcester." It was destined to a painful celebrity in connection with two of the most famous events in English annals. Happily for himself, John Habington did not live

to see one of his sons suffer the cruel death of a traitor, and the other condemned to an imprisonment that might at any moment be cut short by the headsman's axe or the assassin's dagger. The Tower, in the sixteenth century, was an unwholesome residence even for subjects of the royal clemency.

Thomas Habington was born August 23d, 1560, and at the age of sixteen entered a commoner at Lincoln College, Oxford, a circumstance which, by bringing him within the scope of Anthony à Wood's curious and valuable record, gives us a fairly full story of his career. It was one of strange haps and perils, and presents a thrilling picture of the life of a Catholic young gentleman of the time. At the university Thomas Habington remained three years, leaving then without a degree, doubtless as Donne afterwards left both Oxford and Cambridge in succession, because his religion prevented his taking the prescribed oaths. From Oxford Habington was sent, about 1579, to the universities of Paris and Rheims, then the usual resorts of Catholic youth, "where," says Wood, "after some time spent in good letters, he returned into England, and, expressing or showing himself an adherent of Mary Queen of Scots, who plotted with Anthony Babington against Queen Elizabeth, was committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where, continuing six years, he profited more in several sorts of learning than he had before in all his life."

Wood dismisses thus briefly an episode upon which, not only as it involved in a supreme degree the fortunes of our poet's family, but as being in itself one of the most romantic and tragic passages in English history, we may permit ourselves longer pause. How far Thomas Habington was himself implicated in the famous Babington plot for which his brother suffered death, and which led directly to the sacrifice of a nobler victim, the Queen of Scots, it is not easy to say. From Wood's language it might be inferred that his known sympathy for the Scottish queen and his near relationship to one of the convicted conspirators, were the main grounds of his arrest. From the fact that he was not executed nor apparently even tried, we may justly suppose that the government failed to find against him even the flimsy evidence which sufficed in those days to send a Catholic to rack or gibbet. Yet the chances are that he was at least privy and consenting to so much of the design as looked to the rescue of Mary. Returning to his native land at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, an ardent Catholic, high-spirited and enthusiastic, he found his coreligionists groaning under an oppression crueller than death. The presumptive heir and, indeed, as many held, the rightful claimant to the throne, whose accession the down-trodden Catholics looked to, as the Israelites to their prophet, for deliverance from worse than Egyptian bond-

age, was a captive in the hands of her deadly foes, entrapped by infamous treachery, detained in shameless defiance of every law, subjected to constant humiliation and outrage, in hourly danger of assassination. She was a woman, yet young and beautiful, suffering and persecuted; the loveliest and most unhappy princess in Christendom. Here was every incentive to waken youthful gallantry, to kindle manly indignation. It would not be strange if Habington eagerly espoused her cause. It was secretly or openly the cause of half the kingdom, of the best and bravest of its youth.

In his brother Edward, Thomas Habington found a kindred spirit. "He was," says Wood, "a person of a turbulent spirit and nature;" but the criticisms, either literary or personal, of that "tasteless though useful drudge," as Brydges calls him, are not to be taken too literally. Edward Habington was already "a member of an association of Catholic young gentlemen in London," a sort of Elizabethan Catholic Union, whose object was to further the cause of the Church, and especially to receive and care for missionary priests. To their headquarters, "at the house of Mr. Gilbert, one of their number, in Fetter Lane" came, on their arrival in 1580, the Jesuits Campion, Emerson, and Parsons, and there, no doubt, the two brothers met Anthony Babington, destined to be the evil genius of the little band. He appears to have been a headstrong impetuous youth, equally ambitious and unscrupulous, but ill-balanced, reckless, and vain, without either the craft, the decision, or the coolness requisite for a conspirator, one above all who must cope with the wily Walsingham. "A brainless youth," Edward Habington styled him, "of a proud stomach and an ambitious mind."

He had but little difficulty in drawing his associates into the design, so far at least as to secure their consenting silence, if not their active help. In that electric atmosphere, full charged with conspiracy, a band of fiery young men burning with a sense of intolerable wrong, needed but a spark to inflame them from protest into action. The plot in its first and only shape, so far as a majority of the conspirators had to do with it, included two objects, the rescue of the Queen of Scots and the restoration of the Catholic ritual. Babington and Savage, a soldier from Alva's army, seem from the first to have meditated the assassination of Elizabeth; a villainy, the responsibility for which the former upon his trial cravenly attempted to fasten upon another of his accomplices, Ballard, a priest. To this part of the scheme there is no reason to believe either of the Habingtons privy.

How the plot was foiled by Babington's recklessness and Walsingham's cunning is matter of history which need not be here rehearsed. The conspirators were speedily apprehended, with the exception of one or two who made their way to the Continent.

Thomas Habington was arrested at Hendlip; Edward was taken hiding in a haymow in Hertfordshire. On the trial, which occupied the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September, 1586, Babington, the guiltiest of the party, alone bore himself like a traitor and an assassin, accusing all of his confederates freely, but striving chiefly to fix the blame upon Ballard, obviously in the hope to curry favor with his priest-hating judges. "Yea, Mr. Babington," answered Ballard, with composure, "lay all the blame upon me, but I wish the shedding of my blood might be the saving of your life. Howbeit, say what you will, I will say no more."[1] The others behaved with dignity and courage, no easy matter for men in such a situation, facing almost certain death, deprived of counsel, and arraigned before a court organized to convict and licensed to insult and outrage. One of the prisoners, Travers, accused of travelling in company with a priest, his chaplain, for that was then high treason in "merrie England," answered, "'If he be a priest I honor him for his priesthood.' And he said little else as one that seemed not to care what evidence came against him, but was resolute to be hanged." Gage, "a sound Papist," asked by Chief Justice Manwood why he fled to the woods, "stoutly and fiercely answered, 'for company.'" "'In no sort guilty,' pleaded Tilney, 'no more guilty than you are;'" and afterwards reproached with the oath he had taken as a gentleman-pensioner of the Queen, replied that he was not a Catholic when sworn, "but I am one now, for which I thank God most heartily." Both Tilney and Habington defended themselves with an energy and acumen which must have extorted the admiration even of their ruthless judges.[2] All the prisoners, fourteen in number, were found guilty, many on the suspicious evidence of Babington, or on confessions extorted on the rack.

And then occurred a scene seldom witnessed in a court of justice. The first solicitude of these noble youths was not for their lives, but lest their deaths might wrong their creditors. Most of them were men of wealth, but their property was of course by their conviction confiscated to the state. Said Tilney, "I owe in London about £200 or £300, and I beseech your honors to procure my friends to pay it for discharge of my conscience." "I owe some sums of money," said Jones, "but not very much, and I have more owing me; I beseech that my debts be paid with that which is owing me." Charnock begged that "six angels, which such a one had of him, might be delivered to his brother to pay his debts."

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[1] Howell's State Trials, I, 1143.

[2] They were perhaps law students, as some of the others may have been. As Catholics they could have been no more than students. Cf. Froude, xi., 648. "The legal profession being still constant to precedent and the old faith, conformity of religion was henceforth a condition of admission to the bar." This was in 1584.

Said Travers, "I never committed any treason, and for my religion I will die in it; only I owe £4 or such a matter; I beseech you it may be paid out of the profits of my lands." And Habington's first thought was for his sister: "Only this one petition to my good lords I make: I have one sister whose preferment also hath miscarried, wherefore if it might please her majesty with the revenues of my lands in some sort to provide for her; if I live I will endeavor to be thankful, and if I die I will pray for her."

Surely these were traitors of an uncommon kind. Even Hatton, the chancellor, who presided, was moved to burst forth, "O Ballard, Ballard, what hast thou done? A sort of brave youths otherwise endued with good gifts, by thy inducements hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion!" Had the reproach been addressed to Babington it would have been just. But the play would have been unpopular without its wicked priest.

Under the beneficent rule of good Queen Bess the condemned were seldom let languish. Judge and hangman went arm in arm; sometimes, indeed, it was not easy to tell them apart. On the 20th or 21st of September the prisoners were taken in detachments of seven to the sickening slaughter which was then the penalty of high treason in England. Drawn on hurdles to St. Giles in the Fields, they were there hanged, drawn, and quartered, the executions at the Queen's special and most womanly request "being protracted to the last extremities of payne in them," and the victims cut down and mutilated while still alive. They died, even to Babington, redeeming by his death his conduct on the trial, in the same noble and manly fashion, "making profession of Catholic faith," and in some instances praying for the Queen's conversion. There was as usual a Protestant minister on the scaffold, whose zeal outran his sense of decorum. "Seeming to school Tilney in points of religion differing from those he held," the latter answered with a tranquil scorn which must have pierced even the zealot's hide: "I came hither to die, Doctor, and not to argue." Habington was subjected to the same outrage. "Being urged by Doctor White to be of a lively faith, he answered 'he believed steadfastly in the Catholic faith.' The Doctor asked him what he meant 'for I fear me,' said he 'thou deceivest thyself.' He answered 'that faith and religion which is holden in almost all Christendom except here in England.' This done he willed them not to trouble him with any more questions, but made his prayers to himself in Latin." Habington in his dying speech "cast out threats and terrors of the blood that was ere long to be shed in England;" a prophecy which Holinshed flouts, but which had nevertheless a strict fulfilment.

Thomas Habington is said to have owed his escape from his brother's fate to his being the Queen's godson. Quite as plausibly

we may ascribe it either to want of proof against him, or to the unmistakable repugnance of the people to a continuance of the slaughter.[1] Queen Elizabeth did not so readily condone even less serious offences in her godsons as Sir John Harrington experienced. At all events, our poet's father was spared to become his father, going to prison instead of to the scaffold. We have seen with what literary employment he beguiled the weary hours of captivity in the Tower, that grim Lucena of many a laboring Muse, from the somewhat hoarse Polyhymnia of Sir Thomas Smith's Psalms to Sir Walter Raleigh's intrepid Clio. When Habington emerged, in 1594, the Queen of Scots had long been beheaded at Fotheringay, the Armada had been destroyed, the power and hopes of the Catholics were crushed. There was no inducement to renew efforts, the dangers of which he had so vividly realized. He retired to Hendlip, the manor of which had been settled upon him by his father,[2] "took to wife Mary, the daughter of Edward Parker, Lord Morley, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and sole heir of Sir William Stanley, knight, Lord Mounteagle," and devoted himself to surveying Worcestershire, and making "a collection of its antiquities from records, registers, evidences, both private and public monuments, MSS. and arms." "Part of this book," says Wood, "I have seen and perused, and find that every leaf is a sufficient testimony of his generous and virtuous mind, of his indefatigable industry, and infinite reading." Other fruits of his learned leisure were *The Antiquities of Worcestershire*, of *The Cathedral Church and Bishops of Worcester*, and, his only published work, a translation into English of the Epistle of Gildas à Britain, entitled *De Excidio et Conquestu Britanniæ*, with an ample preface, 8vo., London, 1638. This was born of a second imprisonment which he underwent because of the celebrated Gunpowder Plot.

Before this, according to Gough, he had an active part in the Earl of Essex's conspiracy. Of this charge, however, there is no proof, and it seems but an idle surmise, based on the absurd hypothesis that Essex's rebellion was another "Popish plot," and the fact that Lord Mounteagle, Habington's brother-in-law, was one of the little company who shared in the mad defence of Essex House.

For suspecting him of complicity in the Gunpowder Treason there is more apparent ground. His wife is said to have written the warning letter to Lord Mounteagle which led to the discovery of the plot, and two priests, F. Garnett, Provincial of the Jesuits, and F. Oldcorne, Habington's chaplain, afterwards most cruelly and

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[1] Lingard. Holinshed seems to hint at the same thing in saying that "the people were inwardly troubled with passions engendered of the present objects."

[2] Gough's Topography, ii., 385.

unjustly hanged for it, were taken at Hendlip House, as mentioned above. Yet neither fact is conclusive, and by many historians Francis Tresham, Mounteagle's brother-in-law, and one of the conspirators, is held to be the writer of the letter. Wood asserts this positively in his sketch of Tresham, but as he very impartially makes the same assertion of Mary Habington in his sketch of her husband, we are not much enlightened. Bishop Williams is said by Bishop Kennett to have been shown at Hendlip "the very table whereon was the letter wrote to my Lord Mounteagle," and Dr. Nash says he found there many letters and papers wherein the plot was mentioned, besides a portrait of Percy, one of the conspirators,[1] and another reputed author of this much fathered epistle. It seems unlikely, however, that a man of middle age with the tastes and habits, let alone the chastening experience, of Thomas Habington, should have engaged in an enterprise of such peculiar atrocity, limited to half a dozen desperate men. Failing more definite proof, he may safely be acquitted of any further complicity than sheltering two fugitive priests, as little guilty as himself.

That, however, was crime worthy of death in the panic which followed the plot, and Habington, condemned to die, owed his life to the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Mounteagle. It is not impossible that his implication in the Babington conspiracy may now have helped his case instead of hurting it, as would naturally be thought. James is said always to have favored the partisans of his unhappy mother. In the Basilikon Doron he admits that the "followers of his persecuted mother had ever been the most faithful of his own servants." It is a pity he did not show more of this filial feeling in his lifetime. It was certainly not apparent when he permitted her murder to go not only unavenged, but almost without a protest—it is too horrible to believe, with some writers, that he connived at it[2]—or when he chose for his first favorite Carr, or Kerr, the villainous Earl of Somerset, son of that brutal Ker of Faudonside, most ruffianly of the ruffianly band who murdered Rizzio at Mary's feet, and fixed on her unborn son that stigma of poltroonery which is the sole miserable palliation of his baseness.

But though Habington again narrowly escaped the halter, he had to undergo another long imprisonment in the Tower. As before,

[1] Gent. Maga, lxvii., 30.

[2] According to Froude, Archibald Douglass, James's ambassador at the court of Elizabeth, in 1587, favored the execution of Mary (xii., 368). If this is the same Archibald Douglass who was a ringleader among the murderers of Darnley, his attitude is not surprising. But what vestige of humanity does it leave James, a monarch thus made accessory after the fact to the murder of both his parents, and whom suspicion in his own time did not hesitate to point at as accessory before the fact to the murder of his eldest son? The Stuarts had reason to be unfortunate.

he solaced himself with literary labors, composing the translation of Gildas already referred to, and perhaps beginning the history of Edward IV., which his son completed. No doubt, too, he was made free of that worshipful company which the eccentric Earl of Northumberland, imprisoned for the same offence, gathered about him, and which included Sir Walter Raleigh, Allen, the friend of Selden, Dee, the astrologer, and Hariot, "the universal philosopher," all versed in quaint and curious lore. To the acquaintance thus begun a lively fancy might trace the marriage, already by destiny contracted, between Habington's infant son and Northumberland's unborn niece, the inspiring genius of the *Castara*.

How long the imprisonment lasted is uncertain. Wood calls it lingering, and the earl was confined for thirteen years.[1] Habington is said to have been once more indebted to the good offices of his brother-in-law for his release, which was coupled, however, with the condition that he should not leave Worcestershire. The rest of his life he gave to books and the rearing of his many children. He lived to see his eldest son happily married, to read his *Castara* celebrating that joyful event, and to behold his brother's prophecy fulfilled in the horrors of civil war. "At length," says Wood, "after he had lived to the age of eighty-seven, he surrendered up his pious soul to God at Hendlip on the eighth day of October, 1647, and was buried by his father in a vault under the chancel of the church at Worcester."

The space we have given to the life of Thomas Habington, the reader, we trust, will not begrudge. It was a typical life of the English Catholic of his time, full of perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, altogether more romantic and picturesque than that of his poet son. We should judge his to have been a youth of generous enthusiasm, a manhood of resolute convictions, an old age of quiet usefulness and unaffected piety. His learning was apparently considerable, and his antiquarian researches were the foundation of Nash's *History of Worcestershire*, and to a less degree of Gough's *Topography*.

Of William Habington, personally, we know much less. Like many a greater poet, he lives for us only in his books, and his uneventful life, unlike his father's, made no ripple on the political current of the time. The few particulars we have are derived from Wood's scanty and, as it were, grudging recital. "Ordinary poets,"

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1 The release of this eccentric nobleman was marked by a characteristic trait. During his confinement his daughter Lucy had, against his will, married Lord Hay, now created Earl of Carlisle. It was through the latter's intervention that his father-in-law was pardoned; but the doughty earl, when he heard the name of his mediator, resolutely refused to take his freedom at such hands, and was with great difficulty prevailed on to leave his prison.

as D'Israeli remarks, "Wood always treated scurvily." It must be owned though, that to a place in the *Athenæ Oxonienses* William Habington has no proper claim at all, never having been a student of the famous university. He comes into Wood's narrative on sufferance, holding by his father's skirts, and we should perhaps be thankful for what we get without falling foul of honest Anthony. Wood professes to get his materials from William Habington's son Thomas, and his account, as far as it goes, is no doubt trustworthy.

The poet was born at Hendlip on the fourth day of November, 1605. Others, led away no doubt by the obvious coincidence, make his birthday the fifth of that month, the day of the Gunpowder Plot. Surely an inauspicious beginning for a poet! The year was more fitting, being that in which Waller, Davenant, and Sir Thomas Brown saw the light.

In the education of his son, Thomas Habington proved anew the stanchness of his religious convictions. In spite of the heavy penalties decreed against it, William was sent to the Jesuit College at St. Omer's, and afterwards, following in his father's footsteps, to Paris. In the first of these he doubtless imbibed that knowledge of the classics which lends to his writings so much of what Lowell calls "the faint delicious aroma of association," and which the good fathers were then, as now, famous for imparting. If Wood is to be believed, some effort was made to induce the young poet to assume the habit of the order. It is not unlikely that Habington, whose writings show him to have been naturally of a serious and contemplative bent, may himself have inclined to a religious life. Whatever his inclinations or inducements, however, he yielded to neither, but finishing his studies at Paris, returned to England, "being then," says Wood, "arrived at man's estate." Here he continued his education under the personal direction of his father, "by whom he was instructed at home in matters of history," to which were doubtless added the lighter graces of the time, "and became an accomplished gentleman."

Meanwhile the young scholar found leisure to study "other matters," in which the guidance of fathers is less often asked, and their precepts, be they ever so sage, as seldom followed. Our meagre records do not acquaint us at what masque or hawking party or courtly minuet, the bright eyes of Lucy Herbert first opened to him "the sweeter books in lover's looks," to which from that time forth he seems to have given assiduous study. The story of his wooing we can read in and between the lines of the *Castara*. It is not a very exciting story, we must own; to the jaded modern taste it will seem a tame and insipid one. But they who can still relish the beauty of youth, and young romance, and innocent attachment, who can sympathize with its tender, fluttering hopes, and

sweet solicitudes, and smile, if they smile at all, over its fond excesses in kindliness, not in scorn, will find in it something of the perennial charm that freshens the weariness of life as the dew the fading rose. It was the fashion of the day for lovers to do their wooing in verse, and Habington followed it most loyally. Not only his mistress's eyebrow, but her frown, and her smile, the dimple in her cheek, the house where she lived, the roses in her bosom, kindled his willing muse to a thousand amorous fancies. If she prayed or if she sang, if she sighed or if she wept, if she took a journey into the country or came back, if she lifted him to the seventh heaven of rapture by looking at him, or plunged him into the deepest abysses of despair by looking another way, the event demanded at once to be chronicled in immortal verse, together with a glowing description of the portentous natural phenomena, the elemental convulsions which from time immemorial have marked these unprecedented episodes in the love-faring of youthful poets. As sometimes happens, the lady who was the object of this melodious homage, appears to have been more impressed by it than her prosaic parents. Here and there in the poems are hints of parental cruelty, not, we may imagine, of a very unrelenting sort. The course of true love was fretted with just enough of trouble to keep it fervent, but on the whole it ran more through sunshine than through shadow. In one place Habington contrasts his friend Brudenell's fortune with his own:

> "While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
> The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaime
> To th' talking world; I, in the silent'st grove,
> Scarce to myselfe dare whisper that I love."

And the reason for this difference in their fates, he hints, is his friend's superiority in wealth and fortune:

> "Thee, titles, Brud'nell, riches thee adorne."

In a *Dialogue between Hope and Feare*, the latter reminding him of this bids him

> "Checke thy forward thoughts and know,
> Hymen only joynes their hands,
> Who with even paces goe,
> Shee in gold, he rich in lands."

Hope responds:

> "But Castara's purer fire,
> When it meetes a noble flame,
> Shuns the smoke of such desire,
> Joynes with love and burnes the same."

That may do for the young lady, says Fear, but there are other folks who have a say in the matter:

"Yet obedience must prevaile;
They who o're her actions sway,
Would have her on th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea."

Hope retorts boldly:

"Parents' lawes must beare no weight,
When they happinesse prevent,
And our sea is not so strait,
But it roome hath for content."

Whereupon Fear takes another tack, and would have him consider the number of the lady's adorers, and who is he forsooth, to be preferred:

"Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes,
And will partiall she command
Onely thee for sacrifice!"

But Hope is equal to the situation, and with true lover-like modesty clinches the argument:

"Thousand victims must returne;
She the purest will designe;
Choose, Castara, which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine."

Other passages hint at a certain restraint on the intercourse of the lovers. The luckless swain, debarred from visiting his idol in her residence at Seymors—her papa having desired her, perhaps, to be no longer at home to that young Master Habington, and instructed the footman not to take his card when he called—is fain to content himself with a very lenten fare of looks and sighs:

"See, he from Marlowe sends
His eyes to Seymors. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkind distance."

He consoles himself that

"Though sad fate deny
My prophane feet access, my words shall fly."

To this end, he takes the Thames into his confidence.

"Swift in thy watr'y chariot, courteous Thames,
Haste by the happy errour of thy streames
To kiss the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Faire Seymors, and beyond that never flow."

With that sublime faith in the elements characteristic of lovers and poets, he enlists the wind as his Mercury:

> "Banished from you, I charged the nimble winde,
> My unseen messenger, to speake my minde
> In amorous whispers to you."

Or, "leapes into the chariot" of the same complaisant spirit:

> "Who 'll hurry me till I approach the faire
> But unkind Seymors, ...
> Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
> Who first access deny'd me, will obey,
> With feare, what love commands—"

a still more direct suggestion of opposition from the lady's father. We find another intimation to the same effect in a poem addressed to Lord Powis, after the marriage, to which he seems to have given a reluctant assent:

> "The reverend man by magicke of his prayer
> Hath charmed so, that I and your daughter are
> Contracted into one. The holy lights
> Smil'd with a cheerful lustre on our rites,
> And everything presag'd full happinesse
> To mutual love, if you'll the omen blesse,
> Nor grieve, my lord, 'tis perfected."

And he goes on to excuse himself by throwing the blame on fate, adding rather prettily:

> "In virtue there's an empire. And so sweet
> The rule is, when it doth with beauty meete,
> As fellow consul that of heaven they
> Nor earth partake who would her disobey.
> This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
> I ought to love Castara, through my eye
> The soft obedience stole into my heart."

For the daughter of a baron, and the granddaughter of an earl, one who united the blood of the Percys and the Herberts, Lord Powis may fairly have looked forward to a more brilliant settlement than her marriage with a commoner of impaired fortune and clouded name. Yet the match after all was not so unequal. Habington, too, was of distinguished lineage, and his estate, though crippled, ample still for comfort and content, though not for splendor. His fortune, in his own words, "was not so high as to be wondered at nor so low as to be contemned." Moreover, the fidelity of his family to the Church must have pleaded for him with a

Catholic nobleman.[1] And though at first sight his father's implication in the Gunpowder Plot might seem an offset to greater merits than these, yet, waiving the fact that the son-in-law of a Percy could not well raise that objection, strangely enough as we should deem it, even those actually convicted and executed for the crime left no legacy of infamy to their children. For example, Sir Everard Digby was one of the most conspicuous of the Gunpowder conspirators, yet his son, Sir Kenelm, though to the disadvantage of his descent he added the no less grave offence of being reconciled, after James himself had taken the trouble to see that he was brought up a Protestant in the royal wardship, stood high in that monarch's favor, as well as in his son's. The truth is, that assassination, even on the wholesale plan, was then, and up to a much later period, practically recognized as a legitimate engine of political warfare. They who would gauge by our present standard of morality the opinion held of such attempts in the time of Elizabeth and James, make little account of human progress, especially in point of respect for human life.

But, as already intimated, the paternal opposition evidently went no farther than dissent, and by no means savored of coercion. A certain Lady F. appears to have been useful to the young couple in this strait, and she is repaid with a eulogy which recalls Steele's charming compliment to his wife, "that to love her was a liberal education."

> "Castara cries to me: 'Search out and find
> The mines of wisdom in her learned mind,
> And trace her steps to honour: I aspire
> Enough to worth when I her worth admire.'"

At length, however, true love triumphed over all hindrances, and the poet's constancy was rewarded with the hand of his Castara. He thus celebrates the joyful event, referring again to the obstacles which had retarded it:

> "This day is ours. The marriage Angell now
> Sees th' Altar in the odour of our vow
> Yeeld a more precious breath than that which moves
> The whisp'ring leaves in the Panchayan groves.
> View how his temples shine, on which he weares
> A wreath of pearle made of those precious teares
> Thou wepst a Virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
> Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.

[1] This branch of the Herberts seems to have remained Catholic for many generations. In the celebrated "Popish Plot," the then Lord Powis was one of the Catholic noblemen imprisoned on the denunciation of Titus Oates. A Lord Powis, perhaps identical with the last, accompanied James II. to France, and his daughter, Lucy, became Abbess of the convent at Bruges.

But now Castara smile. No envious night
Dares interpose itself, t' eclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the laws divine
Permit our mutual love so to entwine,
That kings, to ballance true content, shall say:
Would they were great as we, we blest as they."

At his marriage Habington was probably in his twenty-eighth year, for there is a poem on the anniversary of his wedding in the second part of the *Castara*, which was first printed in 1634. The lady of his choice seems to have been in every way worthy of him. Winstanley speaks of her in his *Lives of the Poets* as a lady "of rare endowments and beauty;" and Habington himself, it may be presumed, draws her portrait in his prose "character" of a mistress prefixed to the first part of the *Castara*. A very charming portrait it is, and sets in a most attractive light the poet and his wife. For this reason, and because it is a good sample of Habington's prose style, we quote it.

"A Mistris.

"Is the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the Idoll and gives the Oracle, when wantonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the slight of Art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wrastled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her virtue weares so much Majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the Articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her own feares restraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers heaven can onely challenge, and it is impietie in her weaknesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can break off, without the least suspition of scandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of Witty, with that of Bold and Wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinkes her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knows silence in woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arriv'd to so much familiarity with man as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the Courtier use so much of his practised impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath writ it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love; but she likes the harmony in the Composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance; since vertue is often

tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be prais'd, and yet values death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude (though the next synod of Ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a Precision) that onely she who hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free Poesie to speake her."

That is a tribute of which any lady surely might be proud, though to our modern ways it has in it something of the sting of a rebuke. Not less captivating is the pretty picture of a wife, though that, too, may not altogether please the ladies with missions, who clamor from the rostrum for the dignity of womanhood and the emancipation of the sex.

"A Wife.

"Is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of grace by special priviledge invites us. . . . She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her Husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe Crowne not expectation, remaine neverthelesse uncontemned. Shee is colleague with him in the Empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the World. She is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speaks in, nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the Metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be Mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passionate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her Ancestors. . . . . Shee is much at home, and when she visites 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to Court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as Cobwebs the Spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinkes there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her Husbands fortunes, that in the Countrey shee lives without a froward Melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. . . . She is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse than that of his direction. . . . . His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinks no more frailtie, than makes him descend to the title of Man. In a word, shee so lives that she may die; and leave no cloude upon her Memory, but have her character nobly mentioned."

Still more delightful is the poetical description of *Castara*, which closes the first book, and which well deserves Nichols's ardent commendation as "a poem so simple, so chaste, harmonious, and happy, as to exceed my powers of praise."

"The Description of Castara.

"Like the Violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade;
My *Castara* lives vnknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd.
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i' th' publicke view.

"Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

"Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant:
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her selfe survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

"She obeye's with speedy will
Her grave Parents wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Womens feete runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

"She sailes by that rocke, the Court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit,

"She holds that dayes pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight.
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winters night.
O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe, oft governs lust.

"She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me."

Readers of Wordsworth will trace, in the first stanza above quoted, an interesting parallel to the lovely lines on the death of Lucy:

"*A violet by a mossy stone*
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"*She lived unknown.*"

If this be more than a coincidence, it is not the only instance where the great masters of our later poetry made booty of the treasures hidden in the dusty folios wherein Habington and most of his contemporaries so long lay entombed.

With such a wife, a fortune ample for his needs, and his reputation as a poet already established, with such tastes as were his, and full scope for their contentment, our poet's life could scarce be otherwise than happy. But happiness, alas! in individuals as in nations, means the negation of history, and consequent despair of chronicler and biographer. Of the rest of Habington's life we can only conjecture that it was passed in "lettered ease," and the cultivation of his favorite pursuits; in the tranquil enjoyments of a country gentleman of position and culture, varied by a taste now and again of more stimulating pleasures in court and city; in the society of his wife and children, and the intercourse of congenial friends. His acquaintance was large, and embraced many of the most considerable personages and foremost wits of his time. Among the former he counted Endymion Porter, Sir Kenelm Digby, Lord Windsor, the rear admiral of the fleet which brought Charles from Spain, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Cardigan, Argyle, and Sterling, the last-named himself a poet of no mean rank; among the latter, Ben Jonson, Lovelace, Shirley, Sir Aston Cokayn,[1] and doubtless all of the prominent writers of the day. His verses on the *Jonsonius Virbius* on Jonson's death are by no means the worst in that collection, and he contributed commendatory poems in Latin and English to Shirley's *Wedding* and *Grateful Servant*. No doubt he assisted at more than one jovial wit combat in the Mermaid or the Mitre, and tossed off many a bowl of sack or canary with waggish John Cleveland, or gentle Massinger, or him of the learned sock. Though naturally given to retirement and study, he was by no means an ascetic. He knew the *dulce desipere in loco*, and he could within bounds enjoy a good dinner and a merry company. One of his poems gives an amusing account of such a banquet, where—

> "The wealth
> Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health
> Of his good majesty to celebrate,
> Who'll judge them loyal subjects without that."

In another he bids a friend to join him "in so rich a sack,"

> "That of this wine should Prynne
> Drink but a plenteous glass, he would begin
> A health to Shakspeare's ghost."

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[1] Sir Aston, another Catholic poet, would perhaps resent the discrimination which makes him a wit instead of what he esteemed himself, a "considerable personage." To some extent he was both, though his baronetcy was disputed. One of his epigrams to Sir Kenelm Digby, gives a hint of Habington's poetical acquaintance.

> "Donne, Suckling, Randolph, Drayton, Massinger,
> Habington, Sandys, May, my acquaintance were;
> Jonson, Chapman, and Holland I have seen,
> And with them, too, should have acquainted been.
> What needs the catalogue? They are dead and gone,
> And to me you are all of them in one."

But he was one of the "not unwise,"

> "Who of such delights can judge, and spare
> To interpose them oft."

At the court he must have been equally at home, and had he striven for it, could no doubt have obtained preferment. So much his family alliances would have insured, and he must, besides, have shared to some extent the countenance and favor of Charles the First, if, as asserts Wood, his history of Edward IV. was written and published at that monarch's request. His tragi-comedy of "The Queene of Aragon" was acted at Whitehall, in 1640, before the King and Queen. Many of the poems of the *Castara* are dedicated, after the fashion of the period, to names of historic celebrity. Indeed, to turn its pages—nor is this the least of its charms—is like walking through a picture gallery of that elegant court "whose magnificence," says Gifford, somewhat hyperbolically, "though modern refinement may affect to despise, modern splendor never reached even in thought." Here smiles upon us the laughing loveliness of that bewitching Countess of Carlisle, "the Erinnys of her time," who turned the heads of half the statesmen and all the poets of the day, and whose praises French Voitures and English Wallers vied in singing. There a rival enchantress, Clarendon's "lady of extraordinary beauty, and as extraordinary fame," challenges our admiration: the famous Venetia Digby, whose husband, the eccentric Sir Kenelm, is thought to have poisoned her with a cosmetic of his own invention, designed to heighten her charms. Now we have Lord Powis storming and "swearing he'll turn rebel if Strafford is king," or, in more pious mood, talking my lady Caernarvon into giving up card-playing and dancing of a Sunday; again, the testy Earl of Northumberland astonishes the worthy citizens by driving abroad with eight horses, because that upstart Buckingham had presumed to parade six. A poem to Lord Windsor recalls the stately tournament where his ancestor, with Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Fulke Greville, and the Earl of Arundel held the lists against all comers in honor of the Virgin Queen's expected marriage to Anjou; another to the Earl of Argyle, contrasts with that scene of splendor the gloomy northern scaffold where the murder of the gallant and ill-fated Montrose was at last avenged. Judging from such evidence as this, the poet was as "well seen," as old Anthony would say, in courtly circles as in the humbler, but perhaps more grateful, gatherings of his brother bards, and, had he chosen, might have competed with fair prospect of success for courtly honors.

His natural bent, however, had been rather, as he says of his friend Endymion Porter, to "the holy shade," and the "chaste

quire of Muses," than to "the shine of kings." Like Shirley,

> "He had never learned that trick of court, to wear
> Silk at the cost of flattery;"

and the quiet pleasures of his country home, sanctified by the love of his Castara, and brightened by the presence of his children, were no doubt a grateful relief from the unquiet pomp and pageantry of Whitehall. The wit, the brightness, the *urbanity* of the town, he could value and enjoy to the full; but he grew speedily tired of its selfishness, greed, and clamor.[1] He says as much in an "*Epistle to my noblest friend, J. C.*" (who may have been Cleveland, or one of the Comptons, with whom he had family ties, Walter Compton having married his sister Mary), which even the *Retrospective Review* is compelled to praise as "fervid, noble, and natural:"

> "I hate the countrie's dust and manners, yet
> I love the silence. I embrace the wit
> And courtship flowing here in a full tide,
> But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride."

In all probability, too, another, if not a stronger reason, for his withdrawing from the court was the dissatisfaction which all thinking men, even of his own party, were beginning to feel at the arbitrary conduct of the king. Like Falkland, whom in character he must somewhat have resembled, he could see the justice of the claims put forth on behalf of the people, while withheld by every tradition of race and creed from taking up arms against the sovereign. Happier than Falkland, his circumstances were not such as to force him to the painful alternative of choosing between two sides, neither of which he could conscientiously support; and, in the civil commotions which soon followed, he bore no part. Langbaine speaks of him as a gentleman "who lived in the civil wars, and slighting Bellona, gave himself entirely to the Muses." But there seems no ground for Wood's insinuation, "that he did run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the usurper." That Cromwell may have sought his friendship, as he did that of Sir Kenelm Digby, and other men of virtue and ability not of his own party, is by no means unlikely; nor is it hard to believe that Habington after the complete overthrow of the monarchy, should have given in his adhesion to the existing government. But that he sacrificed his independence, his sincerity, or his convictions is totally opposed to any notion of his character to be had from his writings.

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[1] His willingness to stay at home should have been another recommendation both to James and Charles, each of whom, in turn, had to pass stringent laws requiring gentlemen to spend a part of the year on their estates. So hoary a sinner is absenteeism.

In Elton's words, "He was a Roman Catholic; and it was not likely that he should side with the Presbyterians; he was full of courtly loyalty, and it is quite improbable that he should pass to the extreme of republicanism." Whatever may have been his relations with Cromwell, he did not live to enjoy or profit by them, for he died on the 30th of November, 1654, one year after the establishment of the Protectorate, and was buried in the family vault at Hendlip. He left one son, Thomas, and one daughter, Catherine. The latter married Thomas Osborne, Esq.,[1] and the former dying unmarried, closed the poet's direct line. The historic manor-house went to his nephew, Sir William Compton. If we are not mistaken it is still in existence.

"History," says Nichols, "has preserved but little of his character, but while nothing contradictory of them is recorded, we have a right to deduce the color of it from his writings. From these he appears to have been distinguished for connubial felicity, for a love of retirement and study, and for the elevation and dignity of his sentiments." To this it may be added that he was sincerely and deeply religious, and by the test of his writings again, a strict Catholic. Some of the best of his poems are the religious ones in part fourth of the *Castara*, which is prefaced by the "character" of a "Holy Man," who, according to the poet,

"Is onely happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes; or rather like some prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects religion; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinitie downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the magistrate; and, should conscience inform him that the command is unjust, he judgeth it nevertheless high treason, by rebellion to make good his tenets, as it were the basest cowardize by dissimulation of religion to preserve temporal respects. He knowes human policie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his own knowledge attaines it: confounding with supernaturall illumination the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver and useth, not abuseth, plenty; but in adversity he remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. . . . . Fame he weighs not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines when he finds it swelling in himself, but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any man's errour in life make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. . . . . When he lookes on other's vices, he values not himselfe virtuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects and finds matter enough at home for reprehension. . . . . He is ever merry, but still modest, not dissolved into undecent laughter, or tickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the virtues of others and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a chari-

[1] As if worldly greatness would cling to the Habington name, even after death, the two families with which the poet became allied by the marriage of his sister and daughter, contributed an earl and a duke to the English peerage,—a Compton becoming Earl (now Marquis) of Northampton, and an Osborne Duke of Leeds.

table silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example. In prayer he is frequent, not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he fears not the scandall of being thought good. . . . . To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves but not doates on life. Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates but unclouds the soul. He therefore stands every moment prepared to die: and though he freely yields up himself when age or sicknesse summon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth when the profession of faith crownes him a martyr."

These are the words of one who, as his cousin, George Talbot, styles him in the commendatory verses prefixed to the *Castara*, was "more than good poet, a good man;" nay, a wise man. These "characters of a Mistress, a Wife, and a Holy Man" (there is a fourth of a Friend, not inferior to the others in justness of sentiment or crisp elegance of style), illustrate best his own. They are Habington's fairest eulogy, and in the mind of every Catholic reader must deepen the interest which his family record and his poetical ability awaken. There are Catholic poets in English literature greater than Habington; there is none who is more distinctively an English Catholic poet or whose writings arouse in us more of a feeling akin to personal regard in spite of many faults and errors of taste incident to his age. No thoughtful man, I think, can read the *Castara* thoughtfully and sympathetically without feeling himself now and again quickened to better things, and that is praise enough for even better poets than William Habington.

PROF. HUXLEY ON EVOLUTION.

Three Lectures on Evolution, delivered in New York, September 18th, 20th and 22d. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1876.

PROF. HUXLEY'S method is eulogized by some of his admirers as slow, precise, and clear, and it is claimed that he guards with astuteness and ability the position, which he takes. Now these attributes may be possessed by Prof. Huxley, but we, and many others with us, think that he is travelling in the wrong direction and loses himself in the regions of metaphysical philosophy.

It is but too true that physical science ceases to exist to-day, and that metaphysical philosophy takes its place. Everything is a theory, nothing a fact. Mr. Huxley evidently transgresses the bounds of nature, allowing himself to be carried away by metaphysical argu-

ments. These lines, we do not write from a prejudicial motive, but in the cause purely of natural science, and at the same time to show that, although the theory of evolution was designed to destroy catholicity, it on the contrary is not in opposition to the teachings of the Catholic Church, and that the blow intended for the Church falls back on its enemies.

Prof. Huxley deserves great credit—and no one can deny it to him—for his researches in the natural sciences and particularly in biology; he is one of the leading naturalists or rather physicists of the present time, but this does not excuse him from confining himself to tenable theories, as well as to natural facts. Before entering into discussion with him, it will be well for us to remark, that what we are going to say may not be entirely deserved by the Professor in his three American Lectures on Evolution, but at the same time we must remember that all the views and statements criticized are implied in those lectures, though not openly expressed in them; and the careful student of Huxley can detect the materialist, skeptic, and fatalist of another time and place, the philosopher of Edinburgh and Belfast notoriety.

The first line of the Professor's first lecture strikes the keynote of the Huxley doctrine of Evolution. He says:

"We live and form a part of a system of immense diversity which we call nature," etc.

True, man forms a part of nature, but not in the sense in which Mr. Huxley uses that word. Man consisting of body and soul, has also two natures—an animal and a spiritual,—and therefore man cannot belong to nature, as Mr. Huxley understands the word nature. Prof. Agassiz says of man's nature: "He (man) may sink as low as the lowest of his type [in his animal nature *i. e.*, that part of man which connects him with the animal kingdom], or he may rise to a spiritual height that will make that [his soul] which distinguishes him from the rest far more the controlling element of his being than that [his body] which unites him to them."

Evidently, Mr. Huxley intended by his statement to imply that man, body and soul, belongs to nature, and must have been therefore produced by natural causes, *i. e.*, by evolution guided by chance. An absurd conclusion.

The lecturer goes on stating:

"But we must recollect that any human belief, however broad in basis, however dependable it may seem, is, after all, only a probable belief, and that our broadest generalizations are simply the highest degree of probability."

If human belief or certainty be only a probability, then certainty and probability are identical, which would be as much as to say,

that truth and falsehood can exist at the same time in one and the same thing, or that truth and falsehood are one and the same thing, a statement no more absurd than Mr. Huxley's argument.

And if this be the case, where is the use in Mr. Huxley trying to convince his audience, by arguments, of the certainty of his theory? If there be no human certainty, then Mr. Huxley can adhere with probability only to any of his three hypotheses concerning the origin of the present world. Nevertheless, he calls his arguments "*demonstrative*."

When the Professor thus disguises his disbelief in certainty in the above sentence, it is probably an artifice of his simply to deceive the ignorant. Read his "Lay Sermons," and you will be fully convinced of his view. In one place he says:

"It is conceivable that some powerful and malicious being may find pleasure in deluding us, and in making us believe the theory which is not, every moment of our life." Lay Ser., p. 356.

Prof. Huxley here clearly expresses himself as belonging to the agnostic school of philosophy. His position in regard to man's knowledge of certitude is well expressed in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1873, in the article on Mr. Mill's reply to the *Review*. The *Review* says: "Let us observe the Professor's philosophical position. It is his principle that men know nothing with certitude except their present consciousness. Now, on this principle, it is just as absurd to say that the facts testified to by memory are *probably*, as they are *certainly*, true. What can be more violently unscientific, we ask (p. 56, note), from the standpoint of experimental science, than to assume without ground as ever so faintly *probable* the very singular proposition that mental phenomena (by some entirely unknown law) have proceeded in such a fashion that my clear *impression* of the past corresponds with my past *experience?* Prof. Huxley possesses, no doubt, signal ability in his own line; but surely as a metaphysician he exhibits a sorry spectacle. He busies himself in his latter capacity with diligently overthrowing the only principle on which his researches as a physicist can have value or even meaning."

Again, Prof. Huxley says:

"And although we might be quite clear about the consistency of nature at the present time and in the present order of things, it by no means follows necessarily that we are justified in extending that generalization into the past; and, denying absolutely that there may have been a time when events did not follow a constant order, when relations of cause and effect were not fixed and definite, and when external agencies did not intervene in the general course of nature; the cautious man will admit that there may be a world in which two and two do not make four, and in which two straight lines do not inclose a space."

We do not see any reason, and the Professor does not give any, why we should not extend our certainty about the constancy of nature into the past? Where and when did these laws come into existence? And who gives these new laws of consistency now? Is it only now that nature works with design? And have all animal species till now been produced by chance? If events at any time in the past, did not follow a constant order, then they must have followed a constant disorder; or, in other words, this must have been brought about by chance; blind chance or haphazard; which necessarily precludes the workings of Divine Providence. Our view of the creation of the present state of the world is that God in the beginning created this world with a variety of creatures on it; that He instituted those laws, which rule the whole universe, and that the present state of the world has been brought about by the constant agency of those laws guided by the infinite Providence and goodness of God; or in other words we believe in derivative creation.

What these laws are, no one can know except the Creator, and to whom it pleases Him to reveal them.

The evolutionists of the school of Darwin and Huxley merely think they know them, one saying that the present state was brought about by "natural selection," *i. e.* cross-fertilization, the other by evolution, *i. e.*, by slow and progressive modifications from the original type, and that these original types themselves were produced from dead matter by natural causes and not by an omnipotent creator.

As to the assertion that we cannot deny absolutely that there was a time when relations of cause and effect were not fixed and definite, then they must have worked blindly, which would preclude a divine intelligence in God's laws, *i. e.*, instituting laws without determining the effects of those laws—without design. Just as if a man should construct a machine, without knowing what purpose it would serve, and having finished it, should set it to work, to produce thousands of different purposes; a ridiculous idea, for every one knows that if a machine is to produce a complicate object, the constructor of that machine must first put into it a great deal of fixed intelligence, so to speak. Mr. Huxley in denying that the relationship of cause and effect is fixed and definite, would lead us to infer that a sewing-machine can, or could at some time past, be used to thresh wheat as well as to sew cloth. The relation between a sewing-machine and sewing is fixed and definite, and was always so, whilst the relation between the sewing-machine and any other effect from another machine necessarily cannot exist, for threshing cannot be done by any other than a threshing-machine. As to the hypothesis that there may be a world where

two and two do not make four, we answer, that two and two do make four, is a primary truth or axiom which cannot be denied without denying truth at the same time.

With regard to the Professor's statement that two straight lines do not inclose a space, we think that he is quite correct, or that the reports of his lectures are not precise in this. We think that this was always taught by mathematics. Probably the Professor *wants* to say that two straight lines *do* inclose a space, in which case we would say that they cannot inclose a space. Continuing, however, with our first argument, we say that our internal conviction tells us that two and two make four; that it is consequently a truth: once a truth, it can never be otherwise; for if true at any time, and in any place, it must be true at every time and place. Otherwise God would have deceived us in convincing our mind of something as being true at one time and place, which yet at another time or in another place would be false. Truth and falsehood cannot coexist in the same subject-matter, it can only be either the one or the other.

Mr. Huxley says that he knows of only three hypotheses which have ever been entertained in regard to the origin or course of nature. The first, he says, is that the present course of nature, or the present order of things, has subsisted from all eternity; secondly, the hypothesis of sudden origin; and, thirdly, the hypothesis of evolution. If the Professor knows only of three hypotheses he is badly informed in regard to the enemies with whom he has to contend. A general is certainly imprudent who goes to fight an enemy whose force he does not know.

Having stated the three hypotheses, he goes on to develop them, but only to develop them in his own manner. This being done, or, rather, having stated the hypotheses in his own way, he seeks for a test to try of what material they are made; whether they can endure the shower of his objections hurled against them. Mr. Huxley takes for his test circumstantial evidence, one species of historical evidence, leaving aside what should be regarded also in this case, testimonial evidence, revealed by God through Holy Scripture.

The learned Professor, telling us what he means by these two kinds of evidence, says:

"By testimonial evidence I mean human testimony, either direct or indirect [*i.e.*, Holy Writ]; and by circumstantial evidence I mean evidence not from human testimony [a negative definition, which is hardly acceptable]; adding as an illustration: Suppose a man tell you that he saw a person strike another and kill him. That is testimonial evidence of the fact of murder. Or you may find a man dying, with a wound upon his head having exactly the form and character of a wound which is made by an axe: this is a case of circumstantial evidence, and, with due precaution, you may con-

clude with the utmost certainty that the man has been wounded, and is dying, in consequence of a wound inflicted by that implement."

But we cannot see that circumstantial evidence, as stated further on, is better in the case to which Professor Huxley refers than testimonial, if had in a sufficient degree. To him, and to many others rejecting Holy Writ, testimonial evidence may be of no use in explaining the origin and the continual course of nature; but to the Christian, or rather the Catholic—or, if you wish, to any true philosopher—testimonial evidence is of very great moment in this case.

Mr. Huxley then enters upon the process of testing the different hypotheses by circumstantial evidence. He has easy work to refute the hypothesis of the eternity of the world's duration. A very good and credible proof of this untenable hypothesis the Professor gives in the following words:

"For in order to testify to the eternity of duration you must have an eternity of witnesses, or an infinite series of circumstances, and neither of these is attainable."

He then takes circumstantial evidence, and tests the hypothesis in order to find out whether it is tenable or not, which last, of course, he finds to be the case, from the circumstances connected with the stratifications in the earth's crust; if nature were eternal, then these stratifications should be without end; but we find that below the silurian age stratification ceases. Therefore, the circumstantial evidence, according to Professor Huxley, shows that nature is not eternal. He concludes his testing of this first hypothesis with the following words:

"The hypothesis of the eternity of the present condition of things may therefore be put out of court altogether."

It seems, if we are not mistaken, that the Professor is not quite consistent in his paragraph concerning "the eternity of the world's duration." For at one time he speaks about the hypothesis of the eternity of the world being untenable (and this is what he starts to prove), but the conclusion to which his argument is directed is only that the eternity of the *present condition of things* is not a tenable opinion, or in other words he holds that evolution of the higher species from the lower, or the modified from the unmodified, cannot be carried up to eternity, but that there was a time when evolution began. This he tries to prove from the gradually higher developed fossil remains, from the lowest formation up to the last period. But be this as it may, neither the one nor the other can be accepted, *i. e.*, we can neither accept evolution from eternity, nor from some starting-point. Mr. Huxley does not refute in this argument the

doctrine of the eternity of matter, although he indirectly denies creation, but he refutes merely the doctrine of the eternity of evolution, leaving us under the impression that matter at least is eternal.

If evolution be true, then we must find in the lower silurian age only microscopic beings, and as simple in structure as possible; nay, there we should find rather that gelatinous substance which never existed, nor now exists, except in the imagination of the evolutionist.

The next hypothesis Mr. Huxley calls the Miltonic hypothesis (and he has weighty reasons for calling it so, according to his own statement). We know his reasons. He does not touch the history of creation as given in Holy Writ. Saying that the Miltonic hypothesis is only another term for more familiar names—such as the doctrine of creation, or the Biblical doctrine, or the doctrine of Moses—is an unwarranted assumption, and we would refer Mr. Huxley to Catholic authors who have written concerning the doctrine of creation as laid down in Holy Writ, and he will surely find in their works a great difference between that doctrine and the creation as understood and taught by John Milton in his poetical conception of "Paradise Lost." If Mr. Huxley, in refuting the conception of John Milton, thinks to refute the history of creation as given by Moses, he is greatly mistaken; but, unquestionably, his paragraph on the Miltonic hypothesis is intended, if not to deal a fatal blow at the history of creation as related by Moses, at least to weaken it as much as lies in his power, without forfeiting his good name as a great venerator of the Bible.

It would be better for Mr. Huxley if he manifested less contempt for philological studies. His evident attempts to bring the Hebrew language into ridicule, and even to render it despicable (as the ignorant applause of the audience proves), are not dignified nor in place in the case of a Professor of Mr. Huxley's standing.

His mistake, however, is one which men who pursue only a single study to the exclusion of all others are liable to fall into. Still it is a mistake, and one which is little calculated to promote advancement in the pathway of truth. It is the mark of an inferior mind to ridicule one's opponent. If Mr. Huxley has a prejudice against the old and venerable language of the Israelites, we cannot help him; but, if he understands German (we do not know whether he reads that language or not, but his biographer of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Mr. Haekel, can certainly explain the passage to him), we would refer him to seven lines in Dr. Stökl's *Philosophy*, on page 398, letter C, vol. I.

In the next paragraph of his letter, Mr. Huxley tests the Miltonic view of the Mosaic history of creation, but we reiterate that

in disproving Milton's view he does not by any means disprove the history of creation as given by Moses. For example, there are a great many theologians and Fathers of the Church who do not accept the view of Milton at all (and here we would call to memory the statement of the Professor in the first part of his lecture, that he declares his knowledge of only three hypotheses concerning the origin of matter). The view of Milton concerning the six natural days cannot be that of Moses, for these days may be understood—and so they are by many Fathers of the Church—as long periods of time, long enough to allow those formations on the earth's crust. This, however, is not our view of creation; we prefer another. The days spoken of in Genesis cannot be taken as natural days (the Miltonic view), nor are they to be taken as extremely long periods, for with God there is no time. Moses did not enumerate the appearance of the different created beings in their natural succession, but according to the four elements of the ancients, *i. e.*, first light, then air, then water, and lastly the earth; therefore, in our opinion, Moses cannot mean any fixed period of time by the expression, days.

St. Augustine speaks of the difficulty of explaining the meaning of the word day. He says: "Of what kind these days are it is difficult, nay, impossible to conceive, and how much more so to explain." "*Quis dies cujusmodi sint, aut perdifficile nobis, aut etiam impossibile est cogitare, quanto magis dicere.*" (De Civ. Dei., xi., c. 6.)

But it was clear to him that we cannot understand by this term natural days, for he says, "We see that these days now have an evening because of the sun's setting, and a morning because of the sun's rising, but those first three days of creation are not determined by the sun, which is said to have appeared on the fourth day." "*Videmus quippi istos dies notos nunc habere vesperam nisi de solis occasu, nec mane nisi de solis exortu; illorum autem priores tres dies sine sole peracti sunt, qui quarto die factus refertur.*" (Ibid., xi., c. 7.) It was for this reason that St. Augustine did not accept the words, "And it was evening and morning," in their literal meaning, but regarded "evening" and "morning" as synonymous with "cessation of creating one thing, and commencing the creation of another." His words are, "*In illis enim diebus, quibus omnia creabantur vesperam terminum conditæ creaturæ, mane autem initium condendæ alterius accipiebamus.*" (Genes. ad lit., L. iv., c. 18, n. 32.) The word day, according to this, means therefore, that these days were not natural days of twenty-four hours, neither are they to be taken as long periods, since they imply no time, but that they mean simply so many divisions of work. That God has created the world in six days means that the work of creation is divided by Moses, for convenience sake, into six parts without expressing any time

whatever. Here every one may see and judge the different views or explanations, which that most intricate text in Holy Writ, narrating the creation of the world, is susceptible of.

Mr. Huxley, therefore, in rejecting the Miltonic view, by no means refutes the views of others who have commented on these passages.

The explanation of the classification of created beings in the Bible, just given, refutes also the Miltonic view, and will satisfy the views taken by Prof. Huxley in his paragraph on the order in which animals were created.

Mr. Huxley will not drive us to the acceptance of evolution as easily as he boasts he will in concluding the paragraph we have been criticizing. There are still other ways of solving the difficulties he propounds. His dilemma is after all not so close as at first sight would appear. First *prove*, Mr. Huxley, the two horns of your dilemma, you will then be prepared to deduce a legitimate conclusion. It is very easy to stand before a fashionable and superficially intelligent audience, and deal freely in all the sophistries of logic, but it is quite another thing to prove your points logically. Is the employment of circumstantial evidence the only criterion for determining the truth or falsehood of theories for solving those difficulties? If so, then we shall stop arguing, for it would be vain to continue.

Further on the Professor says:

"There is no trace of a sweeping deluge or sudden disturbance of organic life."

This sweeping objection to the deluge recorded in Holy Scripture, is just like our author, but we think that even circumstantial evidence is here against him. For geologists prove with the utmost certainty from the features of the earth's surface, and the commingling of fossils of all descriptions and places, that there were even two deluges, the pre-Adamic or the glacier period of North America and Europe, and the historic, called the Asiatic.

Who knows whether these deluges did not cause all the involutions of the earth's crust?

Who knows whether the fossils and strata were not dislocated by the action of the waters of these deluges?

Mr. Huxley's position after his first lecture is far from being what it should be. He thought he had cleared the path to evolution, but far from it. Let him test *all* hypotheses of the origin of nature as favorably as he does that of evolution, and he may come to another conclusion, than that evolution explains everything in nature. Evolution, it is true, explains a great many facts, facts which can hardly be accounted for in another way. But to be true it should explain all natural phenomena, which it does not.

But let us pass to his second lecture, in which he continues to clear the ground for the direct and demonstrative evidence of evolution. This lecture is written in a very attractive manner, and but few things in it bear the stamp of materialism or atheism. The first paragraph, however, concludes as follows:

"And I confess that I had too much respect for your intelligence to think it necessary to add that that negation [of the Miltonic hypothesis?] was equally strong and equally valid whatever the source from which that hypothesis might be derived, or whatever the authority by which it might be supported."

We consider the source of this argument, and we are satisfied with simply denying it. Is not Mr. Huxley ashamed of this argument? Evidently this latter allusion is meant for the Bible, and it is just as evident that it is intended in an inimical way. Although Prof. Huxley is generally represented as one who holds the Bible in veneration, the passage above quoted goes to prove the contrary. But he has no reason to reject the Bible because of its being the source or authority of the Miltonic view of the order or state of things of the creation; he cannot reasonably object to the source, because of the wrong interpretation, given by Milton or any one else, of the facts contained in it; such a course of procedure, if followed even with regard to scientific truths, would inevitably lead to confusion, as there is scarcely any truth that may not be misinterpreted when viewed from a wrong standpoint.

Further, in asserting that that negation is equally strong and valid, no matter what may be the weight of authority or the strength of the arguments to the contrary, the Professor assumes a position which he cannot maintain, for how can he know whether in the course of time, stronger arguments may not be brought forth than those which he has refuted? Of course, we also reject the view of Milton, because natural facts seem to be not in accordance with it, but as soon as his view is proved to us in a sufficiently well-grounded manner to set aside our arguments against it, we would at once accept the Miltonic view of creation. What would Mr. Huxley say of a man who, after he has proved to him the theory of evolution in such an authoritative way, that the other would be fully convinced of its truth, would still reject it, maintaining that his negation was equally strong and valid, no matter with what authority and cogency the Professor's theory was proved to him?

"I further stated," continues the lecturer, "that according to the hypothesis of evolution, the existing state of things was the last term of a long series of antecedent states, which when traced back would be found to show no interruption and no breach of continuity."

But, Mr. Huxley, why should this law of evolution stop now? Just now, when its action is most needed to prove the truth of the

theory? If evolution implies the necessity of continuity, then show us coexisting facts in which its actions are manifested, otherwise your theory must be rejected as but a tissue of empty words. Of course evolution does not show any interruption, for this is its vital principle, but to trace evolution back to where it began is the difficulty.

He then takes as his test the fossil remains of geology, but every geologist knows that not a single case can be produced in which a complete series of evolution is manifested, however the evolutionists may endeavor to cover up the fact by saying that the fossil record of geology is incomplete; but if it were complete it would surely reveal all evolutionary gradations of every species of animal. Thus he wishes to prove their series to be complete from the fact that the series of geological fossils is not complete. From a negative premise he draws an affirmative conclusion. Or he argues that because they cannot be found, the more certainly they must have existed. Now we ask, is this not an absurd argument?

And when he states that Cuvier drew a hasty conclusion by rejecting evolution on the ground of having animal remains—of cats, dogs, ibises, and crocodiles—from Egypt, which dated back some 3000 to 4000 years, and that these animals had not changed in the least during that time, we would say, no! Cuvier did not draw a hasty conclusion, but Mr. Huxley rather exercises a rash judgment. For, the fact alluded to is a very strong argument to-day, as in Cuvier's time, although evolutionists endeavor to make light of it, by saying that evolution does not extend to *all* animals, or that it ceased exactly before the time alluded to. But this is a very poor way, a very unreasonable one, to endeavor to escape the difficulty. Let us illustrate this by an example. They do not let man evolve himself from a now living species of ape, but have recourse to an extinct species, and to one *whose fossil remains have not yet been found*, and never will be found. Oh, consistency! why dost thou not cast a ray of light into minds full of such mystic vapor! The reason why some species do not evolve themselves into others the Professor explains by Mr. Darwin's doctrine of evolution, which he denied at Belfast. First, it is because of the tendency to vary, and secondly, the influence of surrounding conditions. For this reason he says the scorpion of the carboniferous age did not change, because the tendency to vary did not overcome the influence of the surrounding conditions, the surrounding conditions of the scorpion being always more favorable to the existing form of the scorpion. In the name of common sense, how do Prof. Huxley and Darwin know all these things? Have they studied all the conditions through which all animals passed, and, in this particular case, through which the scorpion passed since the carboniferous

age? Then the difficulties of Cuvier, and those added by the Professor himself, and in this case his own tongue shall plead against him, as in the case of the *terabratula*. The globigerina, the beryx, the lingula, and scorpion, belong he says, to that class of evidence which he calls indifferent. That is to say, "they may afford no direct support to the doctrine of evolution, but they are perfectly capable of being interpreted in consistency with it."

Further on the Professor says:

"I insist upon the defect of the geological record the more, because those who have not attended to these matters, are apt to say to us, 'It is all very well, but when you get into difficulty with your theory of evolution, you appeal to the incompleteness and the imperfection of the geological record,' and I want to make it perfectly clear to you that that imperfection is a vast fact, which must be taken into account in all our speculations or we shall constantly be going wrong."

Yes, let us take this "vast fact" into consideration, but not exclusively in favor of the theory of evolution, as evolutionists are wont to do when pushed for proofs. When questioned about the missing links of one or another of the different species, they invariably back out with the answer, "Well, geology does not make it known because its record is incomplete." It is not so, because it is not so. The cow crossed the road, because she crossed the road. We would then respectfully ask the Professor to complete first his geological record at least for one species, or else we shall have to reject his conclusions for want of solid premises on which to base them, to reject them as idiosyncratic notions, until there is at least some tangible proof on which they may be accepted.

The Professor states also that the causes of variations are not known, but that although the causes are unknown, this does not interfere with evolution, and here he rejects Mr. Darwin again, who maintains that evolution is carried on by natural selection or as others say by the struggle for life.

Well, we might ask, how can he maintain that such and such a species is the effect, or cause, of such and such another species, when he is not able to trace the species through the variations or causes which he maintains—absolutely maintains, without any proof whatever—it has undergone? Of course he will deny the relation between cause and effect, and thus get out very easily. With regard to this matter we may say with Dr. McCosh: "True, this may not be for the purpose of his lecture, but it must be cleared up before we can clear up the subject of development."

Although the Professor acknowledges that geology does not give decisive evidence as to the changing of one animal form into another, he again comes with the candid argument that the record of geology is incomplete, and that if it were complete, it would

surely show (not any too surely) the missing links; yes, it would be so, if it were so. He dwells for a considerable time on the resemblances and affinities between birds and reptiles, citing some forms of animals to link the reptiles to the birds. All this is a good study, and helps to show the varieties of different classes of animals; for example, that there may be reptiles with wings and birds with real teeth; but, that there is a genetic relation between the winged reptile and the toothed bird remains to be proved, just as much as it remains to be proved that man comes from the frog or the ape because of a few analogous structures in him.

If it is proved satisfactorily that the archeopteryx was actually developed into a bird we shall have no objection to reptiles being developed into birds, and we will admit the evolution of some animal forms from pre-existing types; but until these proofs are forthcoming, the Professor might as well attempt to force the theory that man is developed from a goose, simply because the latter walks on two legs and has toes, as is the case too with the former.

This idea would not be any more idiotic than that we have been criticizing, and the Professor might for want of better proof say that one of the learned ancients defined man as "a biped without feathers." If the archeopteryx be a link between reptiles and birds, then the bat is either a link between the reptile and bird or between the bird and the mammal. But every one knows that the bat is as much a true mammal as the flying squirrel, and the flying squirrel as much so as a horse or a cow. The whale is also a mammal, although having the exterior appearance of a fish; but we cannot say that the whale is a developed fish, for gills would be more favorable to the whale in his surrounding condition than lungs. We must, therefore, come to the conclusion that exterior similarity does not prove a genetic relation, and because the archeopteryx resembles in some exterior parts a bird, it does not follow that it is not a true reptile, no more so than that the bat and the whale are true mammals. So it does not follow at all, that the archeopteryx must necessarily be a link between the reptile and the bird. And with this conclusion we pass on to the Professor's third lecture.

In his first and second lectures Mr. Huxley was only preparing the road for what he is pleased to consider direct proofs (?) of evolution, and all we had to do was to show the insuperable difficulties in his way. Now we are no longer to act on the defensive, merely parrying the feints of the Professor; he has in his third lecture thrown off the mask, and there is no alternative left us but to pierce him in some of the many vulnerable points in the armor of casuistry in which he has encased himself. It is evolution, or

nothing with him. Evolution in the sense in which he takes it, we cannot grant him; therefore to the contest.

Professor Huxley endeavors to bring demonstrative evidence in favor of evolution; we will meet him with counter evidence, and show that evolution is irreconcilable with natural facts.

It is not merely from a religious motive, as we have already remarked, but on purely natural and scientific grounds we are forced to reject evolution. That Mr. Huxley is a great naturalist we do not call in question, but that he is exceedingly lame in his logic must be evident to all. He may call his critics "paper-philosophers," as he did in his lecture on biology, delivered in London lately, and which we received just in time to make this remark; his critics at least have sharper minds and more correct judgments, and do not employ sophistry as a favorite method in their arguments. How many times in the preceding lectures did we not find Mr. Huxley in the logical errors of *ignorantia elenchi*, and of begging the question, assuming here and there in the points in dispute the very things which were to be proved? And how many times did he not travel the vicious circle, unable to extricate himself? We pass on to the third lecture. Mr. Huxley says:

"I had occasion to place before you evidence derived from fossil remains, which, as I stated, was perfectly consistent with the doctrine of evolution, in fact was favorable to it, but could not be regarded as the highest kind of evidence, or as that sort of evidence that we call demonstrative."

With regard to this we have already proved, and proved clearly, that the evidence he brings is not true. In fact the Professor while endeavoring to prove his statement above, wriggled so far out of his assumed course that he contradicts himself in the very words in which he attempts to show the truth of his evidence. For concerning the relation between birds and reptiles he says:

"We find in the meozoic rocks animals which, if ranged in series, would so completely bridge over the interval between the reptile and the bird, that it would be very hard to say where the reptile ends and where the bird begins."

And from these hypothetical premises, which are not certain, as the Professor himself states, he draws the conclusion:

"Evidence so distinctly favorable to evolution as this, is far mightier than that upon which men undertake to say that they believe many important propositions; but this is not the highest kind of evidence [it is none at all] attainable," *sic.* [The latter part of his sentence demolishing the argument assumed in beginning it, and proving the contrary of what he intended, or what he thought he had proved before;] "for this reason, that, as it happens, the intermediate forms to which I have referred you, do not occur in the *exact* order [the contradiction] in which they ought to occur, if they really had found steps in the progression from the reptile to the bird; that is to say, we find these forms in contemporaneous deposits [another contradiction in his own words], whereas the requirements of the demonstrative evidence of evolution demand that we should find the series of gradation between one group of animals and another, in such an

order as they must have followed if they had constituted a succession of stages in time, of the development of the form at which they ultimately arrived. In other words, the complete evidence of the evolution of the bird from the reptile, what I call the demonstrative evidence, because it is the highest form of this class of evidence; that evidence should be of the character, that in some ancient formation reptiles alone should be found, in some later formation birds should first be met with; and in the intermediate strata we should discover in regular succession those forms which I pointed out to you, which are intermediate between reptiles and birds."

Evidently the lecturer has here dug his own grave or at least the grave of his demonstrative evidence, for he acknowledges that the bird fully existed at the same time that the transitory or intermediate stages between reptile and bird were taking place, clearly showing that the bird could not have come from the reptile, since the bird is found to coexist with those forms intermediate between reptiles and birds.

So much for Mr. Huxley's self-refuting assumption with regard to the evolution of birds from reptiles. And now we come to the main part of the lecture, where he treats of the question of the development of our common horse from the *Eohippus* of the Eocene, through the intermediate stages of the *Mesohippus* and *Miohippus* (Ancheterium), and *Protohippus* (Hipparion) of the Miocene, and the *Pliohippus* of the Pliocene, to the present *Equus*.

The splint-bones of the modern horse may have a relation to the abnormal toes of the hipparion, for aught we know, but then we cannot see any reason for Mr. Huxley regarding those "spurious" hoofs of the miocene horse as a specific difference. Does not this occur every day? Are there not several varieties of the dog with spurious hind toes, whilst others show, now and then, the same, as may be observed in the case of the mastiff? Are those fossils not the remains of different varieties of the same species? Who knows? Does Mr. Huxley know better than any one else, or rather does he know what no one else knows?

We would rather take these remains for nothing more—and they certainly do not prove anything more—than an evidence of the multiplicity of the varieties of the horse or equus, occasioned by the different ages and climates, just as we find our horses white in the north, and darker in color toward the south, and woolly in the north and hairy in the south. A sudden change may produce a new variety, as was the case with the dogs which the English brought to Mexico to hunt deer, and which being themselves unable to run as fast as the deer, produced young which became so modified and developed for that purpose that the species was hardly recognizable. Now these dogs are only varieties of the old species, canis domesticus, with modifications caused by a sudden adaptation to their present condition, and not by slow and progessive evolution.

Next, the Professor enters largely into the description of the limbs and teeth of the horse, and shows what skill he possesses when dealing with pure natural facts. To everything he says relative to this we have no objection, for he shows a clear mind engaged in its proper studies. He then passes to an enumeration of the typical characteristics of the mammalians. He says, for example, that the unmodified mammalians have five toes, and, because the present variety of horse has *not* these five toes, therefore it must be evolved from the type of the horse or mammalian which *had* five toes. But how can Professor Huxley know that the unmodified mammalian must have had five toes. We would ask him for his proofs, for surely in this case his premises are assumed, and remain to be proved. But suppose we should take Mr. Huxley's statement in regard to the assumed unmodified mammalians for granted, and should ask him if the typical horse had five toes, while the present horse has but one real and two abnormal, could then the present horse have been evolved from the primitive horse? Is it not rather a retrogradation from it, and is not this fact in itself contradictory to the vital principle of evolution? For the evolutionists begin everything with the most simple and end with the most complex. For example, evolutionists pretend to trace man back to a gelatinous mass, out of which they develop a medusa, a mollusk, an articulate, then a fish, a newt, a frog, a reptile, a bird; then the typical mammal, as an ape, and finally appears man—complex man. But man has five toes and five fingers, and, therefore, according to Mr. Huxley's own words, he must be a typical mammal, and being a typical mammalian, he cannot have been evolved, but must have come directly from nature.

Next he says:

"In this succession of forms you have exactly that which the hypothesis of evolution demands;" we answer: Not by any means. And again: "An alternate hypothesis is hardly conceivable, but the only one that could be framed would be this, that the Ancheterium, the Hipparion, and the present horse had been created separately and at separate epochs of time. For this hypothesis there can be no scientific evidence, and it is not pretended that there is the slightest evidence of any kind that such successive creations have ever taken place." Mr. Huxley contents himself here with a simple denial of Mr. Mivart's urged successive or derivative creation; let him prove, however, that it cannot be. For how can he reject this subject when he has not studied it? For our part we would take the side of derivative creation, having great authorities in its favor. This derivative creation means that God created many species of animals, not *in actu*, miraculously, but in *potentia*, derivatively, *i. e.*, to be produced by natural, or rather, in this case, by vital

laws, which govern the organic world and mould animals into their different forms. But although these vital laws produce these changes, nevertheless it is God the Creator who guides everything to its design by his Providence. Some Catholics will be startled, probably, at this doctrine, but if they consult Suarez and many other theologians, they will find that such may be really the case, and that, therefore, we may accept this view of creation, since it is reasonable, satisfactory to the thinking mind, and is not contrary to nature and revelation.

Professor Huxley concludes his series of lectures with the usual epilogue of a lecture. And here we may ask: What did Mr. Huxley accomplish in his three American lectures? Some of his admirers and adherents may say, very much; but others, more earnest and less influenced by prejudice, and with greater freedom of judgment, will say, nothing except the relation of some old facts of natural history. And in truth this is about all the lecturer did. If he gave us in his lectures *all* the evidence in favor of evolution, then we must conclude that *his* theory of evolution can never be universally accepted.

Dr. McCosh says of his first lecture: "In his first lecture the Professor had light work and an easy victory. He set up two targets and shot them down. He stated and overwhelmed two hypotheses; the first, that nature has been all along very much in the same state as it now is; and the second, the poetical account given by Milton in *Paradise Lost.* It did not take an Englishman to come three thousand miles, it did not require a man of Professor Huxley's knowledge and dialectic skill, to demolish these fancies. I cannot remember a single man eminent in science, philosophy or theology defending either of those views during the last half century. The first hypothesis was never held by religious men, though it has been defended by a few scientific men who might have been kept from error by looking to Scripture, such as Hutton, Playfair, and Lyell in his earlier writings. It is an instructive circumstance that, while Milton's account cannot stand a moment's investigation, the record of Genesis is believed by many of our highest men of science to be perfectly consistent with the latest science. I name only Professor Dana, Professor Guyot, and Principal Dawson, the highest authorities in this continent, and superior to Professor Huxley, not certainly in Zoology, but in Geology. I am quite ready to give up these two hypotheses to Professor Huxley to hew and hack them (to use one of his phrases) like Agag."

With regard to his second lecture, he demonstrated that Geology neither favors nor proves evolution; and in his third, he simply assumes as true at every step that which he proposed to prove, and proves *idem per idem, post hoc ergo propter hoc.* As for example,

he asserts that the unmodified mammalians have five toes. But this is what the Professor has first to prove, in order to be able to conclude that our present horse had five toes in ages gone by; and it would be clear that it must have come from such a form. But, instead of proving, he assumes that the typical horse had five toes, and then concludes with certainty that our present horse is developed from such an assumed horse, because the present horse has only one real toe whilst the unmodified horse should have five! And next, "*post hoc ergo propter hoc*," he maintains that the *equus* of the recent period was developed from the Pliohippus of the Pliocene and the Pliohippus in turn from the Protohippus or (Hipparion) of the Pliocene, and this in return from the Miohippus or (Ancheterium) of the Miocene, and the latter from the Mesohippus, and this lastly, from the Orohippus of the Eocene, simply because their fossil remains are found in such an order in the strata from the Eocene to the recent period. Now what would Mr. Huxley say if we remarked that Aristotle lived before Pliny, but Pliny before Albert the Great, and Albert the Great before Cuvier, and Cuvier before Huxley, therefore Mr. Huxley must be a lineal descendant of Aristotle, because of one accidental attribute, *i. e.*, the being an expert in natural science. This would be ridiculous; as is also Mr. Huxley's argument. This animal existed after that, therefore this animal must have been evolved from the one preceding. Absurd!

And now let us examine a little this doctrine of evolution. In a religious point of view, no one need be alarmed, for it is not in contradiction to Catholicity, at least not in so far as the general theory of evolution is concerned. It is no more in opposition to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, than is the Copernican theory or that of Galileo. A little patience will clear the ground. Had they had patience with Galileo, there would never have been so much trouble, but the imprudence of Catholic theologians, and, even more, the false coloring of the Protestants wrought this dispute up to the large proportions which it once possessed. And about the vexed question of Galileo we say that he was no more a victim of Catholics than of Protestants; for they more than the Catholic theologians impelled the Pope to the action taken. This is a fact testified by the Protestant historians. Galileo was a victim of the scientific and political party zealots of those times. But you may object, why then did the Church forbid his doctrine, and place his book on the Index. To this we answer, that the Church acts wisely and like a mother, in forbidding books that would endanger morals or weaken faith, and therefore she allows only those to read them, who are able to judge for themselves. Water in itself is a very good thing, but nevertheless

there is no mother so imprudent as not to forbid her children to go into it.

The doctrine of evolution (excluding ideas respecting man's soul, that do not necessarily belong to the theory) stands in regard to Holy Scripture just as or nearly as the doctrine of Galileo, and therefore, we must not reject evolution on religious grounds, but mainly see if it agrees with science. No doubt there are among Catholic scientists some who accept this theory, and this without forfeiting their religion. The infidel upholders of the theory thought, according to Prof. Huxley's own words, that it held "the position of complete and irreconcilable antagonism to the Church, which is, he says, "*one of its greatest merits in my eyes.*"

And a similar, though less striking, theological prejudice is exhibited by Mr. Darwin. He tells us in his "Descent of Man" that in his "Origin of Species" his *first object* was "to show that species had not been separately created;" and he consoles himself for the admitted error by the reflection that "I have at least, as I hope, done good service in aiding to overthrow the dogma of separate creations." We are pleased to tell Mr. Darwin that there never was a dogma given by the Church of a separate creation, and that on the contrary we regard the doctrine of separate creation as rather favorable to evolution, inasmuch as the beings appear gradually one after the other.

Now, because evolution is not of necessity opposed to any Catholic teaching, Mr. Huxley was not a little astonished at a declaration of Prof. George Mivart in a late controversy. We have Mr. Huxley's own testimony, for he says that Professor Mivart's arguments were not only "most interesting" but that his "astonishment reached its climax."

Hear Professor Mivart—an orthodox Catholic, an "Ultramontane," if you will,—and then condemn evolution on religious grounds, or say that there can be a contradiction between nature and revelation. He says:

"Let it be borne in mind that in view of the popular conceptions current in England on the subject, my argument was that even those who receive the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas and the *Jesuits*, and who look to Rome for doctrinal decision, if *even those* are free to accept evolution, then, *a fortiori*, other Christians, supposed to be comparatively untrammelled, need not hesitate as to the harmony and compatibility of Christianity and evolution." And he continues: "Of all I said in my book on the subject, I have nothing to retract; but I repeat yet more confidently than before 'that evolution is without doubt consistent with the strictest Christian theology;' that 'it is notorious that many distinguished Christian thinkers have accepted, and do accept both ideas;' that 'Christian thinkers are perfectly free to accept the general evolution theory;' and, finally, that 'it is evident that ancient and most venerable theological authorities distinctly assert derivative creation, and thus their teachings harmonize with all that modern thought and science can possibly require.'"

"The point I had to prove was, that the assertion of the evolution of new species

(whether by Mr. Darwin's natural selection or according to my hypothesis) [Mr. Mivart's hypothesis of *derivative creation*] was in no opposition to the Christian faith as to the creation of the organic world."

By derivative creation Mr. Mivart does not mean evolution, but means that doctrine taught by theologians such as Suarez, that the different species of animals were not created all at once *in actu*, but that they were in existence in God's conception of the world, and were therefore in possible existence and created so, *i. e.*, they were created *in potentia* to be brought forth, when the suitable conditions should present themselves. And this God chose should come about by the action of natural laws.

This strange doctrine to many may seem difficult of acceptation, yet it is supported by a great many theologians of the highest authority. We name only St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, Denis the Carthusian (1470), Cardinal Cajetan (1530), Melchior Canus (1560), Cardinal Noris (1673), Tonti (1714), Serry (1720), Berti (1740), and many others down to the present day.

In regard to creation St. Thomas says:

"With regard to the creation of the world it is of faith that the world has been created, and this all admit. But the manner and order of creation is not of faith if not *per accidens*, in as far as it is given in Holy Scripture, of which there are several expositions" (2 Sent., Dist., 12:9, 1. u, 2).

To the ignorant, science and religion seem to disagree at the present time, but only to the ignorant or those who are prejudiced; that is, those who endeavor to make science conflict with religion, but who, when not falsifying one or both, can never succeed.

Between science and religion there cannot be any contradiction. Science, the volume of creation, is the best commentary on the volume of Revelation, and the greater our knowledge of both the more we are enabled to perceive that they both come from the self-same Creator, for it is impossible to find a vestige in the one to contradict an expression in the other.

We hope that from the present controversy in regard to evolution, a conclusion will come forth, that is neither on the one hand irreligious nor on the other unscientific.

Evolution, so called, conflicts with religious principles, when the former is pushed beyond its legitimate bounds, and when evolutionists attempt to prove that man, body and soul, is developed from the ape, which is simply absurd. Evolutionists or any other scientific men or philosophers can reach the soul in no other way than through the teachings of revelation; to go beyond this is simply scientific lunacy. But the attempt to prove the evolution of the body from some lower animal is not more antagonistic to the Bible than to science. And where is the necessity of having recurrence

to such extravagant theories, when the truth that is sought to be impugned is much more simple and reasonable than the theory these scientific monomaniacs would impose on us in the name of science? Is it not much easier to believe and to understand that God formed man from the slime of the earth and then breathed into him the breath of life, than to endeavor to account for his existence in ways that are, to say the least, neither plausible nor satisfactory; when science, so far from bearing out the shallow reasoning of evolutionists, contradicts it in the broadest and most unequivocal manner? These men think they can bring and actually pretend to bring everything, even the highest mysteries, within the scope of the human understanding. Although they cannot understand some of the most trifling and insignificant things that have come from the creative will of God, they would in their self-conceit reject everything that *they* cannot understand; thus blasphemously putting themselves on an equality with Him who knows all things and who gave them their existence, who gave them that very reason which they would deify. Ah! the pride of man will bring him to ruin! What blasphemy! What prostitution of a free will, and of the noblest of created faculties! Man, ungrateful man, the favorite work and masterpiece of God, highly gifted and endowed as he has been by the cause of his being, he alone refuses to fulfil the end of his creation; and, although holding the first place in nature he may sink deeper in depravity than the animal. Man is the most perfect of all creatures; he was constituted master of all creation, but unfortunately, or, as St. Augustine would say, fortunately (O felix culpa!); disobeying the command of God, his Creator, the other creatures in their turn revolted against him; his understanding became darkened after his fall, but he still knows enough to enable him to be happy, to be wise, to be content; and the study of nature, if well directed, may still become a good school for the heart, showing him, as it does, the great difference between the various objects of creation, the beauty of this, the utility of that; showing him the greatness, still, of his own position above irrational creatures, and on the other hand the immense distance that separates him, the creature, from God, his Creator, who endowed him with the various attributes which he possesses. But while the philosopher is busy in studying secondary causes, the admirer and student of nature should never lose sight of the one great primary cause by whom all things are made, by whom all things are governed. Chance then has not brought forth man from the ape, as the evolutionists try to prove. God has created us, and not only created us, but also redeemed us by shedding even the last drop of His blood;—God whose will is sufficient to make a thousand worlds like this in an instant.

HUNTING SITTING BULL.

THE poor wounded claimed my first care.[1] They were lying on the hot dusty hill under inadequate shelter, and steps were at once taken to remove them to my cooler, pleasanter camp on the creek-bank below. The majority of them had to be carried, and there was not a single stretcher or litter in the command. These had therefore to be improvised. A quantity of the light teepie poles were collected from the Indian camp, and by means of these, old pieces of canvas, and blankets, a number were made, and by night all the wounded were carried down the steep slope of the bluffs, across the creek, and down to our camp, the men working by relays.

The Seventh Cavalry remained upon the bluffs during the night, and early the next morning moved down to the scene of Custer's conflict, to perform the mournful duty of burying the remains of their slaughtered comrades. This would have been an impracticable task but for the discovery, in the deserted Indian camp, of a large number of shovels and spades, by the aid of which the work was performed.

The formidable question of the transportation of the wounded now came up and had to be met. The mouth of the Little Big Horn to which point the steamer "Far West" had been ordered, was some twenty miles distant, and couriers had been dispatched to communicate with her, ascertain if she had reached there, and warn her to await our arrival. In the meantime, we set to work to construct the necessary litters with what rough material could be collected. Lieutenant D., of the Second Cavalry, volunteered to construct *horse*-litters out of rough cottonwood poles, rawhide, and ropes, but the process proved a very slow and tedious one, and other details were set to work collecting teepie poles and manufacturing hand-litters out of them and such old canvas as was to be had. Late in the afternoon, but four or five of the horse-litters had been finished, and the necessary number was completed with hand-litters. But on trying the mules in the horse-litters (all of them animals taken from baggage-wagons, unused to carrying packs, and sore from their few days' service under the saddles), most of

[1] NOTE BY EDITOR.—[At the conclusion of his article in the April number of the REVIEW for the current year, entitled "Last Summer's Expedition against the Sioux," the writer of this article, General Gibbon, described the appearance of the battle-field (as he found it forty-eight hours afterwards), where General Custer and his gallant comrades were slaughtered, and the rescue of the surviving portion of Colonel Reno's command. Without introduction or preface, General Gibbon continues his narrative as above.]

them proved so refractory in the novel position assigned them, that grave doubts arose as to whether the suffering wounded could be safely carried in this way.

It was to be feared that any show of precipitancy in leaving our position was calculated to invite an attack from the overwhelming number of our enemies, and we should probably not have started that day at all, but for the report of the surgeons that it was indispensable that the wounded should be removed at once to avoid the ill effects of the heat, and the flies that swarmed around them in immense numbers from the dead bodies in the vicinity. It was therefore decided late in the afternoon to commence the movement, and as the sun sank behind the western hills, the wounded were transferred to the litters and the sad cortege moved out of camp.

At first two men were assigned to each hand-litter, but it was soon found that this was not sufficient, and the number had to be doubled, and, besides, two men had to be assigned to each horse-litter to steady it. Infantrymen and dismounted cavalrymen relieved each other every few minutes, but our progress was slow and laborious, and before we had made more than a mile from our camp, darkness overtook our straggling and disorganized column, completely broken up by the repeated halts and constantly recurring changes of carriers.

As we moved through the darkness, the silence of night broken only by the tramp of men and horses and the groans of the suffering wounded, I could not help contrasting the scene presented with that gay spectacle we had witnessed only six days before, when Custer's splendid regiment moved out in solid column, with its guidons fluttering in the breeze as it disappeared from our sight over the bluffs at the mouth of the Rosebud.

Long, tedious, and slow, the hours of that sad night wore on, and it was past midnight before we reached camp at a distance of only four and a half miles.

A company of the Second Cavalry had been sent out in the morning to make a reconnoissance on the trail of the retreating Indians. It was followed some ten or twelve miles, leading directly south towards the Big Horn Mountains, and was there found to divide, one portion going to the southeast, the other to the southwest, and the whole country in those directions was filled with the smoke of fires, lit either as signals or to burn the grass in rear of the retreating camps. In returning to our camp, the scouting party struck across to the Little Big Horn, coming down which was discovered a large lodge-pole trail, only a day or two old. From this it was inferred that General Custer had fought not only the party whose trail he had followed over from the Rosebud, but also the

warriors of another large camp which before the fight had formed a junction with it, by coming up from the south, in which direction, as we afterward learned, General Crook had had his fight on the 17th, only eight days previous to Custer's battle. The concentration of superior numbers, thus effected, demonstrated very clearly that the Sioux leader, whoever he was, was not lacking in those strategic ideas justly deemed so valuable in civilized warfare. From these indications it would appear that, after the check given General Crook on the 17th, the whole hostile force concentrated against Custer, who by an almost unheard-of rapidity of movement had precipitated himself against their main camp. We know absolutely nothing of the details of the conflict, as relates to that portion of the command under Custer's personal supervision, but so soon as his part was annihilated, the whole hostile force turned upon the balance of the command, and laid siege to that upon the bluffs, where it was closely confined until the afternoon of the next day, when, upon the approach of our column, the whole Indian force decamped.

From the top of the peak, overlooking Colonel Reno's position, an observer could see far down the valley of the Little Big Horn, and the Indians probably had early news of our approach, and no doubt knew of our coming when we were fifteen or twenty miles away.

They were doubtless much elated by the total annihilation of Custer's part of the force, and made repeated and persistent efforts to complete their victory by destroying the rest of the command. But these were manfully and desperately resisted, and the Indians, incumbered with their camp equipage and families, doubtless felt no desire to continue the struggle with fresh troops, although these numerically were only about as strong as the force they were then fighting. Our arrival, therefore, was opportune; although, had it been possible to anticipate it by thirty-six or even twenty-four hours, the result doubtless would have been even more satisfactory. As it was, we were joyfully hailed as deliverers, and many did not hesitate to express the opinion that but for our arrival they would all have shared a common fate. This was especially noticeable in the wounded, who appeared to feel that they were stepping from death back to life again. Poor fellows! an impression had, in some way, gained a footing amongst them during the long weary hours of the fight on the 26th that, to save the balance of the command, they were to be abandoned. Hence, *their* joy at our arrival can better be imagined than described. I have seen in the course of my military life many wounded men, but I never saw any who endured suffering, privations, and the fatigue of travel, more patiently and cheerfully than those brave fellows of the Seventh Cavalry.

Our march of four and a half miles on the 28th demonstrated that it was practically out of the question to transport the wounded in anything like a reasonable time in the hand-litters, and, as the command laid over the next day for the purpose of destroying the large quantity of property left behind in the Indian camp, the delay was taken advantage of to construct, under the superintendence of Lieutenant D., an additional number of mule-litters, the few he had made the day before having worked satisfactorily. Ash poles were obtained, several dead horses lying about the camp were skinned for rawhide, and by the afternoon nearly the requisite number was completed, the full number being made up by structures called "travoirs," or "travailles," in imitation of the Indian method. These consist of a couple of lodge poles, having one end fastened to the saddle of a packhorse, and the other trailing on the ground, the two being fastened together just behind the tail of the horse by a wicker-work platform, on which the patient reclines. The light flexible poles act as springs, and, except over very rough ground, the movement is far from disagreeable or rough. All the animals of the pack-train were now picked over, and the most gentle and best broken of these were turned over to Lieutenant D. for service with the litters.

A number of companies were now sent out, scattered all over the site of the camp, to collect and destroy the property left by the Indians, and soon columns of smoke were seen rising in every direction from burning lodge-poles, upon which were thrown vast quantities of robes, dressed skins of different kinds, and other inflammable objects, while such pans, kettles, cups, and *crockery*, as were not needed by the troops were broken up.

Up to this time I had no opportunity to personally visit the scene of Custer's battle, and taking advantage of our delay in camp, which was situated just below and beyond the limits of the old Indian camp, I that morning rode up to the spot, and went over most of the ground.

The Little Big Horn is a stream with some singular features. It winds through its valley in a very crooked bed, bordered in many places with high precipitous banks, and is generally through this part of its course very sluggish, and wherever this is the case the water is deep enough to swim a horse. At various intervals between these sluggish parts the water becomes shallow enough to admit of fording, and goes rippling along to form the next deep spot below. About a mile below the bluffs occupied by Colonel Reno's command the river makes a considerable bend to the northward, and, sweeping round towards the south again, cuts in its course well into the bluff on the north bank, and leaves all the valley on the south bank. In this curve the Indian camp was lo-

cated, and on the river just below its site, and at the most southern point on the curve, our present camp is situated. Close by us are two such fords as I have described, and crossing one of these we move up the right bank of the stream which here runs nearly due south. On our right is the wooded bank of the river, the intervening space between the cottonwood trees being filled up with brushwood. On our left the valley opens out into a grass-covered prairie, fringed on its southern side, and again on its western side, where the stream curves to the north again, with timber and brushwood. Riding along up the stream we come to the point where, after cutting the bluffs skirting it on the north, it turns sharply to the south. Here the ground commences to rise before us in gently sloping hills separated by little valleys, one of which seems to lead in about the direction we want to take. Just before this valley joins the valley of the river, the bottom has been cut into a gulch some eight or ten feet deep, and this is filled with brushwood nourished by the moisture of the rain-water, which doubtless cut out the gulch. Struck with the fact that this little valley seemed to be a natural outlet from the scene of the fight, and the possibility that individuals might have sought shelter in the gulch on their way to the timber below, we closely examined the place up to the point where the gulch headed, but found no "signs." As we proceeded up the valley, now an open grassy slope, we suddenly came upon a body lying in the grass. It was lying upon its back, and was in an advanced state of decomposition. It was not stripped, but had evidently been scalped and one ear cut off. The clothing was not that of a soldier, and, with the idea of identifying the remains, I caused one of the boots to be cut off and the stocking and drawers examined for a name, but none could be found. On looking at the boot, however, a curious construction was observed. The heel of the boot was reinforced by a piece of leather which in front terminated in two straps, one of which was furnished with a buckle, evidently for the purpose of tightening the instep of the boot. This led to the identification of the remains, for on being carried to camp the boot was recognized as one belonging to Mr. Kellogg, a newspaper correspondent who accompanied General Custer's column. Beyond this point the ground commenced to rise more rapidly, and the valley was broken up into several smaller ones which lead up towards the higher ground beyond. Following up one of these we reach a rolling but not very broken space, the ground rising higher and higher until it reaches a culminating knoll dominating all the ground in the immediate vicinity. This knoll, by common consent now called Custer's Hill, is the spot where his body was found surrounded by those of several of his officers and some forty or fifty

of his men. We can see from where we are numerous bodies of dead horses scattered along its southwestern slope, and as we ride up towards it, we come across another body lying in a depression just as if killed whilst using his rifle there. We follow the sloping ground bearing a little to the left or westward until we reach the top, and then look around us. On the very top are four or five dead horses, swollen, putrid, and offensive, their stiffened limbs sticking straight out from their bodies. On the slope beyond others are thickly lying in all conceivable positions, and dotted about on the ground in all directions are little mounds of freshly turned earth, showing where each brave soldier sleeps his last sleep. Close under the brow of the knoll several horses are lying nearer together than the rest, and by the side of one of these we are told the body of Custer was found. The top of the knoll is only a few feet higher than the general surface of the long straight ridge, which runs off obliquely towards the river, in the direction of that ford at which it is supposed Custer made the attempt to cross.

Before leaving the prominent point from which probably Custer surveyed his last battle and took his farewell of earth, let us look around us. There is no point within rifle range which we do not overlook, but the surrounding space, which only a few days ago resounded with the sharp rattle of rifles and the wild yells of savages, is now silent as the grave, and filled with the fetid odor of decaying bodies.

Looking first along the ridge, which, almost level, runs off as straight as an arrow, the eye catches sight on both slopes of dead horses lying here and there, and little mounds showing where the riders fell and are lying. Beyond the end of this, in the direction of the ford, the ground becomes more broken, but still only in gentle slopes as it descends towards the river. Far beyond, a little to the left, rises that peak so often referred to, which with its neighboring heights hides from our sight the bluffs where Reno was besieged. Turning now to the right and facing the river, the ground is seen to be broken up into rolling hills and valleys, the sides formed of gentle slopes, but now and then where these valleys approach the river their bottoms are washed into gulches sometimes ten or fifteen feet deep. One is especially noted, to the right and front, running in a direction nearly perpendicular to the river, and at the bottom of this one were found some forty or fifty bodies. The general surface of the ground does not slope off towards the river, but continues high up to the very bank and above it; here and there the eye catches sight of the tops of the trees bordering the stream, and, beyond, the site of the Indian village. Turning now our backs upon the river, we see the ground sloping off rapidly behind the position into a long open valley, the lower part of

which, as it runs off to join the valley of the Little Big Horn, far below, is seen to be fringed with brushwood, and an examination of this discloses the presence of innumerable pony tracks. More to the right, and beyond the little valley which borders on the north the straight ridge referred to, the ground rises into another ridge, and beyond this, as far as the eye can reach, extends a mass of rough broken "bad lands." Had we only known what dread secret those bad lands were hiding, we probably should have been able to perform the mournful duty of interring the remains of our twenty-five or thirty missing comrades. But we knew nothing of this then, and, turning our horses' heads, rode slowly along the top of the main ridge, stopping now and then to examine the place where some poor wounded animal, struggling in its death throes, had worked its way down the slope to the valley below. Arrived at the end of the ridge the ground opens out where several other ridges join it into a kind of level platform. Here evidently a severe struggle took place, for the bodies of men and horses are thickly strewn about. Moving to the far edge of this irregular plateau the ground is seen to fall away in a gently sloping valley towards the ford over which Custer is supposed to have attempted a crossing. I have stated that the top of Custer's Hill dominates over the whole surrounding country. Standing upon that he must have had a full view of the struggle taking place around him, and of the Indian village lying at his feet, but not within his power. And when forced back by overwhelming numbers, only to find the valley behind filled also with yelling hordes of savages, he must, whilst straining his eyes in that direction from which alone help could come, have recognized when too late the courageous-born error he committed in dividing his force in the presence of so numerous an enemy.

The body of our poor guide, Mitch Bouyer, was found lying in the midst of the troopers, slain, as the Sioux had several times reported they had slain him, in battle. He was a half-breed Sioux, and they had often tried to kill him. He was the protegé and pupil of the celebrated guide Jim Bridger; was the best guide in this section of the country, and the only half-breed I ever met who could give the distances to be passed over with any accuracy *in miles.*

The bodies of all the officers but two were found and recognized, and those of all the men, except some twenty or thirty, accounted for. The probable fate of these will be hereafter referred to. By the burial-place of each officer was driven to the head a stake, in the top of which a hole was bored, and in this was placed a paper having upon it the name and rank of the officer.

On leaving the battle-ground we bore obliquely to the right, and

making our way over the steep bluffs down to the river, near the mouth of the deep gulch mentioned as containing so many of our dead troopers, pushed our way through the brushwood of the river-bank, and, crossing the river at a shallow ford, entered the site of the Indian camp, where our working parties were still busy searching for, collecting, and destroying the Indian property, part of which was found concealed in the brush.

Riding across the valley towards the bluffs, we passed the site of the two teepies filled with dead Indians, now a mass of charred remains, and approached a clump of small trees, in and near which the Indians had buried a number of their dead, the ponies slaughtered in their honor lying about the remains of their dead masters, now tumbled upon the ground from the destruction of the scaffolding by those human ghouls whose existence seems to be inseparable from a fighting force, *after* the fighting is over, and whose vandal acts painfully impress one with the conviction that in war barbarism stands upon a level only a little lower than our boasted modern civilization.

The bodies lay upon the ground, the hideous display of their mortal corruption contrasting strangely with the gay robes and tinsel trappings with which they had been carefully, perhaps lovingly, decked. Turning from this revolting spectacle, we rode back to camp to find the work of litter-making going on bravely and successfully. About the camp numerous mules in couples, between the rude shafts of the litters, were being led about to get accustomed to the awkward movement, and under the direction of the indefatigable Lieutenant D., the men as well as the mules were being instructed how to turn, how to advance, hold back, etc., so that the poor suffering burdens should neither be thrown out nor shaken more roughly than was necessary.

At length all was ready; the wounded were lifted as tenderly as possible into the litters, and at six o'clock in the afternoon we started, expecting to make a short march, more to test the litters than anything else. But we had not gone more than a few miles and had just crossed the river a second time when two horsemen made their appearance on the bluffs on our left, and our couriers rode into the column bringing us news that the "Far West" was waiting for us at the mouth of the Little Big Horn. Our failure to obtain news of these couriers, started from our camp on the morning of the 29th, had caused serious apprehension that they might have fallen into the hands of the hostiles; for the distance they had to travel was only twenty miles, and if unmolested they should have been back to us before. Their return with the good news they bore solved the mystery of the delay. Leaving us late in the afternoon, they rode all night, and just at daylight

mounted a hill overlooking the mouth of the Little Big Horn to look for the steamer. She was nowhere to be seen. Then, in accordance with their instructions, they started down the Big Horn to find her, following the bank of the river up and down over the deep gulches which all along the right bank lead into that stream. But their anxious search was without avail, and finally, late in the afternoon, they reached the mouth of the river, communicated with our supply camp there, obtained some food and forage for their horses, and the next morning started back up the Big Horn, and early in the afternoon when they rose the hill at the mouth of the Little Big Horn, a glad sight met their eyes, for there lay the steamer moored to the bank. They were quickly on board, and there learned that the officer in charge of the boat, uncertain as to whether or not he had reached the mouth of the Little Big Horn, directed the captain to run further up the river, which he did for about ten miles, and during the absence of the boat our couriers reached the point where they expected to find her. Resting on board the boat for an hour, the two indefatigable riders mounted their horses again, and finally reached us after a ride of about one hundred and forty miles in the course of forty-eight hours. Their names deserve to be preserved in the records of the campaign. One of them was an orderly of mine, Private Goodwin, of the Seventh Infantry, the other, Bostwick, the post-guide of Fort Shaw. They had a wonderful story to tell us of a Crow Indian, named "Curly," whom they found on the boat, who asserted his escape from the Custer massacre, who had given many particulars of the fight, and even drew a rough map of the ground. The story of this man was found on examination to be consistent and intelligible, and the faithful fellow had ridden from the battle-field, immediately on his escape, to the mouth of the Big Horn, and not finding General Terry there, had followed up the stream to the boat, where he carried the first news of Custer's disaster. There is nothing very remarkable in the fact that a friendly *Indian* should have succeeded in making his escape from the general massacre in the midst of the turmoil of battle, however difficult it might have been for a single *white* man to do so, and Curly removed any lingering hope that any of the troops escaped, by stating that when he left, a party of twenty-five or thirty of our men had succeeded in getting away into the hills, several miles distant, but that they were entirely surrounded by a numerous band of Indians; that he could hear the firing there when he left, and that they were undoubtedly all killed. He described how he threw his blanket over his head, pretended to be a Sioux, and even fired his pistol towards the body of a dead soldier, as the Sioux were doing, and then slipped away from the fight.

Assured now of the close proximity of the boat, and anxious to get the wounded as soon as possible within its comfortable shelter, General Terry decided to push forward at once for the mouth of the stream. The mule-litters were working beyond our most sanguine expectations, both as regarded comfort and rapidity of movement, and all felt that Lieutenant D., by his energy and skill, had relieved us from a difficult dilemma, and our wounded from prolonged suffering. We therefore pushed rapidly down the valley, keeping near the bluffs, for Bostwick informed us that we must mount these and cross a high, wide plateau, before we could reach the boat. Darkness overtook us before we were able to reach this part of our road, but we had a young moon to light us on our way, and pushed ahead, hoping to reach the boat by eleven o'clock or midnight. But on reaching the plateau, the sky was overcast with heavy clouds. It became dark as pitch, and rain commenced to fall. We had now nothing to depend on but our sense of direction, and the skill of our guide, who had come over the ground in the daylight. Now and then the moon broke through the clouds to assure us of our direction, but the slowly moving column was liable to separate at the slightest change of direction in front, and finally, pushing ahead with too much eagerness to find the path down from the plateau to the river, the advance found itself separated from the rest of the column, and we had no recourse but the sound of our bugles to get the command together again. This was finally effected, but amid the darkness and rain, our guide failed to discover the ravine down which our path lay, or to be sure even of his direction, and whilst we were pondering over the difficulty, there came moving to the front one of our Crow scouts, "Half-Yellow-Face," leading behind him a pony with a "travoir" on which was travelling a wounded Crow. Instinctively, for he could understand no English, and we had no interpreter, he seemed to divine what was wanted, took the lead, and we followed him with childlike faith in his skill. But even the Indian's skill was baffled, and he sought in vain in the midst of the rain and darkness to find the pathway down to the river bottom. We followed him closely, for otherwise the column would have been lost amid the windings in and out of the heads of the ravines, and we once found ourselves upon a point bounded on each side by gulches of unknown depth and steepness, and were obliged to countermarch the whole column, at the imminent risk of upsetting the litters, or having them run into each other. In the confusion, indeed, one of the men, a poor fellow whose leg was amputated, had a narrow escape, for one of the mules of his litter stepped into a hole and fell, and brought him with violence to the ground. Our search finally brought us in sight of a light, which would have aided us much, provided we

could have gone directly to it, but this we were debarred from doing by the ravines and broken ground, and as the moon went down and the darkness increased, it began to look as if we were not going to reach the boat that night, after all; but the prospect of halting within sight of our harbor of rest, bivouacking on that bleak hill, with such scant accommodations for the wounded, prompted to renewed efforts.

The column was now halted, and in company with a staff officer I rode forward to try and pick out a way. I was soon compelled to dismount, but we finally succeeded in making our way down to a lower level, and whilst going towards the light were hailed by a challenge. In answer to our call, "Who are you?" came back the welcome words, "Captain B., of the Sixth Infantry" (the officer in charge of the boat), and in a few minutes he was mounted on my horse and on his way back to the head of the column, whilst I reached the boat and started men out to build fires along the route. They were all up and expecting us, on the boat; and the lower deck, inclosed with canvas, was prepared with beds to make our wounded as comfortable as possible. It was now long after midnight, the side of the hill was soon ablaze with a line of fires, and by the light of these the litters made their way down, and when dawn commenced to streak the eastern sky, our poor patient sufferers were comfortably at rest on the deck of the "Far West."

The next day she started down the river, and on the second day thereafter I reached the Yellowstone with the command, and, being ferried across the river, went into camp around our supply train. Here we remained until the 26th of July, receiving in the meantime supplies from down the river by steamer, and mails from Fort Ellis by small boat and carriers. Communication with the main Crow camp near Pompey's Pillar was opened, and on the 7th a party from there brought us the first news we received of General Crook's fight on the Rosebud on the 17th of June. It was carried to the camp by the Crows who were with General Crook's force in the battle, and two days afterwards we received further news about the fight, in a mail brought by scouts from the mouth of Powder River.

General Terry had been very anxious for some time to communicate with General Crook, and a message was dispatched to the Crows to try and induce them to go through, but none could be found willing to take the risk, although a large reward was offered. Their horses were tired, and they wanted to be with their families, they said. The real reason was, they regarded the trip as too hazardous, from the large number of Sioux known to be in that part of the country. Hearing of what was wanted, one of our citizen

teamsters came forward and volunteered to carry a dispatch through. He possessed one thing in an eminent degree—a full knowledge of the law of trade so far as regards supply and demand. For knowing the demand was great, and the supply of couriers small, he thought he had a "corner" on couriers, and placed a very high estimate on his services, demanding in the first place fifteen hundred dollars. Being informed that this would not be paid, he dropped to six hundred, and the use of a horse, a rifle, and a field-glass. On the evening of the 4th of July he was put across the river, and four days afterwards he was back to us without horse, rifle, glass, hat, or shoes, and with a wonderful story of his narrow escape from Indians, and his vain attempt to cross the Little Big Horn on a raft, in which attempt he had lost everything. As his account was not very clear, and the Little Big Horn was known to be an insignificant stream in which it would be difficult to find water enough to float a raft, his story was looked upon with suspicion, and it was even strongly insinuated that he had never left the timber on the south side of the Yellowstone. Volunteers from my command were now called for to go through to General Crook, and in answer twelve men came forward and offered their services. Amongst them were the two men already mentioned as carrying the dispatches to General Terry by boat down the river on the 27th of May, Evans and Stewart, and with them came a third belonging to the same company, Bell, Company "E," Seventh Infantry. I called all these twelve men up, told them what was required, what risks would probably have to be run, and questioned each in regard to how he proposed to make the trip. I knew nothing of the qualifications of any of them, so far as their knowledge of woodcraft was concerned, a knowledge so essential to a successful trip through an entirely unknown region. But the answers and bearing of the three men, all from one company, and proposing to go together, finally decided the matter in their favor, and they were told to get ready at once. Evans and Stewart were both tall, gaunt, lank specimens of humanity, and looked as if a hard day's ride would use them up completely. Bell was short, and more stoutly made. All of them appeared to be very quiet men, did not light up at all in conversation, and exhibited no enthusiasm whatever. Evans was apparently the leader of the party, and to him I gave full instructions as to how he was to travel. I also placed in his hand a section of a map of the country he was to pass over, marking upon it the supposed location of General Crook's camp. He looked at this in a stolid sort of way, and I began to think he did not even know the object in giving it to him. But he quietly stowed it away in his pocket, and after he came back to us, told me with a little smile he believed he could go anywhere in an un-

known country if he had a map to travel by. They all three provided themselves with moccasins, so as when on foot, to make Indian instead of white man's "sign," and being provided each with a good horse, rifle, plenty of ammunition, and three days' rations, they were put across the river on the afternoon of Sunday the 9th, being accompanied some miles up the valley of Tullock's Fork by a company of cavalry, which, as night came on, left them to pursue their perilous route, and for sixteen days we heard not a word of news in regard to them.

On General Terry's invitation, some fifty or sixty Crows came down and joined us, and with them came back all the scouts who had left us the morning we heard of the Custer disaster. They all appeared much mortified at their conduct, especially as the Crows who had remained with us had been given a number of Sioux ponies picked up on the trip, which they had exhibited to their companions as trophies of the expedition. I was satisfied on talking with them that their defection was entirely due to the white interpreter who was with them, and who did not return until some time afterwards. Soon after their arrival four of them were induced, after considerable persuasion, to start for General Crook's camp with a duplicate of the dispatch sent by the three soldiers, and on the 17th, having in the meantime "prepared their *medicine*," they set out, and we heard no more of them for eight days.

The weather during the summer's operations became a matter of comment with all. Accustomed as we were to the exceedingly dry climate of Montana, where, during the summer months, anything more than a slight sprinkling of rain is almost unheard of, and the sound of loud thunder almost unknown, we were unprepared for the perfect deluges of rain which repeatedly overwhelmed us, and seldom selected our camps with any reference to water, regarding each rainfall as a phenomenon not likely to be repeated. Our present camp was located in the flat open bottom between the river and the bluffs, through which last, just above camp, a large dry gulch ran, having at its mouth a quantity of large driftwood. Where this gulch opened out into the valley the waters in times past, instead of cutting a channel out of the soil, as is usual, seem to have been in the habit of spreading themselves over the whole face of the valley. On the afternoon of the 13th we were visited by a severe storm of rain, accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning, and the next night a terrific rain commenced falling, and during nearly the entire night the whole atmosphere was lit up by vivid flashes of lightning, and resounded with constant peals of thunder. As daylight approached, a stir was heard in camp, and it soon appeared that all the campground, except a few elevated points, was under water, and the men busy removing their bedding

and provisions to the higher ground. Wherever ditches were of any avail, men were set to work to dig them, but most of the ground was entirely submerged with some six to eighteen inches of water, and this, far from decreasing when the rain ceased, grew rapidly in depth as the water accumulated from the drainage of the surrounding gravelly hills poured in upon us from the gulch, which was now a raging torrent. It is not pleasant to be flooded out of your blankets at any time by a stream of muddy water from the "bad lands," and we soon changed camp to a more favorable location below Fort Pease.

A mournful incident occurred on the morning of the 19th. One of our officers who had for years suffered with a painful disease, the seeds of which were laid in Libby Prison during the war, rendered, it is supposed, desperate by his sufferings, put an end to his existence by shooting himself through the heart with a pistol. We laid him to rest in the afternoon on the top of a hill overlooking our camp, and piled up stones over his grave to prevent the depredations of wild animals.

Although no Indians had been seen since leaving Custer's battle-ground, we had reason to suspect we were watched, and on the night of the 19th two were fired upon whilst approaching our pickets, evidently with the design of spying out our camp, and attempting to steal our stock. The country was kept well scouted, too, and evidences were discovered that a party of twenty-five or thirty was prowling about in the vicinity. Having Indians from two different tribes, the Crows and Rees, in our camp, great care was necessary to avoid collision between these and the resultant alarms in camp. One evening whilst quietly resting in camp, some one called attention to a number of horsemen on a distant hill, apparently watching our camp. The Crows, on having their attention attracted to them, immediately became very much excited. They at once stripped for the fight, leaped upon their ponies without saddles, and with rifles in hand started on a helter-skelter run for the bluffs, yelling as they went. We watched them as they crossed the valley on their fleet little ponies, and in an almost incredibly short space of time they were seen rapidly climbing the hills a mile or two away. They disappeared over the top, a shot or two was heard, then all was still, and shortly afterwards the whole party was seen slowly coming back, accompanied by several Rees who had been imprudently permitted to leave camp on a scout, contrary to orders. They had been fired upon by the excited Crows, and found some difficulty in convincing them they were not *hostile* Sioux.

So great a length of time had now elapsed since the departure of Evans, Stewart, and Bell, that all began to look upon it as a matter of course that they had failed in their mission, and to mourn

the brave fellows as so many more victims to the barbarous contest. When, therefore, on the 25th horsemen were reported as appearing on the bluffs south of the river, every one was on the alert as to who they were; for they might be either hostiles, taking a view of our camp, or couriers from General Terry, who had gone down to Powder River some days before. Scarcely any one entertained a hope that they were our absent couriers. They soon showed us they were not hostile, and coming down to the bank of the river a boat was sent over to meet them. Then a hope was expressed that they might be our absent men, and as the boat neared the opposite shore the conduct of the crew was narrowly watched through our glasses, for although some of the strangers were seen to be Indians at least two were recognized as white men. When the boat finally reached the shore, and the men in it were seen to cordially grasp the hands of the two white men, we felt sure they were our long-absent couriers and brought us news from General Crook, and when they landed on our shore and presented me with dispatches from General Crook I greeted them almost like men risen from the dead. Bell's horse had broken down on the trip, and Evans and Stewart only returned, accompanied by the Crow scouts, who had also succeeded in getting through to General Crook's camp. The modest recital of these men of their trip through a region swarming with hostiles, was interesting in the extreme. Their conduct was, enthusiastically, commented upon by the whole press of the country, and the Department commander published a highly complimentary order, thanking them for their services.[1] The news they brought decided the plan of our future operations, and two days after their return we commenced the march to the mouth of the Rosebud, where for the present was to be our depot of supplies. The hostile Indians were evidently still in the vicinity of General Crook, near the base of the Big Horn Mountains. We could no longer use the Big Horn River as a line of supply, for the waters were falling, and soon that stream, as well as the Yellowstone, adjacent, would be impracticable for steamboats. Hence the necessity of a depot and starting-point lower down the latter river. Besides which, the valley of the Rosebud could be made practicable for wagons, and led in the direction of the location of the hostiles and of General Crook's position. Starting on the 27th the command joined General Terry at the Rosebud on the 30th, he in the meantime having proceeded there by steamer, to locate the supply camp and the reinforcements known to be coming up the river.

Our new camp was in a flat sandy bottom interspersed with groves

[1] They afterwards received "medals of honor" from the War Department for their services

of trees. Directly opposite was the mouth of the Rosebud, below which, on a rocky point, were the remains of an old trading post, and on a hill just above it the remains of an old Indian grave, the scaffold of which was tumbling to pieces.

Indians always keep with the greatest care every scrap of writing they can get hold of, believing, I presume, that as white men scrutinize closely all such documents they must be "*good medicine*," and such things are frequently deposited in the grave-clothes of the dead. A number of articles were picked up about this grave, and as it is possible some of them may serve to clear up the fate of some poor frontiersman, whose family never heard of him after his disappearance in the far West, I will describe what they were. First was a copy of "The Soldier's Hymn-book," such as were distributed among our men during the war. With this was an envelope, addressed

"Mrs. M. Betts,
"Toledo,
"Jama Co.;
"Iowa."

On this there was no postmark, and it evidently had never been mailed; and a second envelope, much soiled and torn, with a stamp, a portion of the Toledo postmark, and this portion of an address:

"Betts,
"Co. F., Sixth Iowa Cav.,
"Sioux City,
"—ase forward."

A letter, which was probably inclosed in this envelope, was dated "No. 3, June 20th, '64." It commences "Dear husband," is signed "wife," speaks of "Jimmy" having gone to the army, and calls her husband "Duke." Besides this there was a scrap of letter-paper, upon which was written in pencil, "he has 2 pieces of gold, he says it is worth 20 drs. I cannot talk with them so am at a great loss on that account this man has been kind to me but am compelled to do their bidding

"Fannie Kelly,[1]
"Captive white woman."

A round piece of something which resembles iron pyrites was picked up, and is probably one of the pieces of "gold" referred to.

On the 1st of August six companies of the Twenty-second Infantry arrived by boat, having had a skirmish on the way up at the mouth of Powder River with a party of Indians, and the next day six companies of the Fifth Infantry arrived, and went into camp. All the reinforcements expected immediately having now

[1] "Fannie Kelly" was, I believe, surrendered by the Indians at Fort Rice about 1864, and she, if living, would probably know who the man is, referred to in this scrap.

arrived, the movement across the Yellowstone commenced on the 3d, and was completed on the 7th, and the following morning the movement up the Rosebud commenced; the command having been divided into two parts, one of cavalry the other of infantry, the latter composed of the battalions of the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Twenty-second. We started at 5 A.M., but the day was exceedingly hot and our march was very slow, as heavy parties had to be constantly engaged repairing the road for our wagons, so that we made only between nine and ten miles. The next day the weather turned very cold, overcoats and fires were comfortable, and we made only nine miles and a half after working all day on the road.

Crow scouts had been sent out on the 8th to try and communicate with General Crook, but they showed great reluctance to go far from the column, and on the 10th came running into the command uttering loud yells and saying the Sioux were coming. The scene was striking, and soon became exciting. Along through the valley, here wide and open, our straggling train was making its way flanked on each side by a line of infantry skirmishers. The advance had just passed over a hill from the top of which a good view of the surrounding country was presented. The Crows in parties of twos and threes came riding down the valley at full speed, uttering the most piercing yells, and every now and then circling around to announce the enemy in sight. They presented every appearance of running away, and nothing could stop them until they had passed considerably to the rear of the advance troops. But on the top of the hill where I was standing they met their packhorses, extra ponies, conducted by their squaws and the hangers-on of the camp, and now was seen the object of their hasty retreat. Leaping from his panting steed each warrior commenced to strip for the fight. Shirts, leggings, saddles, etc., were rapidly pulled off and thrown upon the ground, to be hurriedly picked up by the now equally excited squaws, who, with loud cries, packed them away on the backs of the already loaded horses here, there, or anywhere, and in an incredibly short space of time the men, mounted barebacked and rifle in hand, were off like the wind for the front again. On our right was the brush-fringed bed of the stream, beyond which the ground sloped gradually up towards a high ridge which ran obliquely across our front towards a point projecting out into the valley. Beyond this point where the stream (if that can be called a *stream* which is composed of stagnant pools of dirty alkali water) appeared to bend to the right, the Indians pointed excitedly to a column of smoke or dust rising above the hilltop. Whilst looking at this and speculating as to what might be causing it, my attention was attracted by two horsemen coming

at full speed down the slope of the ridge on our right. On reaching the more level ground below, their horses suddenly changed direction, and wheeling twice in a circle still at full speed continued on towards us, the riders' shrill cries echoing over the valley. These discordant sounds startled a deer from his quiet bed in the valley, and our attention was for a moment attracted by a splendid buck, who went bounding across the valley before the two horsemen, as if dear life depended on his speed. These two scouts coming from the top of the ridge where they could command a view beyond, seemed to decide the question in regard to the near presence of a foe; and preparations were at once made to meet him. The train was rapidly closed up and parked in a convenient place, the leading cavalry deployed in line and pushed forward up the valley, and the infantry in lines of skirmishers on each flank. As the cavalry moved out, opening like a vast fan across the valley, General Terry moved with his staff to the front, and almost immediately a ringing cheer, reminding of war-times long past, broke from the whole line. Still no shots were heard, and we were not long left in doubt, for the Crows came riding back, calling out at the top of their voices, "Maschetee, maschetee" (*soldiers*), and we knew that all this dust and turmoil was caused by friends instead of foes, and that General Crook and not Sitting Bull was approaching. As the cavalry was deployed to the front the line encountered a single individual riding towards it at a gallop, his long hair streaming in the wind, and as the men recognized "Buffalo Bill" they broke out in loud cheers of welcome. He announced the near approach of General Crook's troops, and soon afterwards the junction between the two forces was accomplished.

General Crook's column was on a large Indian trail which had been followed for some distance down the Rosebud. Just where our two forces joined, the trail left the valley of the Rosebud, and turned eastward towards Tongue River. Several rains had fallen upon the trail, and the guides differed in regard to its age. But the fact was apparent that the whole hostile force had eluded the two columns, and made, for the present, its escape eastward. The presence of Indians at the mouth of Powder River during the first of the month now became strongly significant, and it was to be feared that, as they had gotten such a start, they would succeed in getting across the Yellowstone, and proceed north before we could catch them. Once across the Yellowstone, they would make for the Missouri River, and if pressed across that, it was but comparatively a short distance to safety, beyond the British line. Hence it was decided to push on in pursuit with the main body, sending a portion hastily back to the Yellowstone to get on board of a steamer, and patrol the lower part of that stream, and sending back

also our wagons after taking from them the pack-mules and supplies needed for the trip. The force for patrolling the river started that afternoon, and the next morning our long column stretched itself out to the eastward on the Indian trail.

The well-organized pack-train of General Crook's column, with its skilled packers and trained mules, excited our admiration and envy as the well-broken animals trotted along to the sound of the bell tinkling in their front. This bell was certainly to them "good medicine," for no well-trained pack-mule will ever permit himself to be beyond the sound of that bell, and it is only necessary to sound it to assemble every mule belonging to that particular train. Very different was it with the packs belonging to the Dakota column. Most of our mules were draft animals, and had never been packed before. Our saddles were of an inferior kind, and our packers, the men themselves, generally without any experience in what is always a very delicate and skilful operation. Each individual mule had to be led by a soldier, and the obstinate traits of the animal as developed under the new and novel circumstances of the work he was called upon to perform, would have been amusing had they not been so costly. They took anything but kindly to the loosely fastened, rattling packs, threw their heels into the air, their packs over their heads, and, having thus relieved themselves from boxes of hard bread and sacks of bacon, in several instances galloped back to the wagon train, testifying by their loud and characteristic brays as they rejoined their comrades, their preference for pulling, over packs. I saw one poor fellow going down a very steep hill, his pack almost touching his long ears as the loosened fastenings permitted it to slip forward. At last, tired of his disagreeable burden, he added to the mischief by kicking up behind. The load was in such a condition as to need just this additional incentive to take its departure, and with a bound a box of hard bread broke loose, and, striking upon a corner, went rolling end over end down the steep descent until, hitting a rock harder than its contents, the box flew into a number of pieces, and a layer of "hard tack" was strewed for twenty yards down the slope.

We crossed the high rolling divide separating the Rosebud from Tongue River, and crossing the latter stream proceeded some miles down its valley. The guides report a separation in the trail, but that of a large portion still leads down the valley, and most of the country has been recently burnt over, whilst smoke of still burning fires are seen to the eastward. We found, however, a spot where the grass was green and luxuriant, and bivouacked for the night in it. By the order regulating the movement, no canvas was permitted, no cooking utensils except tin cups, and no clothing or blankets except what each officer and man carried on his person or

horse. Such deprivations would not amount to much usually in a dry, clear atmosphere like that of Montana, but old Nick himself seemed to have seized upon the weather-gauge, and that night, after making our bivouac under a clear sky, the rain commenced to fall in torrents, and it was not long before each one, from the general to the private soldier, found himself lying in a puddle of water. It rained on the just and the unjust, on the high and the low, but so far as concerns the latter, inches in altitude were of far more importance than grades in rank, and happy was he who had chosen his bed wisely, and placed his blanket on an elevation and not in a depression. I was not among the wise ones, and had, like most others, to turn out, or rather *up*, light a fire (no easy matter), and shiver soaking by it till daylight. I scarcely ever saw it rain more heavily anywhere than it did on us during our trip down the Tongue River. For three nights in succession everything was thoroughly soaked, and the command got but little sleep. We still pushed on down the river, cheered by the news from the scouts that the trail grew fresher, but as we neared the mouth it turned eastward again, and proceeded towards Powder River. We pushed on in pursuit, having communicated with the steamer on the Yellowstone, and ascertained that as yet no Indians had crossed the river so far as was known. We reached Powder River on the 15th, after passing over a very rough broken country, only to find the whole country burnt over, and no Indians in sight. Twenty miles down the river we followed the trail to a point where General Terry struck it when he came from the east in June, and went into camp in the midst of a rain which came down as though a second deluge was in order. Late in the afternoon the sun burst through the thick clouds, and lighting up the still falling rain, spanned the eastern hills with a magnificent rainbow, as if giving promise of clear weather, a prognostic we were only too ready to accept as true. An incident occurred on this day's march (August 16th) which will serve to show one of the many difficulties under which military operations are conducted in a wild region like this. One of the officers, a fine young captain of infantry, suddenly fell down at the head of his company in a fit of apoplexy, or paralysis, and for weeks afterwards never spoke a word. He was perfectly helpless, and the matter of his transportation became a question of serious importance. Fortunately it was near the close of the day's march, and the distance to our camping-place was not great. But how to carry him at all was the question to be solved. The rearguard was halted, and luckily with this was Lieutenant D., whose services with the wounded of the Seventh Cavalry had proved so valuable. He set to work, and in a couple of hours constructed a litter upon which the poor sufferer was carried to camp in the midst of a pouring

rain. The next day he was carried in the same way to the mouth of Powder River, and placed on board of a steamboat.

We still followed the Indian trail down Powder River, but twelve or fifteen miles from its mouth the trail suddenly turned to the eastward, and now our guides and scouts seemed to be in still greater doubt than ever regarding its age or, in other words, our proximity to the Indians. There were no indications leading to the belief that we were anywhere close to them, and whilst scouting parties were sent far ahead on the trail, the command marched to the mouth of the Powder to obtain supplies, more especially forage for our animals, many of which were becoming worn down and weak from hard travel and the lack of sufficient food.

The mouth of the Powder is a bleak, desolate region, with poor grass, much of which had been burnt off by the Indians, but by scattering the command along the valley some grazing was obtained, and, with what grain we could get, our horses and mules began to pick up their strength. Here we remained a week, our wagon train and supplies being brought down in the meantime from the mouth of the Rosebud. Of these seven days, we were deluged during three with heavy rains, notwithstanding our promising bow on the 16th.

During the latter part of this march our Crow allies began to show signs of impatience, and a desire to leave us and return to their tribe. This, in view of our future operations, and their excellent qualities as scouts, would prove a serious loss to us. But they had already served a longer time than they had originally engaged for, and it was difficult to see if they demanded their discharge how it could be refused.

One day, seated with my back against a post, pencilling a letter, the whole delegation, squaws and all, approached the spot, but with no interpreter, and whilst I was wondering what was going to take place, the party formed a circle round me and the leader advancing, gravely took my cap from my head and placed it in my lap, solemnly placed one hand upon my scalp as though blessing me, and with the other grasped my hand, shook it and retired. This ceremony was performed in solemn silence by each of the warriors belonging to the band, and I came to the conclusion that they were going to leave us, and were desirous of securing my scalp upon my head for the future. An interpreter being summoned, they expressed through him their desire to return to their people to make provision for the coming winter, by killing buffalo for their women and children, and I found that the ceremony they had gone through signified a *petition* that I would grant their request and discharge them. They expressed great and sincere devotion to our service and a desire to join us again in fighting their enemies, the Sioux. I promised to intercede with General Terry in their favor,

and two days afterwards (August 20th) they were discharged and left us with the regrets of all, for we had become much attached to them, and deplored the loss of such faithful and intelligent scouts.

On the 24th, the recuperated command started up Powder River, to take up again the abandoned Indian trail; but the next day "Buffalo Bill" overtook us with a dispatch announcing the approach of steamers with more troops on board, and that they had been fired into by Indians lower down the Yellowstone. This, coupled with the report, received two days before, that Indians were crossing the river above Fort Buford, gave rise to the impression that they were endeavoring to escape to the north, and caused a change of programme. Hence it was decided to divide the command, and, whilst General Crook followed the Indian trail, our column retraced its steps, struck across the country, and the next day (26th) reached the Yellowstone lower down, near the mouth of O'Fallon's Creek. The next morning two steamers arrived, and the command was at once ferried across the river, and late in the afternoon, with pack-mules and in light, very light, marching order, started out for a night-march to the northward. Now it was that we felt the great want of our Crow allies, for this region of country was totally unknown to us. We had no guides with us who knew anything about it, and those we had declared that in all probability, from the lay of the country, we should find no water. The peninsula lying between the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, here something over one hundred miles wide, is known to be a high rolling divide, intersected by but few streams, and these generally dry in summer. But Big Dry Creek, a tributary of the Missouri, to the westward of us, was known to be the favorite location of Sitting Bull's camp, and running to it along on the south of the Missouri River, a lodge-pole trail was known to exist. Should the hostiles succeed in crossing the Yellowstone, they would, in all probability, use this trail. To strike it, and if possible any Indians who might be moving on it, was the object of our present movement.

We marched till a late hour of the night, bivouacked in the hills without water, and early the next morning resumed the march without breakfast. The luxuriant growth of grass in the country we passed over, probably the result of the unusually copious falls of rain during the summer, encouraged us in the hope of being able to find water for drinking purposes, and we had not proceeded many miles before the scouts reported they had discovered some pools in the bed of Bad Route Creek, a short distance ahead. Towards these the march was at once directed, and although the first pools discovered were merely small *mud-puddles*, preparations were at once made to utilize these for the manufacture of coffee. Further search, however, developed the existence of a plentiful sup-

ply of clear water in large pools, and the whole command enjoyed a hearty breakfast with coffee, for without the latter a soldier's breakfast is but a poor concern. Then, after a halt of a couple of hours, the march was resumed in a direction due north. The day was intensely hot, and both men and animals suffered a good deal for want of water, but we succeeded in finding some small pools from which the men eagerly drank and filled their canteens. During the day the scouts reported buffalo in sight, and this was cheering news, for the presence of buffalo not only indicates the existence of water in the vicinity, but is a pretty good sign generally that Indians are not far off, just as the presence of a commissary train in time of war indicates the near presence of troops. The vicinity of buffalo, however, brought us a torment in the shape of immense numbers of buffalo-gnats, which swarmed around us like bees, stinging men and horses in a way which rendered both almost frantic with pain. As the day approached its close, anxious search was made for water in every direction. The few spades with the command were produced, and with these and the invaluable trowel-bayonets carried by some of the men, holes were dug in the low places where water evidently had been at no very distant period. Not a drop, however, rewarded our labors, and our thoughts began to be seriously directed towards another dry camp, when one of the scouts reported the glad tidings of water in a ravine a mile or two ahead. That the summer's rain had left a supply of water in the country was encouraging, not only in reference to the practicability of passing through the region with a command, but in regard to the probability of finding Indians there, and raised hopes that, after all the long delay, an effectual blow might yet be struck.

The next day our march to the north was resumed over a high rolling country, well covered with rich pasturage, and we began to encounter game in abundance. Hundreds of antelope flocked around the column, and crossing a high divide we came in sight of herds of buffalo. But they were quietly feeding, and showed no indications of the proximity of Indians. Still farther to the north rose a high broken ridge of hills forming the divide between us and the Missouri River, and near this the trail of which we were in search was supposed to run. As we advanced the buffalo became more numerous, and finally the command was halted in a little valley, and permission given for the men to obtain a supply of fresh meat, of which they stood greatly in need.

Now commenced one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in the western country. Groups of horsemen moved out in different directions towards the herds quietly feeding on the neighboring hills. At first but little attention was paid to the approaching horsemen; for the buffalo is not usually a very watchful animal,

and with the wind in your favor, you can approach them very closely before being perceived; but at length one of the herd looks up from under his shaggy brows, perceives you are not a buffalo, makes an observation to his fellows, and with a slow lumbering gait, reminding one of the awkward movements of an elephant, the whole herd moves off. The horses now strike into a trot, and then a gallop, in pursuit. The faster the horses go, the more rapid becomes the gait of the buffalo, until both pursuers and pursued are on the full run, the hunted straining every nerve to get out of the way, the hunters every nerve to close upon the prey. If a descending slope is reached, especially a steep and rough one, the buffalo at once shows to advantage, and rapidly widens the gap between himself and the horsemen, but on an ascending smooth slope or on level ground, the horseman redoubles his pace and soon forges up alongside the herd. As they close up, the frightened herd scatters out, still, however, running in the same general direction; the cows and calves with loud bellows of fear dodging in and about the larger bulls to get out of the way of the dreaded danger. Each horseman now singles out his particular game, and with all speed presses his horse up alongside. A puff of white smoke is seen, followed by the sound of a pistol-shot; but still the mad race goes on; another and another shot follows, and now all the buffalo on the surrounding slopes raise their lazy heads, become aware of their danger, recognize their dread enemy, man, and commence to move off in different directions. But they find new enemies at every step, and wild with fright rush off on any course which seems to offer safety. Ride with me to the top of this little knoll, and take a view of the field of battle. In every direction are small herds of buffalo on the full run, followed or accompanied by horsemen in twos or threes, while puffs of smoke and a constant rattle of small arms produce the impression of a bygone battle-field. Every now and then one of the black objects is seen to fall behind the herd, to stagger, sink down and throw his heels up in the air, whilst a loud shout from the victor proclaims his triumph. See that herd wild with fright rushing directly towards a horseman, who sits quietly waiting his chance with a cocked revolver in his hand. Now they approach him, and recognizing their new danger, turn aside without slackening their gait. But with a sudden dash he is abreast of them on his fresh horse; bang! bang! goes his pistol, and one of the herd rolls in the dust, while the others continue their mad flight. Look at this herd, madly tearing up this slope directly towards us, intent only upon escaping the fiends at their back, as crazy with excitement as they are with fear. They know not and care not what is ahead, but as they rise the hill and go rushing down the opposite slope, a long line of men

and horses is seen to bar their way, and half dead with fright they wheel and scatter. Look out, now, for yourself, for the hunters are as mad as the hunted, and where men are rushing about with cocked revolvers in their hands there is no knowing where the bullets may go, and one which misses a buffalo may bury itself in you. Bang! bang! go the pistols close to your ear, as the frightened animals rush past you, their long tongues lolling out, and bellowing with fear, and as the field of conflict clears away, several black carcasses are seen lying on the ground close by the column of troops. The herds disappear over the hills, a distant shot is heard now and then, and the buffalo hunt is over, with enough fresh meat lying around us for a week's supply. This is quickly cut up and packed away upon our mules, and the command resumes its march, with the means, if required, of making a longer scout than was at first proposed. A detachment of cavalry is sent off towards the divide to the northward, to examine the trail, whilst the main column turns to the eastward, to camp late in the day at some stagnant water-pools, the strong smell of buffalo from which calls forth comments about living on buffalo *straight* in every form. The next day we still continued the eastward course, and were rejoined by the detached cavalry, which found the trail, but with no indications that it had been recently used, so that if any Indians have crossed to the north of the Yellowstone we are still ahead of them, and may yet strike them lower down. Scouts are now kept well out from the column, but failing to discover any signs of Indians, the command was again turned to the southward on the 31st, a large cavalry force being sent still further to the eastward, to definitely decide the question as to the presence of any Indians in that direction, and on the 3d of September, the whole force was once more concentrated on the Yellowstone near the mouth of Glendive Creek, it being now certain that no considerable body of Indians had gone north, and every one being anxious to hear whether General Crook had been any more successful on the south side of the river than we had been on the north. It was expected that General Crook's troops would come in to this point for supplies, but several days passed without hearing from them, and at length a dispatch came by courier to say that he had found the Indian trail divided, and that he was going to strike still further to the east and southward.

Our stern chase had thus proved a long and fruitless one, and we had no longer even a shifting objective point to move against; for the Indians had doubtless divided their forces in the wilderness to the south of the Yellowstone, and could at any time concentrate again or remain scattered, according to circumstances.

Orders had been received for the establishment for the winter of

a large force on the Yellowstone near the mouth of the Tongue, the site of one of the proposed new posts, and for the transportation to that point of a winter's supply for fifteen hundred men. The river was now rapidly falling, and the steamboat captains expressed doubts as to whether they would be able to make many more trips up, even as far as the point we were then at. Should this prove true, then all the supplies necessary for the force to be left in the wilderness would have to be brought by wagons from Fort Buford, and in any event sent in that way from this point to the post on Tongue River. Our supply of wagon transportation was limited, and a part of that belonging to the Montana column being left for service at the new post, the Montana troops started on their homeward march on the 6th of September with twenty-five days' rations, and a march of six hundred miles ahead of them.

Our homeward march was devoid of any incident of special note, and after passing over about one hundred miles of it, we reached the point where we met General Terry on the 8th of June, and turned back up the Yellowstone. From here our route was substantially the same as the route followed down the river in the spring, except that on passing the mouth of the Big Horn River we found the Yellowstone still too high to admit of fording, and this compelled us to keep north of the river, and pass through a very rough and difficult country. In making the march the men were in much better condition for it than the horses and mules, which for six months had been hard at work on indifferent food. The men, it is true, were dirty and ragged, but their physical condition was excellent, and they got over their twenty to thirty miles a day with far more ease and comfort than the animals did. The cavalry reached Fort Ellis on the 29th of September, and the infantry striking north from a point sixty miles east of that post, arrived at Fort Shaw on the 6th of October.

During their six months' absence in the field the objects attained by them were not at all proportionate to the efforts put forth, but should any feel inclined to criticize too closely our want of success by indulging in sarcastic calculations as to how many millions of dollars are required to kill one Indian, the only answer that can be made is—the truth of which is well recognized in the army—that war is far more costly than peace, and that it never has been, and never can be, a paying speculation. Wars are always costly, and, like commercial operations, the larger the transactions the more cheaply, generally, are they conducted. And it may be safely asserted that, considering the circumstances, Indian wars are in proportion no more costly than any other kind of wars. It is very certain that in Indian wars the labor performed is far greater than in so called *civilized* wars (as if war in any shape could be called

civilized!), whilst the troops engaged have not even the poor consolation of being credited with "*glory*," a term which, upon the frontier, has long since been defined to signify being "shot by an Indian from behind a rock, and having your name wrongly spelled in the newspapers!" Hence, if the American people do not wish to spend money they should not go to war. Doubtless many well-meaning people will say, "That is all very well, but how are you going to avoid it?" This question I will answer by asking another. How do you ever avoid war? It can be avoided sometimes by the exercise of a spirit of concession and justice, a spirit directly opposite to that which has universally characterized the treatment of the red man of this continent by the American people. You cannot point to one single treaty made with the Indians which has not at some time or other been violated by the whites, and you can point to innumerable instances where the Indian has been most outrageously swindled by the agents of the government; and the great wonder is, not that we have had so many wars but that we have had so few. The Indian, although a savage, is still a man, with probably quite as much instinctive sense of right and wrong as a white man, and quite as sensible as the latter when wrongs are perpetrated against him. *He* argues in this way: The white man has come into *my* country and taken away everything which formerly belonged to me. He even drives off and recklessly destroys the game which the Great Spirit has given me to subsist on. He owes me something for this, but generally refuses to pay. Now and then, as we find his settlements closing in around us, we succeed in getting him to promise us a certain yearly amount of food and clothing, that our wives and children may not starve or freeze to death, but when his agents come to turn these over to us we find the quantity growing less and less every year, and the agents growing rich upon what was intended to feed and clothe us. We try to reach the ear of our "Great Father" to tell him of our troubles, and how his agents defraud us, but *he is so far away that our words do not reach him*. We cannot see our wives and children starve, and year by year the danger becomes greater from the constant encroachment of the whites, who insist upon settling upon the land guaranteed to us by solemn treaty. Let us go to war and force back the settlements of these intruders, or if we must die, let us die like men and warriors, not like dogs.

Let the great people of America say whether or not the Indian is logical in his savage way, or whether or not the premises from which he argues are sound. None will dispute that his country has been overrun, and taken from him for less than "a mess of pottage;" and few will deny that the game on which he depends for subsistence is recklessly destroyed by the white men, so that in a

few years more it will have entirely ceased to exist. None but Indian agents and their abettors will deny the fact that, with but few exceptions, all such agents retire from their positions enriched by the spoils from the agencies, and that, although exposures of these frauds have been made over and over again, none of these government agents are ever brought to punishment, or made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, whilst the Indians are left to suffer for the actual necessaries of life. When, then, the Indian, driven to desperation by neglect or want and his sense of wrong, goes to war (and even a Christian will fight before he will starve), the army is called in to whip "these wards of the nation" into subjection, and when the task is successfully accomplished, as it always is in the end, the same old round of deceit and fraud commences again, and continues till the next war opens; but all the blame for these expensive wars is laid upon the military, supposed, by the "Indian ring," to be so bloodthirsty as never to be contented unless engaged in the delightful (?) task of chasing roving bands of Indians for thousands of miles through a wilderness, sometimes with the mercury frozen in the tube, for the purpose of bringing into subjection a people forced into war by the very agents of the government which makes war upon them.

Let the American people remove this foul blot from their record by insisting that the red man shall be treated with something like justice, listening to the voice of reason and common humanity, and seeing to it that all the ample means provided by their liberality shall be expended on the Indians, instead of squandered and stolen under a system which is a disgrace to the age and the country. The small, miserable remnant of a race which once covered this whole continent can be retained in peaceful relations with the whites by simply expending for their benefit the funds appropriated every year by Congress. To feed and clothe them is cheaper in every way than to fight them, and if they are fed and clothed they will not fight. If, however, the people of the United States insist upon pretending to do *both*, let them cease to complain of the expense of one part of their bad system, and lay the responsibility for the results where it properly and justly belongs.

As connected with this subject of making war upon Indians, it may be not only interesting, but instructive, to glance at some of the elements involved in the struggle, and it is possible that a due appreciation of them may be of benefit to the people at large, and aid in inducing them to avert such wars by commencing the remedy at the right point.

Of the ultimate result of the struggle between civilization and barbarism there can be no question. The complete extinction of the red man is, in the end, certain. He may succeed in averting

this for a time, and by such temporary triumphs as the Fetterman and Custer massacres postpone the fatal day, but ultimately the result will surely come, and as day by day and year by year the white settlements close in around his hunting-grounds, he is gradually becoming aware of his approaching doom. In the meantime he occupies a vast territory of comparatively unexplored country, into which the troops are obliged to seek him when active hostilities open. Of the geography of this region the troops are almost completely ignorant, and are not unfrequently entirely at the mercy of incompetent guides, not only in their movements, but for the discovery of what is absolutely necessary to the success of such movements—water. Civilized warfare is conducted upon certain well-established principles, in which good maps of the country operated in constitute a very important element. In addition to which there is always a stable "objective point" to every campaign which the commander knows cannot be suddenly changed to some other place, and elude his combinations, as an Indian village does. To the Indian, every foot of the country he is operating in is as familiar as are the paths of our flower gardens to us. He has travelled and hunted over it from childhood, knows every path, every pass in the mountains, and every water-hole, as thoroughly as the antelope or other wild animals which range through it. He knows exactly where he can go and where he cannot, where troops can come and will come, and where they cannot, and he knows the points from which he can safely watch the whole country, and give timely notice of the movements of troops, and direct those of his own camps so as to avoid an encounter, or concentrate to meet one. The best horseman in the world, he can, on his fleet little pony, the speed of which is a matter of wonder to the white man, pass over incredible distances in the shortest time, his mode of life accustoming him to any amount of fatigue, and the greatest deprivations in the way of clothing and food. A piece of buffalo-meat strung to his saddle, and the lightest possible amount of clothing, suffices him day or night for weeks and even months together. With eyes, ears, and even nose always on the alert, like any wild animal, he will discover signs of an approaching enemy more quickly and more certainly than can any white man, and will read the signs he meets with, as a scholar will read the page of an open book. He scents the smoke of a fire from a distance, and at early dawn will patiently watch from some prominent peak, as motionless as a bronze statue, the columns of smoke which at that time of day rise like pillars in the still clear air, and tell him whether a large force is preparing its breakfast, or some small scouting party is out looking for his village. If his quick eye encounters horse-tracks, he can tell with unerring certainty how many are in the

party, whether the horses are ridden by white men or Indians; whether they are proceeding at a walk, a trot, a gallop, or a run; whether they are acting cautiously or carelessly; how many of the horses are ridden, and how many are without riders. He can tell whether the horses are tired or fresh, and whether they have travelled but a short distance or a very long one.[1] The system of espionage of the Indians is probably the best in the world, and when time presses, and even the fleet-footed pony is not quick enough to convey information to their chiefs, they have a system of signals by using the smoke of fires, or the reflected light of the sun with mirrors, by which the necessary intelligence is given at great distances.

Whilst troops entering the hostile country are watched by such a system, *they* move along almost without eyes, nothing beyond a very short distance from the moving column being seen or known, and the game of war is carried on very much on the principle of "Blindman's Buff." The Indians can always, in summer, avoid a single column, or select their own time and place for meeting it. And they never do meet it unless they are prepared and have *all* the advantages on their side. The campaign of last year fully exemplified this. Hence there are but two alternatives by which success can be attained. Operate against them in the winter-time, when their movements are restricted, their watchfulness less efficient, and any "signs" left in the snow as plainly read by a white man as by an Indian; or else have in the field a number of columns, so that the moving Indian villages cannot avoid all of them, and have these columns coöperate under some common head. Each of them being strong enough to take care of itself, the Indians, if successful in eluding one, will in all probability be encountered by one of the others. The two posts to be established in the Yellowstone country will serve as starting-points for two of these columns, and as depots of supplies and rest for all.

One other important element enters into this system of warfare, for which, as yet, no adequate provision has been made. This is the care of the wounded, who cannot, as in civilized warfare, be left in hospitals on the field of battle. An Indian is rarely defeated until he is dead, and he not only kills every one of his enemies he can find, but wreaks his vengeance on his dead body. Hence, a very small number of wounded men is sufficient to temporarily paralyze the offensive operations of a considerable body of troops. The Indians are better prepared in every way than our troops to carry off their wounded, and, as they invariably do it, we might very profitably take some lessons from them on the subject.

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[1] This is done by an examination of the ordure.

THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

TWO causes, all but invincible, contribute to make the above-named subject nearly unintelligible to the bulk of the community. One of these is, the inevitable misapprehension of Catholic doctrine by writers outside of the Church, even such of them as are the most conscientious and the most unbiassed. The other is, the falseness even to absurdity of the prevailing political philosophizing of the day.

The former is no reproach to non-Catholic writers, nor do we make the statement in the faintest tone of depreciation. It is, as has been already implied, inevitable. The subject-matter of Catholic doctrine is supernatural; it is supernaturally taught; and, as it is supernaturally believed, so it is supernaturally apprehended. So remarkable is the ignorance of it exhibited by those who have not the illumination of the faith, even in an age like this when every literary clown would stare into the ark, and all subjects, however high or however recondite, are discussed without reverence or diffidence by people who have no qualification whatever for discussing them, that it affords in itself a not unimportant testimony to the genuineness of the Church's claim to be the only divinely appointed depositary and guardian of Christian truth. Even the controversialists of the ritualistic sect of Episcopalians, many of whom do make a conscientious study, as far as in them lies, of Catholic doctrine, and some of whom make a certain progress in it, continually display so complete a misunderstanding of it as admits of no other solution than the one we have named.

The palpable absurdities of the current political philosophy are, however, as it appears to us, a reproach to the age, as well as to the individual thinkers who are beguiled by them.

On the supposition of the truth of Christianity, there has ever been, and there ever will be, a preternatural influence systematically laboring to obstruct the progress of that truth in the minds, hearts, and lives of mankind; and the more violent its manifestations the stronger is the proof it contributes to the truth of the faith which provokes its hostility. Its first mode of attack was the inspiration of separate heresies. Then, when it had failed "all along the line," and all Christians were united in that One Fold wherein alone the faithful have bodily communion with their risen Lord, it adopted the formidable expedient of making the very unity itself of the faith its auxiliary in weakening the moral hold of Christian virtue on the corrupt human heart. The moral revolt which followed, deposed revealed truth from its infallible and all-obligatory authority,

and degraded it to the position of a mere school of ethical philosophy. The result has been very logical and very fatal. The attitude of intellectual and moral independence assumed by the revolt has acted as a dissolvent of the principle of obedience, in whose absence there can be neither faith nor merit. The objectivity, if we may be permitted the use of a term[1] meaning so much or so little, as the case may be, which may be designated as the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, has given place, wherever the spirit of disobedience has prevailed without the avowed rejection of the Christian revelation, to an effete emotionalism—the last point before the avowed denial, first, of the faith, and, then, of God, is reached. Persistent efforts have succeeded to an incredible extent in banishing both from their proper sphere of supremacy in human affairs. A common consent is demanded to their exclusion from literature, from art, from philosophy, from government, from education, from every-day life; from, in short, the whole civil, social, and individual life of man; and we are gravely asked to treat our holy religion, a religion, too, on which depends our eternal happiness, and which should inspire all our thoughts, words, and actions, as having no more practical bearing on this actual, moving life of ours, than the most distant star whose pale glimmer, just reaching us from its infinite distance, provokes within us, in the dead of night, admiration, pleasure, sadness, calm, or despair, as the case may be. To the shame of an immortal and an intelligent being be it said that a demand so grossly unreasonable has not been unsuccessful. Nay, such success has it met with, that even some of us who believe, at times, show signs of abandoning the full claims of God's revealed truths, demanding for it only a limited sphere of recognition; and that only in faltering accents and with bated breath. For our own part let us state at the outset that we think and act on the most certain belief that nothing can be true in thought or action, nothing in philosophy, moral, speculative, or political, nothing in natural science, nothing in literature or art, which contradicts the truths which God has revealed; and that in that revelation lie every incontrovertible axiom, the eternal meanings of all that we are conscious of, and the first principles from which all right reason must start.

We do not dissemble the incalculable advantage involved in such a claim as this, in every department of intellectual investigation, over all thinkers and writers whomsoever who refuse to recognize the Christian revelation as the infallible source and measure of all

[1] What *we* mean by it is the throwing out of itself the *ego*, or "mere self," into perfect Being by consistent *acts;* that is, a habit of charity; a habit which does not compromise, but intensifies rather, by exalting it, the individual personality.

truth. We should, however, deeply regret if we were, on this account, to be betrayed into an arrogant or dogmatic tone in treating the subject we have here proposed to ourselves, or any other, indeed, outside the pale of obligatory dogma; and this for two principal reasons: one, because such a tone would be contrary to the Catholic or Christian temper, and the other because human reason, unaided, is so feeble a faculty that the most practiced and exact thinkers are never secure against drawing the most incorrect conclusions from premises, true even to infallibility.

It will simplify matters if we affix its real worth to the general proposition laid down at the beginning of the Declaration of Independence. The passage has been as much abused as has the text of Holy Writ itself, by "right-of-private-judgment Christians," and as has the practical working of the Constitution framed by the leaders of the only revolution the world has seen wherein the most scrupulous political purist can find nothing to condemn.

Taken as it stands, unqualified and unexplained, not only is it not a "self-evident truth," but it is not true at all, "that all men are created equal." The proposition is in point of fact unmeaning. In what sense are John and Tom equal? Equal in what? In physical proportions, in robustness of health, in mental qualities, in power of will, in propensity to vice, or virtue? Scarcely any, if any, two men are created equal. Neither are "all men created equal" in rank, dignity, station, or authority. The son is not the equal of the parent, nor the younger children of the first born, nor is youth the equal of old age.

The high-minded gentlemen who attached their names to this celebrated state paper were not, most of them, at least, men of extraordinary intellectual calibre. They made no pretensions to philosophy or learning, and it is probable that they themselves had no very definite idea in their own minds of what they meant by the assertion, it is a "self-evident truth" that "all men are created equal." The spirit of anarchy had not yet beguiled mankind in its disguise of light, nor was recurring revolution considered the healthiest condition of civil society.

If ever there were a great political event which was self-justificatory, and did not appear to stand in need of any apology, it was the assumption of national independence and sovereignty by the American colonies of Great Britain. Yet in their excess of caution, the leaders of that patriotic movement considered that, in spite of the imperious necessity which forced them to unsheath the sword of independence, they were under the necessity of justifying themselves before the civilized world for having recourse to so violent and exceptional a remedy as a revolution.

It must have been intolerably galling to a high-spirited people to

find themselves at the mercy of a dull-witted monarch, headstrong to insanity, who had never set foot on their country's shores, and their national prosperity obstructed by an aristocracy which, patriotic and able as might be its administration in its native country, could have no intelligent appreciation of the political and social exigencies of a country, between which and it rolled three thousand miles of ocean. Smarting under a keen sense of the personal indignities as well as the national injury, oppression, and injustice to which such a state of things subjected them, the bill of indictment, they drew out against their really foreign rulers, is an eminently practical document. A certain exaggeration of statement we could scarcely expect it to be possible that a document of such a nature would be free from. But the last thing we should look for is any exactness of philosophical expression. The signers of "the Declaration of Independence" were no political visionaries seeking to fasten a new constitution on the country, based on new-fangled philosophical conceits, and sanctioned by no higher motives than vanity, egotism, envy of superiors, ambition, hatred of virtue, and love of change. They were men of affairs, with no more heart for revolution than for regicide. "*Prudence, indeed, will dictate,*" they urge, "*that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing the same object, evinces a desire to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government.*"

It would have been better, we must think, if they had abstained from generalizations, and had strictly restrained themselves within the limits of their own special case. Axiomatic definitions are dangerous ground for even the profoundest and most exact thinkers to venture on, and the propositions asserted in so moderate and dignified a manner in the sensible paragraph we have quoted, contain all that was necessary for their complete justification. No prudent advocate, moreover, ever postulates more than is essential to his case. If it were admitted that it is at once a right and a duty of subjects to withdraw their allegiance from a government that has degenerated to an oppressive tyranny, if it were proved that the government of the American colonies by the home government was fatal to the interests, liberties, and happiness of the colonists, and that all peaceful efforts to obtain redress had been exhausted

fruitlessly, their case was complete; they needed no further justification, they had proved beyond controversy that the withdrawal of the allegiance of the colonies from the parent government, and their assumption of national independence and sovereignty, were both a right and a duty. On the supposition that they deliberately intended to deliver themselves of an axiom of political philosophy, when they stated "all men are created equal" to be a "self-evident truth," they jeopardized the justice of their case upon a proposition which not only admits of contradiction, but which, in any general sense that can be ascribed to it, is obviously untrue, which is, in point of fact as it stands, unqualified and unexplained, unmeaning. This would be an imputation on their common sense which we do not think they deserve.

Such being the case, it clearly remains for us to assign to it such meaning as it admits of; and the meaning which, all the attending circumstances being taken into consideration, was most probably the one they had in their minds, in the context in which it appears. Nothing is more certain than that the meaning assigned to it by philosophical anarchists of the present generation was the farthest possible from the minds of the practical, respectable, and patriotic authors of the document in which it appears. Far from them was the pernicious design of stripping governmental authorities of all moral authority, vitiating the principle of obedience, and reducing the subordination of parts of the body politic, the wholesome and essential gradation of rank, honor, usefulness, and necessity, to a dead level of impossible equality. Had that been their intention, never would they have taken so much pains to conciliate the favorable opinion of mankind for a revolution so justifiable and even necessary.

This fact, taken in connection with the propositions which follow the one in question, makes it clear that they purposed to assert nothing more than that neither the law of God nor of nature has endowed any man, or any family, or class of men, with an imprescriptible right of ruling over their fellow-men in civil communities by their own absolute will, a statement which is now little more than a truism, although it was the Catholic Church which first taught it expressly and distinctly to mankind. Indeed, the whole theory of government was an inexplicable riddle before that divine revelation of the highest truth which has made known to us the end of man, the majesty of his destiny, his final individual responsibility, and the true significance of his probationary state of being. To this day it remains an equally inexplicable riddle to all who abjure the paramount authority and reject the teaching of the Church.

We must not forget, besides, that the assertion we are criticizing

does not occur in the Constitution, nor even in the Declaration of Rights, but only in a document devoted exclusively to the justification of the American colonists for having employed, in order to rid themselves of unbearable oppression, so extreme a remedy as revolution. If it occurred in a preamble to the Constitution, and we were compelled to regard it as an advertently proposed political axiom on which the Constitution of the country was founded, and by which it was everywhere to be interpreted; if, furthermore, it were necessary to read it in the light of those anarchical teachings with which the plotting *philosophuli* of the age have beguiled a materialistic generation, we fear we should have to admit a serious, if not an insurmountable, difficulty of reconciliation between the principles of the Church and those of the Constitution of these States. But there is not so much as a pretence for such a hypothesis, as we trust we have shown as conclusively as the case admits of.

It will simplfy matters if we state, at the outset, that we do not propose to ourselves in the treatment of our subject to use any of that *οἰκονομια* which is nevertheless at times highly desirable in the handling of delicate subjects. We do not think the present is one that demands it. On the contrary, we think that the interests at stake will be best consulted, and the impartial consideration of our non-Catholic readers more readily conciliated, if we discuss it with the utmost possible frankness. It is far from our intention in this article to propose an impossible thesis, and to endeavor to maintain that our political Constitution is in perfect harmony with the Christian theory of government, or is precisely that with which the Church would have provided us if she had been charged with the duty of framing it for persons, all of whom were her children, entirely faithful and obedient. Such a government is impracticable in the absence of fitting subjects. Were all Christian men, lay and cleric, *good* Catholics, no ruler would be needed other than the common Father of the faithful, no magistrates other than the priests, and a police would be superseded by the soul-elevating *sweet* charities of the confessional. But this would be heaven anticipated on earth, and far from having reason to expect any such exuberance of virtue in the progress of the age, we are rather bid to look for the diminution of the faithful amongst the children of men as the "Second Coming" draws near. The two civil polities that have come the nearest to the Church's theory of government have been the Republic of Ecuador under the martyred president, Garcia Moreno, and, to a remarkable and pre-eminent extent, the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay.[1]

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[1] The Evil Spirit grudged Almighty God so precious a homage, and his creatures so

Two considerations in this context cannot be too much insisted on. One is, that Christianity is essentially a revelation of government. This almost self-evident truth, little as it has hitherto been insisted on, issues from the very objectivity of its faith and worship. What it precisely is not, is what is claimed for Christianity by Protestantism, namely, a subjective supernatural influence acting unintermediately upon the individual, so as to make him independent of learning and obedience, and to make himself sufficient for knowledge and moral guidance.

The second consideration is, that the Church has no reason to anticipate, nor is it a part of her duty to insist on, at any time before the consummation of the ages, the complete adoption of her polity by peoples and nations. Its normal type was revealed in her infancy, when "*omnes qui credebant erant pariter et habebant omnia communia*," and when two of the citizens of the holy republic, who had broken its fundamental laws, received capital punishment at the decree of its supreme earthly executive, and is perpetuated in the religious orders, a demoniacal travestie of which is attempted in Communism. The prophecies that speak of her, lead her to expect anything but a career of progressive triumph. Her career is to be exclusively militant, in the course of which she is to be for the greater part worsted. She is to propagate the truth which God has commissioned her to teach mankind, by the martyr principle of charity. She is to adapt herself to the uttermost extent, short of compromising the obedience of faith, to the existing institutions, customs, and even prejudices of mankind wherever she is permitted to have a footing. Toleration, of aught short of denial of the faith, is one of her cardinal rules of action. She has to become all things to all men if so be she may save some. Not her mission is it to ride roughshod over the minds and hearts of men, and force an unwilling subjection to her unwelcome yoke. She is His minister, who demands the willing and cheerful obedience of love, not slavish subjection to burdensome forms. She has to conform even to human infirmity, and suffer some of the *arcana* of her infallible deposit to remain in abeyance, in order to gain the obedience of love to what is essential for the safety of souls; as God conceded an earthly monarch to His chosen people, although their perverse demand involved, not indeed a denial of Himself as the One True God, but a foolish preference of a civil polity over His own direct, immediate, and paternal rule.

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much beatitude in this world over which he is permitted to have so much power, and these innocent, happy, and flourishing communities were utterly destroyed by the intrigues and violence of a very able and energetic minister, but perhaps one of the most infamous and unscrupulous who ever presided over a country's destinies.

The Christian polity of the Church, like that revealed to Moses for the chosen people during the era of type and shadow, is a pure theocracy, only it is an infinitely sublimer development of the dispensation, as the glitter of the *Urim* and *Thummim* is inferior to the corporeal presence and the indwelling spirit.

It would be a great mistake to suppose, because Doctors of the Church have admitted as a fact the existence of a "temporal order" of government, outside in some of its manifestations of the Church's jurisdiction, where the head of the Church allows His supremacy over all rule to remain in abeyance, and even concedes to civil government a divine sanction, that the existence of two independent orders is a part of the divine idea in the Christian policy in its full and final realization, and an abdication of the right of universal supremacy. It may often be not expedient to assert the right, and he whom Christ has commissioned with its exercise may hold it in reserve, to the uttermost extent compatible with the salvation of souls. But the right remains. To contest it one must deny the inspiration of the sacred canon, or the truth of Christ and his Apostles.[1] The very dispensation given by our Lord to the "children of Abraham" "to pay tribute to Cæsar," in a passage, so often quoted in an exactly opposite sense, is in itself an assertion of the claim.

Neither can it be objected that this supremacy is claimed for our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as the Omnipotent God, but not for any man or body of men, whether called the Church or not; for, not to insist on the very cogent argument that the Church is not separable even in idea from Him, because it is His body—"*et plenitudo ejus qui omnia in omnibus adimpletur*"—it is expressly as Head of His body, the Church, that this supremacy over every form of

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[1] "OMNIA," he says, without parable or mystery, "*Mihi tradita sunt a Patre meo.*" St. Matt. xi., 27; and St. Luke x., 22. Again, St. Matt. xxviii., 18. "*Data est mihi* OMNIS *potestas in cælo et in terra.*" And St. John iii., 35. "*Pater diligit Filium, et omnia dedit in manu ejus.*" Again. "*Pater! venit hora, clarifica Filium tuum ut Filius tuus clarificet te: Sicut dedisti ei* POTESTATEM OMNIS CARNIS." St. John xvii., 1, 2. The Great Apostle of the "nations" is even more explicit: "*Quoniam in ipso condita sunt universa in cælis,* ET IN TERRA, VISIBILIA *et invisibilia, sive throni, sive dominationes, sive principatus, sive potestates; omnia per ipsum et in ipso creata sunt; et ipse est ante omnes, et omnia in ipso constat. Et ipse est* CAPUT CORPORIS ECCLESIÆ, *qui est principium, primogenitus ex mortuis;* UT SIT IN OMNIBUS *ipse* PRIMATUM *tenens.* Col. i., 16–18. "*Ut sciatis,*" he writes to the Ephesian Christians, Eph. i., 19–23, "*quæ sit supereminens magnitudo virtutis ejus in nos qui credimus secundum operationem potentiæ virtutis ejus, quam operatus est in Christo, suscitans, illum a mortuis, et constituens ad dexteram suam in cælestibus, supra omnem principatum, et potestatem et virtutem, et dominationem, et omne nomen quod nominatur non* SOLUM IN HOC SÆCULO, *set etiam in futuro. Et omnia subjecit sub pedibus ejus: et ipsum dedit caput supra omnem ecclesiam, quæ est* CORPUS, *et* PLENITUDO EJUS *qui omnia in omnibus adimpletur.*"

power that can be named, "not only in this world, but also in that which is to come;"—in other words, not only temporal but spiritual—is claimed. And, when passing into heaven, He could not personally administer on earth the universal supremacy of rule and government over beings whose powers during their time of probation were not able to see Him as He is, He commissioned a particular individual with His full spiritual powers on earth as visible head of His body, the Church, instructing him that his decrees as supreme source of jurisdiction would be respected even in the eternal counsels, and have the same force as if pronounced by Himself, that "whatsoever he should bind upon earth, it should be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever he should loose on earth, it should be loosed also in heaven." Is it reasonable, then, is it common sense, to maintain that there is any rule, or authority, or dominion, throughout the whole moral order which can be rightfully exempt from, and wholly independent of, that supreme jurisdiction of the Vicar of the King of kings?

But what is right, true, and perfect, and what is practicable as men are, are two different things. If all men were genuine, earnest, and fully instructed believers, even although their lives fell very short of the sublime standard of Christian perfection, there would be no conflict of jurisdictions; secular authority would find at once its guide, its strength, and its sanction in the spirit-informed charity of the confessional. The proper aspect of the question is not that of a conflict of jurisdiction at all. The supreme and universal jurisdiction of the Church is very real, but it is *indirect*. It does not offer itself as the competitor of civil, any more than it does of parental, authority. It is the superior of both, but in a different order. Its operations are in the domains of conscience, free-will, and individual responsibility. Hence its indirectness, hence its gentleness. "The Church has never intended," says Cardinal Antonelli in reply to a querulous remonstrance of the French government on the subject of the Vatican Council, "and does not now intend, to exercise a *direct* and *absolute* power over the political rights of the State. She has received from God the sublime mission of conducting men, whether regarded as individuals or associated in society, to a supernatural end; she has, therefore, in virtue of this mission, the power, and is under the obligation of duty, to judge of the morality and of the justice of all acts, whether external or internal, in their relation to the natural and divine laws. Since no act, whether prescribed by supreme power, or whether it emanates from the free action of the individual, can divest itself of the character of morality and justice, it comes to pass that the judgment of the Church, though falling directly on the morality of the acts, *indirectly embraces all those things with which this morality is allied.*"

At the risk of becoming tedious, we must enter a little more fully on this subject of the indirect and gentle, although supreme and universal, authority of the Church, because it is here we shall find the true idea of that godlike liberty which the Church, and the Church alone, has made known to man, and has taught every human being who has arrived at a responsible age to claim as his inalienable individual right, in contradistinction to that barbarous license for which modern skepticism has sought to conciliate the love of the multitude under its sacred name, which would emancipate the individual will from all guidance and obedience, and subject it to an absolute slavery to the untutored emotions and passions of the human breast. Also, because we shall be able to step directly from this point to the welcome one, which we hope to establish to the satisfaction of our readers, that, far from the principles of our Constitution being hopelessly irreconcilable with the economy of the Church, there is no fundamental hostility between the two; but that, on the contrary, as things are, there is perhaps no civil polity on earth which, so long as its fundamental principles are adhered to, offers surer guarantees of the Church's freedom of action; no one, consequently, better calculated, not only to influence the loyalty of its citizens on that common principle of loyalty to existing governments, which is everywhere the invariable teaching of the Church, but also to provoke the admiration and support of the Catholic subjects of other countries, wherever they may be.

Here we are at once confronted with the different sanctions of the two authorities; of the one they are fines, imprisonment, and death; slavish sanctions in the exactest sense of the word. The sanctions of the other are not pains and penalties inflicted by the hands of fellow-creatures, but fatherly and purely spiritual chastisements, coming to the assistance of our feeble will from the hands of Him to whom it is no slavery to be subject. The liberty of the will is thus left absolutely intact, for it is only by the concurrence of the will that these spiritual punishments are, for the time being, any punishments at all.

The secular authority has, not unseldom, at times from a sense of duty, at other times from policy, backed the august sanctions of the Church by its own slavish ones of brute force. The wisdom or expediency of such a course does not here concern us. We have only to show that the two must not be confounded, that they are different in kind, and that the jurisdiction that wills the one has no necessary point of hostility to the other.

The true liberty of the human being is his free will—his absolute freedom of choice of condition between good and evil. It is that august prerogative in which God has, as it were, invested His creature with a portion of His own omnipotence; made him in a sense

almost his own creator; put it absolutely in his power to form himself for the state which he deliberately chooses as his forever; so absolutely that God has deprived Himself of the power of forcing the momentous choice, so that not one of the condemned will be able to complain that his demoniac condition is not his own act and deed, whilst the blessed in heaven will have the blissful consciousness that the love of God, which constitutes their ecstasy, has been of their own deliberate act and choice.

In spite of the utmost aversion to speak harshly of the opinions of those who differ with us, we are unable, we own, to restrain the expression of our indignation at the shallow stupidity of the *soi-disant* philosophy which confounds this godlike liberty of the individual, revealed by the Church, with emancipation from teaching and obedience, and with absolute individual independence and self-sufficiency.

There exists no such thing as an independent human being. The various members of the human body, from the most important and honorable to the most seemingly insignificant and ignoble, are not more mutually dependent on one another than are the individuals of the human race. That race is not a mere congeries of human units, every one marked off from every other by a sharp line of demarcation, inclosing a separate destiny, completely shut out from and independent of the rest.

Physically, not one of the species of the animal creation, not even the birds, are so dependent as the animal man. He is not one whit less so in his higher faculty of reason. Whilst, what is very much more noteworthy and remarkable still, his very moral being wherein he stands before his God a responsible individual, with the two alternatives proposed to his own single, absolute choice, the despotic creator of his own eternal being for weal or woe, is also dependent. The young of no animal is so helpless as a human infant. The whole stock of knowledge possessed by most of us we have received from others—from parents, teachers, and from books. Let any of us take to pieces any portion of our knowledge; if we scrutinize accurately its origin, we shall discover that we have received all we know; that the application of what we have been taught, and its development, is all with which we can credit our own personal experience; and that any *strictly original knowledge*, any that we have, unaided, taught ourselves, is, in the case of almost all of us, nowhere. So universally and so inevitably is this the case, that our very intellectual existence may be said to be the result of teaching, as much as our physical being is of generation. Like the latter, too, the process is generative. Hence, although at first we are altogether dependent on oral teaching, the bulk of the stock of knowledge possessed by mankind is traditional.

And when we come to the principles of right and wrong, to the intelligent end of action and life, and discipline of the will, although, when as fully informed as his surroundings admit of, every individual is singly responsible for his actions to the extent of his knowledge and of his opportunities, he, nevertheless, is absolutely dependent on teachings for the elemental principles of his moral life, and, to a certain limited extent, dependent on a bias communicated to it by perverse teaching and example.

This last case is met in the Church's system, partly by the charitable solution of the irresponsibility of "invincible ignorance," which is no doctrine, however, but only a charitable hope; partly by the terrible solution offered by St. Paul (Rom. ix., 18–23): "*Ergo cujus vult miseretur, et quem vult indurat. Dicis itaque mihi: Quid adhuc queritur? Voluntati enim ejus quis resistit? O homo, tu quis es qui respondeas Deo? Numquid dicit figmentum ei qui se finxit: Quid me fecisti sic? At non habet potestatem figulus luti, ex eadem massa facere aliud quidem vas in honorem, aliud vero in contumeliam? Quod si Deus volens ostendere iram, et notam facere potentiam suam, sustinuit in multa patientia, vasa iræ, apta in interitum, ut ostenderet divitias gloriæ suæ in vasa misericordiæ, quæ preparavit in gloriam.*"

The truth is, the normal condition of the human race is one of pupilage. It is self-sufficient for nothing. Disobedience and independence are *unnatural*. From the first, we have to be taught how to sustain our physical life. From the most elemental ideas which feed our infant mind to the subtlest processes of reason, and the most comprehensive accumulation of facts, we depend absolutely on teaching. For the rudest and most fundamental principles of right and wrong, as much as for the sublimest principles of ethical perfection, our souls depend absolutely on teaching. Parents are as much teachers as rulers. Their jurisdiction involves an inseparable combination of both. Those who neglect either office leave half the duty imposed on them by nature undone. Under certain conditions, for a certain time, and for sufficient reasons, they may associate others with themselves as deputies in the discharge of this, their twofold office; but those who altogether neglect it must be content to be described as *unnatural* parents. It cannot be complained that there is any lack of recognition in these days of the teaching-duty of parents; but the sciolism, if we should not rather say the perverseness, of the age refuses its assent to the equally indispensable portion of the parental jurisdiction,—an illogical and irrational displacement of first principles, which has supplied it with a pretext for prostituting the majesty of the law to the demoralizing work of taking the whole parental jurisdiction out of the hands in which God and nature have placed it, and transferring

it to the State, a power which can find, neither in nature nor in the divine revelation, the slightest claim to its exercise.

This, then, is the Church's jurisdiction. It is the parent's jurisdiction raised into the supernatural order. She is the Mother of the great family of families. She is the Mother of us all; and God Himself is her spouse. "*Et accedens Jesus locutus est eis, dicens: 'Data est mihi omnis potestas in cælo et in terra. Euntes ergo docete omnes gentes, baptizantes eos in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti: docentes eos servare omnia quæcumque mandavi vobis.'*" (St. Matt. xxviii., 20.)

"And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: 'All power is given to me, in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, *teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.*'"

"*Dixit ergo eis iterum; Pax Vobis! Sicut misit me Pater, et ego mitto vos. Hæc cum dixisset, insufflavit; et dixit eis: Accipite Spiritum Sanctum; quorum remiseritis peccata, remittuntur eis: et quorum retinueritis, retenta sunt.*"

"He said to them, then, again: Peace to you! As the Father has sent Me, I, too, send you. When He had said these things, He breathed on them, and He said to them: Receive the Holy Spirit. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose you shall retain they are retained."

Here, then, is the Church's commission! The fulness of the office is hers. She is to teach and to rule. That office is limited to no place or people. It is Catholic or universal. The whole human race is her family—*omnes gentes.* No nation, people, or individual is exempt from the obligation of receiving and *obeying* her teaching—"teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." This august office of universal parent, teacher, and ruler of "all nations," she holds from the direct commission of God himself. The subject of her teaching is supernatural, as is the object of her rule, for it is the final end of man. It is not of her mission to teach physics, or geography, or mathematics, or book-keeping. As universal teacher, she is under no obligation of teaching any science or any knowledge which, at the fall, the human being was sentenced to gain by hard labor, because none of that knowledge is necessary for the salvation of the soul. Yet the whole curriculum of merely human learning must be subordinated to her more momentous teaching, in so far that nothing that contradicts the latter can be taught without guilt. Error in secular learning is of no serious consequence whatever to the human being. Indeed its history is little more than a succession of corrected errors. But to err from the faith is to forfeit eternal life and lose

the immortal soul. It is no disadvantage to a man in the presence of God to be ignorant of everything taught in State schools. The "foolishness of the Cross" is all he absolutely need know there. On every subject whatsoever, taught by merely human teachers, every one is entitled to hold any opinion he pleases which does not trench on the faith. But the opinion of no one is asked as to the teaching of the Church. No one can have any opinion but hers if he would be saved. All mankind have merely the plain duty of observing all things whatsoever Christ commanded her to teach them—"docentes eos servare omnia quæcumque mandavi vobis."

It is quite clear, from the preceding description of the Church's mission that, far from there being any necessary antagonism between her and secular government, of whatever form, she is, in virtue of her very essence and nature, if we may so write, the unflinching and invariable auxiliary of all lawfully constituted authority. She crosses the path of none of the functions of civil rule which do not hinder her mission of universal teacher. No temporal sovereignty incurs her opposition which does not place her in the alternative of disobeying its behests or those of God, and even then it is only a passive resistance with which she asserts her duty of obeying God rather than man. That resistance is one of duty, not of wounded pride, nor even outraged interest. Consequently she does not betake herself to conspiracy or revolution. She declines compliance, and takes the consequences. She resists by suffering; and she vindicates her cause by blessing, not revenge.

Again, the sanctions of civil rule are so different from those of the Church, that in the absence of a perverse and tyrannical purpose of the former to impede her mission of saving souls, there can be no clashing of jurisdiction. The State legislates for the community; she never takes into account the individuals; she neither has, nor can have, any regard for the liberty of the individual. Its sanction is brute force. It makes no pretence of informing the conscience or forming the will. It looks only at the actions, and visits them unswervingly with certain fixed penalties—loss of property, of bodily liberty, or of life, as the case may be. Every citizen is compelled to surrender so much of his personal freedom for the common weal. But the Church never infringes the godlike liberty of the individual. She teaches him the commands of God, and she teaches him *how* to observe them, but she leaves it absolutely to his own free choice whether he will obey or disobey them. Yet she aids him in an obedience from which his lower nature recoils, by telling him of the spiritual and future rewards or punishments which await respect or contempt of her instructions; but she subjects breaches of her law to no present disadvantage. She enforces no involuntary compliance with her teaching by physical compul-

sion. Does one of her children err, she imparts her forgiveness, teaches him how to avoid a similar error in future, and strengthens his will by supernatural aids which God has placed in her keeping. The State cares nothing for the heart. Its only business is with the actions. The Church keeps a mother's eye ever on the heart; she concerns herself about the actions only in so far as they are an indication of the state of the heart.

So far all is clear, and we do not see how any reasonable objection can be taken to what we have urged. All seems to be easy enough on paper, yet in practice it must be admitted that difficulties do occur. They may mostly be traced either to the incapacity of the secular authority to understand what constitutes a serious impediment to the Church's mission of saving souls, or to the impatience of the civil magistracy of any subordination whatsoever, even to the most benign moral influence. At times, however, it arises, as in Germany, Switzerland, Mexico, and, we may add, Italy at the present moment, from a deepseated animosity against the Church and her doctrines.

In all these cases the Church has to yield, more or less, according to circumstances. Her guiding principle is, then, expediency. "All things are lawful to me," writes the great Apostle of the nations, "but all things are not expedient." There is one point at which all concession must ever cease, and that is when an attempt is made to oblige her to cease "docens omnes gentes omnia quæcumque Christus mandavit illæ." Her answer to the civil authority must then be that of the Apostles to the Jewish authorities who forbade them to teach any more in that name, "*Obedire oportet Deo magis quam hominibus.*"

It is difficult to say in respect of which the Church is most misjudged, whether for her unflinching courage, when to yield would be to betray her mission, or for her yielding, when that seems to be expedient for the salvation of souls. In the one case she is charged with disaffection and turbulence, and that mostly by men in whose eyes loyalty is a superstition, and obedience the virtue of a slave. In the other there is scarcely a limit to the accusations that are heaped upon her. She is "jesuitical," which in modern popular phraseology means insincere, sly, and overreaching; she is adopting a politic course through fear of modern "progress" and modern "enlightenment;" she is covetous of this world's goods, and fears to forfeit her temporal possessions; or she is self-seeking, and ambitious of worldly influence and power. It is on this last charge that the changes are rung with a monotonous, persistent, and senseless din that is at times deafening. She is represented as a grasping and ambitious tyrant, seeking by a world-wide organization to get the bodies and minds of men into her power, to subject them

absolutely to her lordly and capricious will. And the multitude of unreasoning *gobemouches* who constitute our modern "public," seem to take supreme delight in repeating this ridiculous accusation. The gross absurdity of these charges seems to escape them. For it requires a certain amount of moral obliquity, as well as dense stupidity, to believe that a society of men, such, for example, as the Jesuits, professing a religion whose fundamental principle is the abnegation of worldly power and advantage, and whose special vows bind them to obedience to it, so complete that they cannot accept any dignities even of the Church of which they are members, is engaged in deep conspiracy against the rights and liberties of their fellow-creatures. How much more so when the Universal Church is the object of accusation—that Church whose divine Head appeared on earth in the position of a carpenter, was executed as a felon, and chose His Apostles from the humblest ranks of life—that Church by whom "to the poor the Gospel has been preached" for nearly two millenniums—that Church which has revealed to mankind the sublimest principles of individual liberty, and which chanted at the conception of the Son of God, and has ever since been chanting, the noble canticle, "Quia respexit *humilitatem* ancillæ suæ; . . . Fecit potentiam in brachio suo; dispersit *superbos* mente cordis sui. Deposuit *potentes* de sede, et exaltavit *humiles*. Esurientes implevit bonis; et *divites* dimisit *inanes!*"

But our affair is not with persons who can entertain such extravagant improbabilities. It cannot be concealed that there is in these days a large class of men, and not unseldom there are among them men of high mental attainments, and even at times of fair morals, who are inflamed with a passionate hatred of the Church. It is not for us to judge them. There is One who judgeth. But our controversy is not with them. They are not amenable to reason. There are, however, not a few, and especially in this country, moderate, right-judging men, men at once of candor and discernment, who are really anxious to get at the right of things amidst the mass of misrepresentation with which the question of the relation between Church and State is surrounded. It is such we address.

Already, as we hope, we have urged enough to satisfy men of this temper that there is no necessary antagonism between the Church and the State; that, on the contrary, the Church is, of her very nature, even when there is not the least political connection between the two, the State's most powerful auxiliary. We have, however, admitted that, although the two jurisdictions are separate and distinct, having different ends and different sanctions, difficulties do practically occur. They are, however, to be ascribed to the infirmities of human character, rather than to any irreconcilability of the two powers; and, since one of the powers is invariably pre-

pared to yield, up to the utmost limits of expediency, they admit of harmonious solution wherever avowed hatred of Christ and His Church does not commit the State, as in Germany, to a war of extermination. So far, as to the general relations between the two powers. We propose to devote the remainder of this article to showing that, in the particular case of this country, the impediments the Church cannot but have to encounter in the assertion of her discipline amidst the prevailing unbelief are likely to be fewer and less serious, and more easily arranged, than under any other of the existing civil polities of the earth.

In this contest, what has been urged as to the mission of the Church must not for a single moment be lost sight of. It is an appeal rather to the moral sense of mankind than to the individual judgment. She teaches man the noblest exercise possible of his absolute freedom of will. Faith in the revelation of Christ, although the gift of God, is on the part of the individual a moral choice, a supreme act, and so long as it is persevered in, a habit of virtue; just as life is the gift of God, but it is absolutely in our power to make what use of it we please. A compulsory faith is no faith at all. The most rigid arrest of the will, if done under compulsion, or for worldly advantage, would lose its merit. It simply would not be the evangelical virtue at all. The impartial reader will then readily admit that the advantage is not on the side of the Church when she is established as the religion of the State.

When the profession of the faith is the universal custom, when an individual would be singular, or would even lose consideration by rejecting it, there is proportionately less chance of that absolute liberty of choice which constitutes the merit of faith. It is well for the State when Christ crucified is officially acknowledged, officially honored, officially worshipped by it. By officially we mean as an integral, fundamental part of its polity or constitution. So happy a state of things can only have originated in the unity of faith of the citizens. It is then the spontaneous expression of the general faith and general charity. It is impossible not to covet a state of things so beneficial. In a private family the union of hearts is hindered, through a difference of religious belief, by an impassable gulf, and the abyss of separation is profounder in proportion to the zeal with which the respective beliefs are held. In a State, too, nothing is so conducive to domestic peace, nothing binds together the citizen, with so close and affectionate a tie of common loyalty and patriotism, as unity of faith. The public action, began in God and ended in Him by august function of adoration and worship, receives a sublime significance which raises it above the mere busy trifling of animals who live only for seventy years, to the intelligent working of immortal beings achieving

eternity. But the Church considered strictly as the body whose members are elect souls is not the gainer by this state of things. Whole multitudes are what they are by mere acquiescence. Faith through want of opposition to call forth its energies loses its robustness; charity, its fire and zeal. The corrupting influences of money and the world prey like a canker on faith's slumbering vitality; and the faithful, nay, all mankind, are scandalized by the spectacle of Catholic ecclesiastics who hold humility in contempt, Catholic laics whose faith is the least living principle of their lives, and crowds of the regenerate displaying little more of Christianity than the name.

On the other hand, in times when the Church has a difficulty in holding her own against unbelief or persecution, a robust, courageous, and positive choice of the free will, and not a sleepy acquiescence, makes the Catholic what he is; the struggle with the enemy keeps the spiritual energies from flagging, faith is ever ready for confessorship, charity for the martyr's palm. We are taught that this is the very end subserved by the existence of heresies in the divine counsels: "*Oportet et hereses esse, ut et* QUI PROBATI SUNT MANIFESTI FIANT *in vobis.*"

Now, it is surely only reasonable that we should take the Church's own account of her objects and aspirations rather than those ascribed to her by her avowed enemies, especially where her whole course of policy is consistent with it.

The unity of religious belief which necessarily results in a State Church she covets. But the position of a State Church, for itself, she covets not. It invariably impedes her freedom of action, whilst its action on faith and charity resembles that of Delilah upon the otherwise unconquerable hero who slumbered amidst her wiles.

It follows that the position in which from the very nature of her mission the glory of the Church shines forth most brilliantly, is that in which every individual will be at liberty to make the freest and most unbiassed and deliberate choice, either in correspondence with or rejection of the gift of faith offered him by God; and, since the full responsibility of a moral choice must depend on the complete information of the individual as to the nature of what he is choosing or rejecting, in which she will be freest to communicate that information to all.

The first article of the amendments of the Constitution defines precisely such a position for the Church in this country: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

In the actual state of human affairs a civil polity of which such an article is a fundamental principle, is one under which the Church can better fulfil her mission of saving souls than under any other that

can be named. The very spirit of the Constitution must be violated before it could be made unacceptable to Catholics. It would be absurd to deny that every sincere American Catholic would wish most devoutly that all his fellow-citizens were united in the faith of the Church. To bring all men into her fold, is the object of her working; it is her mission, her *ratio existendi.* But, in point of fact, the number of unbelievers in our country far exceeds that of Catholics, and the Church can desire no more favorable position for herself, none in which she can more effectually perform her mission of saving souls, than that in which every citizen can, without let or impediment, exercise his godlike liberty of choice, and in which she herself is at liberty, without let or impediment, fully to inform every citizen as to the choice he has to make.

In almost all states there has ever been a class of the community whom religion has had most to dread. It was ever thus. "In the period immediately preceding the Persian conquest," writes a distinguished German philosopher and scholar, "the caste of warriors, that is to say, the whole class of the nobility, were decidedly opposed to the monarchs, because they imagined them to promote too much the power of the priesthood." So, writing of ancient India, he remarks: "It has also been conjectured that the caste of warriors or the princes and hereditary nobility, possessed originally greater power and influence; and that it is only by degrees the race of Brahmins has attained to that great preponderance which it displayed in later times, and which it even still possesses. We find, indeed, in the old epic, mythological, and historical poems of the Indians, many passages which describe a contest between these two classes, and which represent the deified heroes of India victoriously defending the wise and pious Brahmins from the attacks of the fierce and presumptuous Cshatryas." "Among the Egyptians, the Etruscans, the Greeks themselves," writes M. Guizot, "the order of warriors, for example, has struggled against that of priests." "The revolution that took place in Gaul," writes M. de Laurentie, "overthrew only the political power of Druidism; but instead of the priests the nobility assumed the power."

The arrogant violence with which the feudal barons of the middle ages seized on ecclesiastical dignities, and the worldliness and license of manners they introduced, did more to corrupt the Church, weaken her spiritual influence, and give universal scandal than any one cause that can be named.

Without the interested aid of the German nobles, the Lutheran folly had been snuffed out as easily as the snuff of a smouldering candlewick. The French cynic would have mocked in vain, and Paris would not have been turned into a city of devils, but for the skepticism and depraved morals of the French nobility.

The itching palm of every Scottish noble had been polluted with English bribes, or Scotland would never have become a prey to the barbarous superstition that has infected her ever since.

But for the spoils of religion and the poor, with which Henry VIII. bought the base acquiescence of his caitiff nobles, England might still have been "merrie England," and the "Isle of Saints;" and, at this very day, the return of that country to the Catholic faith is not a little hindered by the needless fear of many of the "great houses" lest they should, at some time or other, be called upon to make restitution of the possessions so ill-gotten by their ancestors.

The reason of this is on the surface. The subtle and profound pride of the human heart wants not the provocation of privileged birth to provoke its animosity against the wholesome restraints respected by the rest of mankind. Men born into their life in a condition of superiority—of wealth, rank, influence, and power—when this privilege accrues to them, not in isolated instances, as it were accidentally, but as members of a particular caste or order, cannot resist the ridiculous fancy, not even if they are Christian nobles and otherwise of good dispositions, that the rest of their fellow-creatures whose birth does not bring with it to them these advantages, are an essentially inferior order of beings; and it is easy to understand how unpalatable to such a class must be a religion of humility and self-denial, which teaches them that their apparent advantages of birth are adventitious and unreal; and that, far from evidencing any essential superiority of those, to whose lot they fall, over those who lack them, their tendency is exactly the reverse. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not mere demagogic declaimers, nor are we mere prejudiced revilers of aristocratic institutions. An hereditary nobility is in this age a political anachronism. But more than this, it is in one sense at variance with the whole temper and spirit of the Christian revelation. Under the law of types and shadows which claimed the obedience of the children of Israel, the dignities of government went down in rigid lines of lineal descent. When the shadows disappeared beneath the midday light, the hereditary principle went with them, and places of rule fell to any one, from whatever class, according to merit, by a spiritual succession.

We have before observed that this is the *truth* of rule and government. It is the normal constitution, so to speak, of the Church. But it supposes all subjects to be good Catholics—a condition of things we are not led to expect. Consequently, in the actual condition of mankind, and practical state of human affairs, a polity in which an hereditary nobility constitutes one of its most powerful institutions may derive therefrom splendid advantages which coun-

terbalance to a great extent its repugnance to the dignity of the human individual as revealed by Christianity. The Church in process of taming the northern tribes of Europe made an exquisite use of it in the short age of chivalry. But her softening influences lost in time their paramount ascendency; the brute passion of arbitrary power spurned the gentle yoke of Christian submission, and the courteous graces arising from devotion to the Mother of God yielded to the bane of privileged birth. In all these questions which concern the practical regulation of the passions, tempers, and dispositions of men thickly collected together in communities of civil life—nay in those which affect only their economical interests—mere theory outside of revealed truth is valueless. Every one knows that written constitutions, from that of Lycurgus downwards, have never been worth the parchment on which they were engrossed. You cannot fit a constitution on a people like a suit of clothes. To offer any prospect of durability, it must be the outgrowth and development in practice, of their customs, temper, tastes, mental and physical peculiarities, in short of their whole inner being. Several generations must pass away before we know what the Constitution of our country really is. The framers of the written Constitution laid down a few fundamental principles, and contrived a simple organic structure, just enough for it to start from, but they were not foolish enough to suppose themselves capable of anticipating what would ultimately be the expression of the political life of a great nation, then in its infancy. It is well it was so. Already it has survived two catastrophes. A more complicated machinery would have gone to pieces beneath the crash of the conflicting interests of North and South, so inveterate that the sword was obliged to be their arbiter. The scandal of the recent Presidential election put a strain on the Constitution which no final, letter-bound Constitution could have borne.

It is after this fashion our judgment must be formed of an hereditary nobility as a political institution. Undoubtedly the whole Christian theory, if we may be permitted such an expression, is against it, as well as the whole Christian tone and temper. But this does not condemn it to immediate extinction, because, practically, we cannot take Christian—that is, Catholic—subjects alone into consideration; for they are not likely ever to constitute even the majority, before the Second Coming. So, too, an hereditary nobility is, even more pronouncedly still, at variance with modern political theories, so much so as to make it neither more nor less than an anachronism wherever it exists.

On the other hand, it presents itself to us amidst the blaze of brilliant surroundings. Ancestral glory, palatial castles, armies of retainers, sumptuous appointments, the state of princes, hospitality

on a lordly scale, high achievement, personal prowess, and, for a time at least, the more winning graces of the noblest conceivable civilization ; patriotic when patriotism did not seriously affront its interests, and not unseldom a benefactor on a grand scale to the external development of the Church.

On the whole, however, no true Catholic—however biassed in favor of an hereditary nobility or dazzled by its glories—can refuse to admit that it has ever been the worst enemy with which the Church has had to contend in the development of those gentle, hidden, and austere virtues which go to make up her inner life.

It will thus be readily understood that, far from there being any foundation for the ridiculous assertion that there is a necessary and essential hostility to American institutions on the part of the Church, and that she is perpetually conspiring to undermine and destroy them, just the reverse is true. A Constitution, one of whose fundamental provisions is : " No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States; and no person holding any office of profit under them, shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state," must be infinitely more congenial to her spirit, and favorable to the untrammelled discharge of her august mission, than the Constitution of a country wherein hereditary nobles have diverted a portion of her consecrated possessions to the support of an heretical sect which they have made the established religion of the country, and have appropriated the rest to themselves; or of a country whose nobles support the enemies of religion in their efforts to hamper the free action of the Church, and hinder her mission of saving souls to the extent that appears to them necessary in order to save their own inherited titles, rank, and possessions.

After all, however, there is not a single fundamental principle of the Constitution which more profoundly conciliates the loyal devotion of Catholics, than the jealousy it displays of the least encroachment on the individual dignity of the humblest citizen by usurped, or still more, by legalized privileges, of wealth, birth, or even official rank. Far from wishing to substitute monarchical appanage or aristocratic exclusiveness for equality of mutual observance and deference among the children of God, to nothing could the Church be more ready to devote her loyal energies, since nothing can be more profoundly in harmony with her own spirit, than to render this principle of the Constitution as thorough and effective in its practical working as, for the present, it is otherwise—little better indeed than a gigantic fraud.

The only organized community in which this principle is enshrined in its integrity is the Catholic Church. There it has been

in living and *healthy* operation for nearly two millenniums. What are communism, what democracy—democracy, that is, as translated owadays—but this beautiful principle thrown into a false and heretical form?

Speak, ye frothy declaimers against the despotic and liberty-hating spirit, the monarchical and aristocratic proclivities of that sweet mother of liberty whose cradle was in Bethlehem, "*parvulus in millibus Israel*," is it not amidst the shavings of a carpenter's shop in his youth, at the close of his career in early manhood on the cross of a felon, on the point of taking with him to paradise a penitent thief executed at His side, that you must look for her founder and lawgiver? Did the accident of birth throw that meek maiden of Galilee who called Him son, beneath an earthly coronet? That august twelve, His greatest ministers, the most illustrious men who ever trod this earth, what was the rank of life from which they came? Has not one of them told us, under the inspiration of God's holy spirit, of the Church's mission, of the very vocation itself of Christianity: "*Quia non multi sapientes secundum carnem, non multi potentes, non multi nobiles: sed quæ stulta sunt mundi elegit Deus ut confundat sapientes; et infirma mundi elegit Deus ut confundat fortia; et ignobilia mundi et contemptibilia elegit Deus, et ex quæ non sunt ut ex quæ sunt destrueret; ut non glorietur omnis caro in conspectu ejus?*" And was it over the high-born, the rich, the princes, and great ones of the world that those divine hands were raised in gentle benediction when he said, "*Beati pauperes*"—and not in condition only, but what is even yet more—"*Spiritu; quoniam ipsorum est regnum cælorum?*"

The pledged enemies of the Church have their reply to this. "We admit," they say, "that of such sort are the principles with which the Church commenced her career, and that if her present action were consistent with them there could be no fear of collision between her and the powers of the world; but she has since developed into a worldly and self-seeking power which finds itself in continual opposition to modern views of political liberty."

But we say that modern views—that is, the current and popular views of the day—of political liberty are false, mischievously false; that, in them, liberty is used as another name for anarchy, and that their practical results can only be political despotism and moral slavery of the most abject kind. The Church is opposed to these as a moral influence, as a religious teacher, not as a rival power.

What there is of truth in the above allegation is as follows: There is the normal condition of the Church as the incorporation of very truth; her polity in perfection; her theory as it were. It existed for awhile as her normal type or pattern of government, during those earliest years when every one of her subjects was

a martyr or confessor. That it should remain in that, its perfect form, was impracticable, consistently with the divine counsels. Her career on earth was to be one, not of real imperfections on her part, but of apparent imperfection. The good was to be mingled with the bad in such sort that, until the day of final discrimination, they could not be accurately distinguished. It follows from this, that in periods when she is in worldly phrase most prosperous, when the worldly element is uppermost, when she is most in favor with the world, her apparent imperfection will be the greatest. Still, on the whole, the type is ever more or less preserved, according to circumstances. Whenever it is to any great extent departed from it is owing to secular force and usurpation—a foreign influence which she never willingly yields to, never appropriates. Merit—principally moral merit—is the title to her dignities, irrespective of any worldly advantages; the rule of those who preside is that of the servants of their brethren; the obedience of all is not one of slavish submission, but that of charity, "as to God and not to men." If it is seldom that the world does not, with partial success, tempt the infirmities of her dignitaries by adding its consideration and dignity to their office, in the religious orders we shall always find her governmental ideal as perfectly preserved as is possible in the state of imperfection in which we all are, and, more often than not, quite as perfectly as in the first ages of the Church.

The Constitution of the United States aims at carrying out similar principles in the sphere of merely civil life. Its aims are to restore its dignity to labor, to discourage the rise of a class born to the exclusive privilege of splendid sloth, to check the development of pride of place and usurpation of petty power, by throwing back its occupants continually upon the votes of those over whom they are placed, to place title to office in no family or order, but to make it accessible to all alike, with the view of getting the duties of the several offices of government and administration, local and national, discharged by men whom the majority of their fellow-citizens believe to be best fitted for them, to place the claims to obedience in the law rather than in individuals, and to keep those in authority perpetually in mind that they are more the servants than the rulers of those at whose hands they have received their several dignities.

How far the written Constitution has succeeded in carrying out these objects is not a question here. It would require the veriest sycophant of the newspaper press, or a person so blinded by national prejudice as to be incapable of forming an independent opinion on the subject, to deny that success in these respects has been on a very limited scale.

The legislative function of the State has degenerated to an or-

ganized system of "lobbying," wherein nothing is considered but personal interests, and those of the country are all but ignored. In truth, the very name of politician has sunk into such contempt, that no one of any credit or standing will have anything to do with what ought to be the ambition of the *élite* of the nation.

The administration of justice is perhaps the worst of all the civilized states of the world; there is not a Christian nation in which life, liberty, and property are so insecure, not one in which the lives and liberties of the citizens are more helplessly at the mercy of the brutal, and, indeed, murderous violence of a practically all but irresponsible police.

As to the executive, only the last Presidential election exhibited the strange spectacle of an overwhelming majority of the nation thwarted in its choice by brute force backing the most shameful fraud. This failure may be only temporary, for it is due to causes which admit of removal. But, anyways, the motives, aims, and objects remain in the organic structure of our government. There they are in the written Constitution. And we maintain that, far from there being any antagonism between them and the spirit, and teaching, and objects of the Church, there is no other existing Constitution whose fundamental principles are more in harmony with the latter.

Existing under the protection of a government based on principles of which, in their true and noblest form, the Church was the original revealer to mankind, under which she enjoys more freedom of action in the discharge of her high mission than under any other on earth, she can only be animated by the desire, in common with all who love their country, of seeing its principles successfully carried out. We can confidently assert that there is not a Catholic citizen, lay or cleric, who is not actuated by this loyal and patriotic motive.

No! That august mouthpiece of the spirit of the most holy God who first taught men their grand attribute of liberty, who first taught them their end—not that of an unchecked prolapse of animal degradation to the untold anguish of eternal consciousness of death, but of progress, through the perseverance of a free moral choice against spiritual enemies and the allurements of evil, to the untold ecstasy of eternal consciousness of life in the immediate presence and love of God—is no friend of privileged families, of exclusive classes, of despotic governments, of the tyranny of force. She is the champion of the fullest measure of individual freedom, of the universal equality of justice, of the immunity of no individual, however highly placed, from the obedience due from the rest to law, of equal privileges and equal rights. There can be no antagonism between her and a civil polity which asserts those prin-

ciples, in so far as it does assert them; still less between her and a civil polity which leaves her in complete freedom to teach those principles in their highest and most enduring form.

But of the degrading license they call liberty—the liberty of the wild beast ranging through its forest solitudes, or crouching in its jungle lair—the liberty of abandonment to the natural instincts, which deprives crime of moral significance, and lets loose the base passions of the flesh to prey on the immortal instinct of the soul; which robs the individual of his freedom of action, and makes him the abject serf of his physical organization; which robs him of every virtue whilst making him irresponsible for vice; which would deprive society of the mutual subordination of a common obedience, and leave it no other defence than brute force against the internecine struggle of irresponsible egoism—of such a liberty as this she is, and ever must be, the mortal foe.

There is, however, in this country as elsewhere, a community, a community too which here, at all events, has far more political influence than the Church, which is the pledged and inveterate enemy of all those fundamental principles which the framers of the civil polity of this country designed to embody in the written Constitution.

For, first of all, it is one of those fatal evils that prey unseen upon the vitals of a nation—a secret society. It partakes thus essentially of the nature of a "conspiracy," and should not be tolerated in any state that values its own peace, its prosperity, or its very existence.

In the case of every American citizen who belongs to it, it supplants loyalty to his country by a more stringent loyalty to itself, and defended by a more formidable sanction; for, on joining the society, he takes a certain oath, the revelation of which exposes him to the certainty of capital punishment; a punishment which, we need scarcely say, is in such case sheer and unmitigated murder. His individual liberty is thus forfeited, and the American citizen becomes a secret society slave.

By means of secret passwords and cabalistic signs an exclusive and privileged class is thus formed in complete violation of that equality of rights and privileges which the framers of the Constitution were so careful to endeavor to secure for all alike. Before the law, in the prisons, as candidates for office, indeed, in almost every department of social and political life, who does not know that Freemasons possess advantages not possessed by any other class of the community? This is the cause of the disgrace that has been brought upon the administration of justice in this country, this of the bold, shameless, and even violent political frauds. Through this it is that great criminals escape, that serious charges

are "pigeonholed," that judges deliver judgments and juries return verdicts at which the country stands aghast. Through this, too, it is that the public indignation falls flat before these outrages on justice which demoralize the country, destroy confidence between man and man, and make life, liberty, and property alike insecure. For, how can criminals be tracked through the darkness of the deepest night—the night of secret oaths, secret signs, and oath-bound conspirators?

Acquiring boldness from impunity, the general indifference, and its own overbearing influence, this society openly violates the fundamental principle of the Constitution—which forbids even to Congress the power of instituting a titled class, nay, of decorating a single individual with a title of nobility—and has instituted a knightly order, the members of which it dresses up in a uniform and decorates with a baronial title.

Of itself this piece of ridiculous mummery is of too frivolous a description to be treated as a serious charge. Yet, taken with the rest, it adds weight to the accusation, we bring against all secret societies, that their whole organization temper, and spirit are diametrically opposed to the fundamental principles of the Constitution of the United States, that the great scandals that have recently issued from its practical work must be ascribed to them, and that, if their influence prevails, this, our justly prized Constitution, will come to nought.

The Church has ever condemned these pernicious organizations. All of them, of whatever kind, are under her solemn ban and anathema. And in nothing does she show herself more conservative of the institutions of the country, than in this. Forbidding them everywhere, on other grounds, as the general foe of humanity, her censures upon them in this country are of special import, as checking, to the extent of her power, the growth of an evil which can flourish only to the utter depravation of the energy, healthy action, and even existence of the American Constitution.

SYRIAC GRAMMARS.

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THE field of Syriac grammar and philology has been very much enlarged since the day when it was first opened to the astonished gaze of Western students by Theseus Ambrosius, of Pavia, in the first half of the sixteenth century.[1] It is in great part to the zeal for the study and diffusion of Scripture, and to the piety of this humble Religious,[2] that we are indebted for the first

[1] Introductio in Chaldaicam Linguam. . . . . Theseo Ambrosio authore. Papiæ, 1539. In another note we give the title in full.

[2] Hoffman, in the Prolegomena to his Syriac grammar (Hallè, 1827, p. 36), we know not why, calls Ambrosius a lawyer (Theseum Ambrosium *juris consultum*). That one should be a J.U.D., or "Juris Utriusque Doctor," the same as LL.D., or Doctor of Laws, presupposes his theoretical knowledge of canon and civil law, but does not make a lawyer of him. Nor are members of religious orders in Italy ever allowed to practice in the courts, either ecclesiastical or civil. We know a learned and worthy divine who presides and teaches in one of our American seminaries. He has the title of J.U.D.; but if asked his profession, he never would reply that he was a lawyer. A man's title is one thing, his profession another. Ambrosius was no lawyer, but a Religious. He belonged to the Canons Regular (Canonici Regulares Lateranenses), who trace their origin in a general way to St. Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, who lived about the middle of the eighth century. They wear the surplice or rochet, not only in church,

introduction into Europe of Syriac literature, as well as for the printing of the first Syriac New Testament in the Western world. And this is how it came about. Amongst those who came to Rome in the year 1514 to take part in the General Council of Lateran under Leo X., was the Syrian priest Joseph Kuri (Acurius), with Moses, a deacon, and Elias, a subdeacon. After having satisfied his devotion by visiting the shrines of the Eternal City, Joseph manifested his desire to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice according to the Eastern rite. But this the authorities would not allow until the Syriac missal he intended to use had been examined, and its entire orthodoxy ascertained. The cardinal of Santa Croce,[1] who

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but as part of their regular costume, and on that account are known in Italy as *Rochettini.* Any one who has visited Rome must remember seeing them in or about the Church of St. Peter's Chains (San Pietro in Vincoli), the same in which is to be seen the colossal statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo.

Was it an oversight in Hoffman, or had he any object in substituting *lawyer* for *Religious?* We know not, and therefore will not arraign his motives. But we have read too much not to know that it is a settled habit, a systematic policy of many writers outside of the Church carefully to ignore the literary and scientific merits of Catholics. And when supereminent worth, or historical necessity, compels mention of a Catholic's name, his religion is passed over in silence; or should his country reveal too plainly his creed, something is gained by not letting the reader know that he was a monk or a priest. To give one example out of a hundred, Kenrick, in his "Phœnicia," having occasion to speak of the two greatest Phœnician scholars that Europe has ever possessed, Bochart and Movers, describes them almost in the same breath as "Samuel Bochart, Protestant minister at Caen," and "Dr. Movers, Professor in the University of Breslau." If it was necessary or expedient to inform the reader that Bochart was a Protestant minister, what harm could there be in letting him know also that Francis Movers was a Catholic priest? But there *is* harm, for such candor would tend to undermine the great hereditary anti-Catholic tradition that "nothing good can come out of Nazareth." How many readers are conversant with the great names of such scholars as Muratori, Tiraboschi, Lanzi, etc., or of such lights of natural science as Spallanzani, Piazzi, the discoverer of Ceres, Hauy, the father of crystallography, not to mention a score of others, and yet never have learned that these men were priests or Religious? And of the writers who know it, how few would like to hint it to their readers? May we not justly designate this studied silence, these cautious suppressions, by the phrase of Horace, *lividas* obliviones (Ad Lollium, lib. iv.)?

[1] There have been cardinals of the noble house of Santa Croce, but not in the days of Leo X. The patron of Ambrosius, by common usage of the time, derived his name, not from his family, but from his titular Church of Holy Cross, the Sessorian Basilica. He was Bernardin Carvajal, a Spaniard of great reputation and ability, who became cardinal in 1493, and died in 1522. Seidemann, in his appendix to Luther's Letters (Berlin, 1856, pp. 604 and 654), states that this is the Santa Croce referred to in Luther's two letters to Spalatin, of August 23d and August 31st, 1520, which are found in De Wette's collection (Luther's Briefe, vol. i., pp. 480 and 482). The last quotation must be incorrect, as on turning to page 482 we find a very brief letter to Spalatin that contains no allusion to the cardinal. The other letter, on page 480, gives the substance of a letter which Luther was preparing "*ad S. Crucem*" (so he calls him), in which he requests him to act as umpire (causæ componendæ sequestrum) between himself and his opponents. It probably was never published, and De Wette is mistaken in inferring the fact of its publication, from the following letter on page 481, which warrants no such inference. It seems strange that Luther should select a Spaniard for arbiter of

had given hospitality to the Syriac strangers in his palace, intrusted the charge of examination to Ambrosius, who then happened to be living at Rome, and who had some acquaintance (not much, as he modestly confesses) with Hebrew, the Chaldee (of Daniel and Esdras), and Phœnician.[1] By going over each word singly in daily conferences with Kuri and his companions, and with the aid of a Jew skilled in the Hebrew and Arabic tongues, the indefatigable perseverance of Ambrosius enabled him to triumph over all difficulties. The orthodoxy of the missal was vindicated, and Kuri was empowered to say mass in the Holy City after his own rite.

But this investigation led to another and more important result. The linguistic appetite of Ambrosius had been whetted by this constant philological intercourse with his Jewish assistant and the Syrian clergymen, and under the guidance of the latter he began to devote himself to a wider and more profound study of the Syriac language. The fruit of these labors was the compilation of the Grammar which, after having had to wait a long time and overcome a thousand difficulties, he published at his own expense, in the year 1539.[2] He also gave himself up with unwearied energy to the task of collecting MSS. that he might be enabled to publish, and thus save for posterity, the Bible, or as much of it as possible, in the language consecrated (to use his own words) by the most holy lips of Our Blessed Lord while dwelling amongst men. He had the

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his case. Were it a German dignitary of the Church, the choice would seem more natural. Now we find in Moreri's Chronological List of Promotions to the Cardinalate, a certain John (neither his family name, nor the year of his death is given) whom Alexander VI. raised to that dignity in his ninth promotion of candidates in the year 1503. He was assigned to the titular Church of Holy Cross, Carvajal having been meanwhile, perhaps, elevated to the grade of Suburbicarian Bishop. Of his nationality nothing is said; but from the fact that he was ambassador of the Duke of Saxony to the Holy See, it is likely enough that he was a German. May not this have been the cardinal chosen by Luther?

[1] It is hard to conceive what Ambrosius means by "Elementa Punica," unless it be the deciphering, with the aid of Hebrew, of the Punic fragments of the Pœnulus.

[2] The book is one of extreme rarity, and in all probability is not to be found in any of our libraries. Hoffmann (Proleg. ad Gram. Syr., p. 42) gives the title thus: "Introductio in Chaldaicam linguam, Syriacam atque Armenicam et decem alias linguas. Characterum differentium alphabeta circiter 40 et eorumdem invicem conformatio. Mystica et Cabalistica quamplurimum scitu digna. Et descriptio ac simulachrum Fagoti Afranii. Theseo Ambrosio ex comitibus Albonesii I. U. Doct. Papiensi, Canonico Regulari Lateranensi ac S. Petri in Cœlo Aureo Papiæ Præposito Authore, 1539." And in the end, "Excudebat Papiæ Joan. Maria Simoneta Cremonensis, in Canonica Sancti Petri in Cœlo Aureo. Sumptibus et typis authoris libri. Anno a Virginis partu 1539. Quinto Kal. April." The *phagotum*, which he describes in the fifth chapter, was a musical instrument invented by his uncle Afranius, and probably resembling the "fagotto," or bassoon of modern Italy. From the title-page we learn further that his family name was Albonesi, and that he was provost of a church in his native city. Assemanni having occasion to mention Ambrosius, most unaccountably calls him Viterbiensis, that is, of Viterbo in the Papal States. (Bib. Or., I., 535.)

Psalter and some other pieces[1] ready for publication when he was called from Pavia to Ravenna to attend the annual Chapter of his Order. On his return he found that his Psalter, with all the other treasures of his library had been destroyed at the taking of Pavia (1529) by the barbarous soldiery of Francis I., to whom even then French flattery (and it found an echo in Lutheran Germany as long as there was hope of his apostasy) had begun to give the epithets of "le Grand," and "le Restaurateur des Lettres." Such high-sounding titles, if they ever reached his ears, must have provoked a ghastly smile from the broken-hearted Ambrosius, who had centred his whole soul and affections in those precious manuscripts. He subsequently procured a copy of the four Gospels, but broken down by age, infirmity, and repeated disappointments, was unable to print it, even had he found a publisher. He gave them to Widmanstadt, beseeching him to publish them some day for the benefit of the Church of Christ.[2] After some training under Ambrosius, and further study under Simeon, a Syrian Bishop from Mount Libanus, and under Moses Mardenus,[3] who had been sent by the Patriarch Ignatius of Antioch to Julius III., Widmanstadt was at last enabled to fulfil the dying request of Ambrosius. He published, for the first time in Europe, not only the Syriac Gospels, but also the entire New Testament.[4] And thus to Rome's watchfulness in the

[1] They were linguistic essays of his own on the Chaldee or Syriac and other languages. "Psalterium Chaldaicum et Collectanea quædam nostra ad linguæ illius multarumque aliarum linguarum lectionem, notionem, . . spectantia, in unum volumen redacta," as he himself says in his preface to the "Introduction" (apud Hoffmann, ibid., p. 37).

[2] See the affecting account of the interview between them in the cell of Ambrosius, and narrated at some length by Widmanstadt in his preface to the Vienna edition of the New Testament. Hoffmann gives a long extract. Ibid., p. 38.

[3] Viz. of Meredin (the Marde of Ptolemy). See his life in Assemanni, Biblioth. Oriental., vol. i., p. 535. It is strange that Jo. David Michaelis (Einleitung in die Schriften des Neuen Bundes, Zweite Aufl., Goettingen, 1765, p. 139), who is generally cautious and accurate in stating facts, should have confounded Moses of Meredin with Moses the deacon and monk, who taught Ambrosius. The latter was sent to Rome under Leo X., in 1514, by Peter, Patriarch of Antioch; the former was sent under Julius III., thirty-eight years later, in 1552, by Ignatius, Patriarch of the same city. But what is stranger still, he holds that it was Ignatius who sent both embassies, and that this Ignatius was the Patriarch of the Maronites, whereas Assemanni (who is his authority) states expressly that he was the Patriarch of the Jacobites or Eutychian heretics. The Maronites, having been always orthodox, had no occasion to make their submission to the Holy See. This mistake has passed from Michaelis (through his English translator, Bp. Marsh) into the Horæ Biblicæ of Charles Butler, and from him into Dixon's Introduction to Sacr. Scripture (Am. ed., p. 116). Speaking of Widmanstadt's Syriac New Testament, Michaelis further mistakes by saying that the editor was helped in his work by Moses Mardenus and John Lucretius. Now Lucretius was no other than the editor himself, Widmanstadt. It was the name he had assumed in his travels and intercourse with the learned men of Italy. See Le Long's Bibliotheca, with the additions of Boerner and Masch. Halle, 1781. Vol. II., P. I., de Vers. Syriaca, p. 75.

[4] It was printed at Vienna, in 1555, and the costs of publication were defrayed by

interest of undefiled religion and to the pious zeal of a cloistered student, Europe is indebted for its first acquaintance with the Syriac grammar, and for the first appearance in print of the Holy Books in that venerable language.

The elements of Syriac are taught in one or two, perhaps, of our American Catholic seminaries. In our Protestant schools of divinity we do not know that this study is cultivated to any extent, if at all, outside of New England. Yet the language and literature of Syria have grown into such importance of late years, and have made such wonderful progress in Germany, France, Belgium, and England, that American scholarship, if it cannot compete with that of the Bickells, Lagardes, Martins, and Curetons, should at least blush to remain so far behind as to be unable even to appreciate and enjoy their labors. It is true, indeed, that we have no libraries rich in manuscripts like those of Rome, Florence, Milan, Paris, and London, by the editing of which our scholars may purchase or add to their renown. But the study of Syriac, if more widely spread and more assiduously cultivated amongst us, would confer greater advantages than mere honor and reputation, which, after all, can only be the reward of the few. Catholics and non-Catholics should study it as one of the most important hermeneutical aids to the correct understanding of the Hebrew text in the Old Testament. For the interpretation of the New it is simply invaluable, being the language[1] in which our Lord spoke and taught His disciples. It is, further, the language which the Apostles spoke habitually and from

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the generosity of the Emperor Ferdinand I. Though the printed copy bore on its face the title of "New Testament," it omitted the Deutero-Canonical books, viz.: the Second Epistle of St. Peter, the Second and Third of St. John, that of St. Jude, and the Apocalypse. The Apocalypse was afterwards published from Scaliger's MS. by Ludovicus de Dieu, at Leyden, in 1627, and the remaining Epistles from English MSS., by Pocock, also at Leyden, 1630. And thus was the Syriac Phsittho, or Simple Version, made complete. The Apocalypse and Epistles added by Lud. de Dieu and Pocock do not belong, as some have supposed, to the Harklean Recension nor to the Philoxenian Version, but to the Phsittho, though added by a later hand. Cf. Gustavus Bickell, Conspectus Rei Syror. Literar. Monasterii, 1871, p. 6.

[1] We know and admit all that may reasonably be alleged in favor of the Syro-Hierosolymitan dialect. No doubt it was the one used by the people of Jerusalem and its adjacent territory. But this does not militate against the assertion made in the text. Was not our Lord, like His Holy Mother, who trained His infant lips to human speech, brought up in Galilee, of which the dialect differed as much from that of Jerusalem as both did from the language of the learned at that day? Considering the peculiar genius of the Semitic tongues, in which the vowels have no such importance as they have in those of the West, it is no exaggeration to say that these two dialects were not as far apart from each other and from the standard language, as are Neapolitan, Bolognese, Milanese, and Venetian, compared with one another, and with the written tongue of modern Italy. These, it must be remembered, and the same is true of the dialects of the ancient world, while differing from the common speech, have a special grace and elegance of their own, and are not to be compared for an instant with the rude barbarisms which separate Yorkshire, Lancashire, Sussex, Dorset, Wiltshire, etc., from the polished society of the

their infancy; the language with which Divine inspiration clothed their thoughts before they sat down to convey them through a Greek channel to the infant churches.

Men who are fond of learning may devote themselves to the study of what is best and holiest from widely different motives. In Germany those Rationalists who are simply non-believers, or destitute of religion, study Syriac as they do Hebrew, Sanscrit, or the Polynesian tongues, merely to gratify their philological tastes; and if this betrays a lamentable want of Christian faith, it argues no impiety. Those among them who are unbelievers, or positively irreligious, undertake the same study with the wicked view of discovering new weapons, if possible, against Revealed Truth. On this side of the Atlantic a Doctor of Divinity finds an inducement to the study of Syriac in the consideration that "it is the sacred dialect of that interesting people, the Nestorians."[1] The interest

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English capital. Such of our Lord's words as have been sacredly preserved by the Evangelists—the *Tlitho Kum(i)* of Mark v., 41 (in our Bibles, Talitha Cumi), the *Etpatahh* of Mark vii., 34 (corrupted into Epheta, Gr. Εφφαθα), and His complaint on the cross, *Lmono shbakton(i)*, or as pronounced by the Eastern Syrians, Lmana shbaktan(i), (Lamma sabacthani, Matth. xxvi., 46. The verse which is there given from Ps. xxi., 1, has in its original Hebrew quite a different word, *azavtani*, with Ain for its first radical)—sufficiently show that our Lord spoke Syriac, and quoted the Divine Word of the Old Testament in the same language.

[1] Rev. Calvin E. Stowe (in his commendatory notice prefixed to Hutchinson's translation of Uhlemann's Syriac Grammar). Was not Syriac, also, "the sacred dialect" of the apostles and their immediate successors, and by them used in the celebration of the divine mysteries? Was it not "the sacred dialect," as well as the mother-tongue, of the great St. Ephrem, St. James of Nisibis, St. Maruthas, St. Isaac, and of an innumerable multitude of Syrians who lived and died true Christians long before Nestorius was born? No doubt; but they were all given to Mariolatry (which they had inherited from the primitive Church), and therefore must not aspire to such respectable company as that of the Nestorians. Had the Syrian heretic Bardesanes, instead of the few scraps preserved by St. Ephrem and Eusebius, left behind him some work in which the Virgin Mother of God was reviled, we feel satisfied that Rev. Dr. Stowe would have found him more interesting than any Father of the Church, and would have discovered in his book another inducement to the study of Syriac. To speak only of our own times, is not this same language at this day "the sacred dialect" of the Jacobite or Eutychian heretics, who, being estranged from the Holy See, might be supposed to have some claim on Dr. Stowe's sympathies? Unquestionably; but for all this they are unworthy of his sympathy, they awaken in him no interest. Why is this? There can be but one answer. Though in a state of revolt against Rome, yet their devotion (*idolatry* he calls it) to the Mother of God falls not a whit behind that of the Roman and Greek churches. To honor Her, then, whom the Great King has deigned to honor, is the unpardonable sin, the "sin unto death," for which not even the most virulent hatred of Rome and her Pontiff can ever atone. Is such sentiment tolerable, even in nominal Christianity? It is simply Satanic, and could only have its origin from the one who lies bruised and writhing under Her heel. How much more farseeing and logical, if not laudable, is the theory of the High-Church Anglicans, Ritualists, and Dollingerites, who wink at the Mariolatry, saint-worship, and other "superstitions" of the Eastern schismatical churches out of consideration for the one great point, their deepseated hostility to the centre of Catholic unity?

that the New England divine takes in the Nestorians would, we fear, be found upon examination to spring mainly, if not solely, from the fact that their blasphemous doctrine dishonors HER whom "all generations shall call blessed." The Christian who is sincere, whatever his creed, should have but one ruling motive for seeking acquaintance with the Syriac Scripture, viz.: to secure an important auxiliary in determining the literal sense of Holy Writ. But for us Catholics who worship God not only "in spirit and in truth," but with the whole outward man, who have been taught to give Him the homage of all our senses, and to make even of material things so many helps to devotion, there are other strong inducements. There is for us an ineffable sweetness in hearing and repeating intelligently not only the interpreted words, but the very identical articulate sounds which were hallowed long ago by the lips of our Blessed Redeemer. We recite daily the *Magnificat*, the canticle in which the Blessed Virgin sings of the "great things" that God, the All-powerful, had wrought in her; and her words, even through the medium of Latin or English, stir our inmost hearts. But how much warmer and more lively the emotion of the soul, how much sweeter the *mel in ore*, and *melos in auribus* (to use the expressions of St. Bernard[1]), could we read, or recite, or hear those inspired words, not only according to their sense, but in the selfsame sounds that fell upon the ears of the enraptured Elizabeth when the blessed lips of the Bride of Light[2] gave utterance to that glorious outburst of deep humility and triumphant thanksgiving! But it is not our purpose to dwell on, what no one will venture to deny, the importance and excellence of the study of Syriac, viewed in its relations either to Scripture exegesis and kindred branches of sacred science, or to the mere quickening of Christian devotion. Nor do we wish to enlarge, as might be done, on the gain to dogmatic theology and Church history resulting from the many valuable documents which it has brought, and is daily bringing, to light from hidden or long-neglected archives. Catholic teaching and tradition have only been strengthened, as must necessarily always be the case, by these discoveries; and our knowledge of the condition and vicissitudes of the Church during many centuries in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Arabia, has been in many ways corrected and wonderfully increased. And what a vast and most interesting field of research and discovery in Biblical and profane archæology is opened to the Syriac scholar, if it shall be definitely ascertained

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[1] "Honey in the mouth, and melody to the ear."

[2] Calath Nuhro, a favorite name for the Blessed Virgin in the Liturgy of the Church of Antioch. She is styled there, also, the Mother of Light (Emeh d nuhro), Mother of Glorious Light (Emeh d nuhro gajo), and Mother of Light Everlasting (Emeh d nuhro mtumoio). See Off. Fer. Syrorum. Romæ, 1853, pp. 434, 445, 463, 474, 492.

that it is Aramaic records that lie hidden under the Cuneiform inscriptions of Ninive and Mossul! Martin (in preface to his Instit. Syro-Chald., p. 4) thinks it very likely. "Monumenta Aramaea latere sub cuneiformibus Ninivensibus et Mossulanis omnino verisimile est." Their Semitism seems to admit of little doubt. See Menant's Ecritures Cuneiformes (Paris, 1860), a most curious and valuable *exposé* of the steps, by which the deciphering of the cuneiform characters was gradually reached.

None will dispute these advantages, but more than one will be content to dismiss them with the mere acknowledgment of their theoretical value. Some would be content, perhaps willing and anxious, to begin the study, but are deterred by what they consider its difficulty. This difficulty is to a great extent imaginary. To any one who has a fair knowledge of Hebrew, especially if he has any acquaintance with the Chaldee portions of the Old Testament, the study of Syriac is a very light task. The grammar of both, allowing for what are little more than dialectic differences, is fundamentally the same. But there is a great advantage on the side of the Syriac. For, whereas the chief difficulty of the Hebrew grammar consists in its perplexing, cumbersome framework of three sets of vowels and rules for the interchange or permutation of the same, its shevas, mute and movable, its dageshes, accents, etc., the student of Syriac grammar is troubled with none of these stumbling-blocks. The Syriac vowels are as simple as those of the Latin,[1] and are not bandied about and permuted by rules, intricate and perhaps arbitrary, as in Hebrew. It is not considered necessary by the Syrians that each consonant should have its vowel, admitting some and excluding others, as in the case of gutturals, or of any consonant, indeed, under which movable sheva precedes another sheva. On the contrary it is the general character[2] of Syriac speech to use no

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[1] Each of the five vowel-sounds has but one sign to express it, and the student is not annoyed by three A's, four E's, three O's, etc., as in Hebrew. That there is something arbitrary in the present arrangement of Hebrew vowels, may be easily seen by any one who will examine the proper names of the Old Testament, and compare the vowels given to consonants by the Seventy and St. Jerome in their respective translations with the vowels now found in the Masoretic text.

[2] To illustrate this by a few examples, let us take the root KTL (to slay) used by later Hebrew grammarians, as Gesenius, Vosen, etc., and likewise in the Syriac grammars of Michaelis, Tychsen, Hoffmann, Roediger, Uhlemann, Wenig, and other moderns, as the paradigm of the regular verb. The preterite of the first active (Kal or Peal), *he slew*, is Hebr. katal, Syr. ktal; *thou hast slain*, Heb. katal(e)ta, Syr. ktalt; *we have slain*, Heb. katal(e)nu, Syr. ktaln. In the causative or third active (were it in use) the corresponding forms would be, Heb. hik(e)til, Syr. aktel; Heb. hik(e)tal(e)ta, Syr. aktelt; Heb. hik(e)tal(e)nu, Syr. akteln. A slight comparison between the two will show the tendency of Syriac to rid itself of all unnecessary vowels. The Hebrew vowels inclosed in brackets are not pronounced, it is true. Then why write them to bewilder the reader?

vowels, save where they are absolutely required for pronunciation, or for the purpose of modifying the root, and producing a new meaning. In view of this comparison between the difficulties of either language, might it not be wise policy, in all seminaries or learned institutions where both are taught, to begin with the study of Syriac, and after this is sufficiently mastered, to pass on to Hebrew? The garden of Semitic language and literature, though naturally somewhat difficult of access to the Western wayfarer, is nevertheless attractive and tempting to the Christian scholar, and has in it many pleasant and flowery paths where one may ramble with delight once he is fairly inside. But why should the approach to it be made horrid and repulsive, and its very entrance choked with the thorns and briers of Hebrew vowel-points?

Taking it then for granted that there are some amongst our students and clergy, especially amongst professors in seminaries, who have either begun or are willing to begin the study of the Syriac language, or who having acquired it themselves are not unwilling to share their knowledge with others, the question naturally arises about the best means of prosecuting such study; in other words, what are the most suitable text-books that one may either take up for himself or give with his own comment and explanation (as a teacher should always do) to his disciples? We therefore think it not amiss to say a few words which possibly may be of some trifling use to them in their undertaking, or help in some way to determine their choice. While we give our opinion and speak our convictions frankly and conscientiously, we do not pretend (to use the words of Cicero[1]) that what we say is to be held as coming from the tripod of Pythian Apollo. We are only *homunculus unus e multis*, one of the crowd bringing his mite to contribute to the common benefit. And for this purpose we shall begin with the grammar which is the corner-stone of all language, and discuss in the first place those which are within ordinary reach of the American student.

I. Palfrey, in his grammar, has compressed into twenty-four pages the elements of two languages, the Biblical Chaldee and the Syriac. And this he has done well and accurately enough, considering the small space into which he has gathered all that is absolutely necessary for the beginner in Syriac grammar. It is, we believe, a peculiarity of this author that he calls the sixteenth letter of the alphabet (the Ain of the Hebrews) by the name of Gnain. Is this correct? For the sake of avoiding obscurity or equivoque, it is

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[1] Ea quæ vis, ut potero, explicabo; nec tamen quasi Pythius Apollo, certa ut sint et fixa quæ dixero, sed ut homunculus unus e multis probabibilia conjectura sequens. (Tuscul. Quæst., 1, 9).

certainly better than the name Ee or E, generally given it in grammars, but which in no way represents the force of the letter. Its sound is a peculiar one, belonging only to the Semitic languages, and of all their guttural sounds is the most baffling to the tongue or throat of a European. It is far more difficult than that of the murdhanyas or cerebral letters of the Sanscrit. Mr. Hutchinson[1] says, "Ain has always a feeble sound. . . . . An Arabian would pronounce it as a sort of vowel sound, like *a*. It is a kind of soft breathing." Feeble and soft, indeed! If Mr. Hutchinson but heard this dreadful sound emitted from the throat of a Syrian or Arab, he would change these gentle epithets for harsher ones.

The Ain in the Semitic mother-tongue (of which the Arabic, perhaps, may stand for eldest daughter or next representative) must have had two sounds, one purely guttural, the other with an obscure sound of G superadded. The distinction between them is still preserved in Arabic by two distinct letters, named Ain and Gain. But in the other branches of the family, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, etc., it seems to have been gradually lost, and at this day neither difference of character or pronunciation, nor diacritical point is left to enable us to know one from the other. Yet that this distinction was known to the learned Jews from tradition, even after Hebrew had become a dead language, is manifest from the different way in which the Seventy have transliterated them in proper names containing one or the other of these sounds. Thus mere Ain is generally omitted, as in Ammon, Amalec, Amri (Omri in Hebrew and the Anglican version), Amos, etc., while the Gain is replaced by G, as in Gaza, Gomorrha, etc. The Gain, however, as discovered by the transliteration of the old interpreters, or by comparison with the Arabic, is very rare in Hebrew and Syriac, compared with the other pure guttural. It seems, therefore, unfair that the solitary character yet remaining should have appropriated to it the name of Gain or Gnain. It is true that in some of the Rabbinical schools of Europe, Jewish children and other disciples are taught to give this guttural the sound of NG in the English words, *hang*, *ring*, *long*.[2] But this is not approved of by other Jewish teachers. Moreover, it is absurd, for nasal and guttural sounds are not one and the same thing. To call it Ain will serve every necessary purpose.

[1] In his Exercises and Chrestomathy appended to his translation of Uhlemann's Syriac Grammar, p. 258.

[2] Alting, in his Hebrew Grammar, or "Fundamenta Punctationis Linguæ Sanctæ, Francofurti, 1730," calls this letter Ngai, and (p. 6) mentions approvingly the opinion of Peter Martini, who says that Ain is GN at the beginning of a syllable, and NG at its close. This is the best edition of Alting's Grammar, and has appended to it Otho's Syriac, Rabbinical, Samaritan, and Ethiopic grammars, all of the same date, 1730. Hoffmann, Uhlemann, and Wenig mention only the Syriac Grammar of 1701. Wenig has 1702, but we take it for a misprint.

Palfrey's Grammar is not adapted to every beginner, because he presupposes a knowledge of Hebrew which all may not possess, and which is by no means necessary for the study of Syriac. On the contrary, the natural order of going from what is easy, or rather from what is less difficult, to that which is more so, would be that the student of Hebrew should have acquired some knowledge of Syriac beforehand. Besides, the book, small as it is, is rendered somewhat difficult by having the rules for Chaldee and Syriac mixed up together. Not that there is any confusion, for the rules of each are distinct enough, but the Chaldee takes the pre-eminence, and the Syriac is made, as it were, subordinate to it. So that the beginner who wishes to learn Syriac only, will not find it an easy task to pick out and master what is the sole object of his study, without the aid of a teacher. But for one who already possesses Hebrew and Biblical Chaldee, the book is useful enough, and will prepare the student to avail himself with ease and profit of the more copious stores of Michaelis, Hoffmann, Uhlemann, and others.

The only serious inaccuracy in this book occurs where the author is treating of the regular verb. He says (p. 19) that "before a final guttural or Rish, A takes the place of U or E." As to the E, let it pass for the present. But his mention of U in this connection shows his meaning to be that in case the last radical should be a guttural or R, the Imperative and Future of the first active (Peal) must substitute A for U under their second radical. Uttered in this general way, the assertion is highly incorrect. And what is not a little strange, Uhlemann falls explicitly into the same mistake. He says, "not only the Imperative, but the Future of verbs med. E (*i. e.*, having E under the middle radical),[1] and of those having the third radical a guttural, take A."[2] And this he repeats after a few pages: "They (verbs with guttural or R for third radical) take in the Future and Imperative Peal A instead of U."[3] Tychsen, in his Elementale Syriacum,[4] makes even a worse mistake when he ex-

[1] This is false on account of its generality. For some with E under second radical take U. Ex. gr. *sged* to adore, *kreb* to approach, *shtek* to be silent, make in their future nesgUd, nekrUb, neshtUk.

[2] Syriac Grammar, translated by Hutchinson, second edition, p. 57.

[3] Ibid., p. 63. Uhlemann has here added a parenthesis, which Mr. Hutchinson has neglected to translate. We give it from the second German edition, the same which Mr. H. follows in the second edition of his translation. "There is found, however, a future in U from *tbah* (*h* here stands for Ain) in the Harklean version of Luke vi., 30, and in the Act. Mart. cxvi., 4." These last numerals must be incorrect, for we have examined the Acta Martyrum of Assemanni, the book referred to, at the place indicated, and can find there no future of *tbah*, or any other verb ending in a guttural. It is true, however, that *tbah* makes the future *netbuh*, when it means *obsignabit*, but it is *netbah* when the verb means *demergetur*. After all it would seem that Uhlemann incorrectly considers this verb an anomalous exception to the general rule.

[4] Olai Tychsen, Elementale Syriacum Rostochii, 1793, p. 16. This little book is

tends this rule to verbs that have R or a guttural for the second radical. His modifying term "*plerumque*" lessens, but does not mend the error in the least. Phillips is neither correct nor consistent. On page 81 he lays down the rule with the same broad generality as Palfrey or Uhlemann; on page 85 he modifies it by adding "for the most part." Yet even this is not quite correct. Others, too, have made the same mistake. Christian Benedict Michaelis, in his "Syriasmus,"[1] states the point with accuracy, viz., "the verbs above mentioned have sometimes A, sometimes U." We need scarcely say that Martin lays down the rule briefly and correctly (p. 19). Even Ludovicus de Dieu,[2] two hundred and fifty years ago, gives this point of Syriac grammar with surprising accuracy for one so warped by his devotion to Hebrew philology. So does Hoffmann[3] in his Grammar (§§ 56, 64), though in the former paragraph his language is ambiguous, and may have misled some who read him only superficially. But in the "Adnotationes" to § 56, and in the text of § 64, he lays down the true doctrine most clearly, and brings examples of some twenty verbs which take U in the Imperative and Future, though having R or a guttural for third radical. He might easily have added twenty more. And he might have added, too, the special case of a verb like *tbar*, to break, which has A in its Future (netbar), but U in its Imperative (tbur). We do not remember seeing this noticed in any grammar or lexicon,

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even smaller than Palfrey's, but it has a good Chrestomathy, better than its Lexicon. It contains valuable extracts, some of them inedited, nearly all of them new and interesting, even to advanced scholars, while a few of them would puzzle the graybeards of Mossul and the Libanus.

[1] Reprinted at Rome, with a few judicious notes and additions, under the simple title of "C. B. Michaelis Grammatica Syrica, 1829." This is an unexceptionable text-book, and has been used in the schools of Rome for the last forty years and more. The edition is, we believe, now exhausted. Our reference is to pp. 25, 52, and 62 of this edition.

[2] Grammatica Linguarum Orientalium, Heb., Chald., et Syr., Lugduni Batavorum (Elzevir), 1628, 4to. See Lib. iii., Chap. II, pp. 200, 203. This is a splendid work, and were it not for some slight tincture of Hebrew and Buxtorfian prejudices, would be one of the best. What constitutes his chief merit is, that he has fully recognized the worth of the Roman Maronite grammarians, and especially Amira, whom he carefully follows. Indeed, it may be truly said that the more closely a writer treads in the footsteps of Amira, the less danger is there of his falling into error or inaccuracy. The great orientalist, Erpenius, made a compendium of Amira, and it is to be regretted that he did not live long enough to publish it. It was probably the irksome task of transcription that prevented any one else from undertaking the task of posthumous publication. For Erpenius had set down all the strictly Syriac portion, paradigms, examples, etc., in the Hebrew character, with which the learned world was then more familiar than with the Syriac. Amira, who was an alumnus of the Maronite College in Rome, published his grammar in that city in 1596. He was afterwards made Bishop of Edessa, and finally Patriarch of the Maronite nation, and died in 1644. See his brief Life in Assemanni, in Biblioth. Orient., i., 552.

[3] Grammat. Syr. Halæ, 1827, pp. 174, 176, 188.

and therefore confirm it by an example or two. In his fourth Parænesis or Exhortation to Penance, speaking of the devil's snares which have entrapped the soul, St. Ephrem says: "In Thy mercy break them (tbur enun), and like a bird I shall be set free."[1]

All these errors, especially among older writers (whom moderns blindly repeat), have arisen from the prevalent notions of the intrinsic excellence of Hebrew, its priority, and the consequent influence it must be expected to exercise on the other Semitic tongues. But these notions are partly groundless, partly exaggerated. For the Hebrew does not hold the place of mother, but of sister, and indeed younger sister, to such languages as the Syriac and Arabic. It is then an idle assumption to pretend that the laws of Hebrew euphony must be applied to these two languages. Different peoples have different notions of euphony. The Greek cannot bear that M or N should be immediately followed by R; he must insert a B or a D respectively between them before his ear is satisfied. Hence the *ανδρος* for *ανρος* shortened from *ανερος*. Hence he turns the Hebrew vale of Mamre into Mambre, and the Aryan *amrta* (the death-repelling food of Gods) into ambrosia.[2] An N before an S is intolerable to him, and Clement (Clemens) and Valens are not admitted to Greek citizenship until they have been debarbarized and made to answer to a new name, Klemes or Ouales (*Κλημης Ουαλης*). But the Syrian or Hebrew does not share all these prejudices. He hears no cacophony in M before R, as the words he daily or most frequently used bear witness, emro, a lamb; hhamro, wine; temro, eyebrow; mimro, poem, and a hundred others.[3] Yet the Syrian (perhaps the Hebrew too) finds N before S or R unpleasant to the ear, and when practicable, he expunges it before the one, allows it to melt into the latter. Thus Clement and Constantine are known to them only as Klimis (to the English ear Kleemees) and Kustantinos; and the Henry of the Crusades is registered in their chronicles as Herri.[4] The immediate origin of

[1] St. Ephrem Opera, vol. iii., p. 388, l. 19, cf. Ibid., p. 398, l. 27. These two passages are also indicated by Bickell in his Glossary to St. Ephrem's Carmina Nisibena, first published by him at Leipsic, 1866, p. 69. Two other examples may be found in the prayers that accompany the little "Laudate" in Thursday's Tierce in the Maronite office, Rom. ed., 1830, p. 305 (edition of 1863, p. 350, l. 15), and again, in the hymn of St. James of Sarug, which ends the Tierce of Wednesday, p. 244 (edition of 1863, p. 278, l. 11). The latter hymn is used in the Breviary of the Church of Antioch, at the close of Monday's Tierce, Off. Fer. Syror. Romæ, 1853, p. 156.

[2] The change began with *βροτος* (mortal) which is nothing else than the Sanscrit part, *mrtas* (MORTuus of the Latins) dead, and with A *privativum amrtas*, *αμβροτος* (for *αμροτος*) not dead, undying, immortal.

[3] All participles, for example, of the second active, where the first radical is R, as Mraimo, exalted, and (as a name of God) the Most High.

[4] The English and Italian betray their weakness in the same word, Harry, Harriet, Arrigo.

this special error about the last vowel of the Syriac future lies in the absurd notion of the old Hebrew-worshippers, that the theory of Patahh furtivum must extend to the Syriac. No vowel, unless it be of the A sound (long or short) can stand before a final guttural in Hebrew. But Syriac euphony is not so choice or exclusive. On the contrary, every vowel is welcome in such case but one, viz., E. Words like *shbihh*, glorious, *zohh*, extulit, movit se, *ruhh*, spiritus, are almost innumerable in this language.

II. The next grammar that deserves some notice is that of Mr. Phillips. It may not be out of place to make a few observations on this book, of which some of those readers in whose interest we write may possess a copy, for we have seen copies of it in our book-stores. Mr. Phillips has done his work generally well. He has had the prudence or good fortune to choose for his guide Amira, or what amounts to the same, Isaac Sciadrensis, Amira's disciple.[1] Hence he is correct in his rules for letters, nouns, and verbs (with the exception noticed above), and in his Syntax; and without being too minute and prolix, gives the full amount of what a student ought to get out of a grammar. We will not quarrel with him for changing the name of the "emphatic" state of nouns to that of "definite;" though changes of received terminology in grammar ought not to be made without a weighty reason, but we think it injudicious to throw out the long used term "suffix" and substitute "affix" in its stead. It would be better to consider "affix" as a general term, including under it prefixes and suffixes, according as the added syllable is placed in the beginning or at the end of the word. It is thus used by Prof. Haldeman in his excellent work on affixes.[2] Whenever Mr. Phillips leaves his guide and falls back on his own resources, he is careless, loose and slipshod, and incorrect, above all in his translations, and gives rise to a doubt at times whether his mistakes proceed from a want of care or a want of knowledge. Let us see a few examples.

On page 13 he gives "Baja," he *was* consoled; it should be with active meaning, "he consoled." Page 126, the preposition Ssed (more correctly Sseid; he prints it by mistake Sseir) is translated *against*. It never has such meaning; it is identical with the Latin *penes* or *apud*. Page 127, he translates phelgut nechsai, "*division* of my goods" It should be "*half* of my goods;" and is taken (what Mr. P. seems never to have suspected) from Luc. xix., 8, where Zacchæus, in compensation for possible fraud, promises to restore one-*half* of his goods. Page 184, Shbuk(u) robe(i)n, "*Allow* both *to*

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[1] Grammatica Syriaca, Romæ, 1636.

[2] Affixes in their Origin and Application. By S. S. Haldeman, A.M. Philadelphia: 1865. This is a learned and valuable book, that has not been sufficiently appreciated.

grow," is translated "*They permitted* them to grow." It is the passage of Matt. xiii., 30, and Mr. P. quotes it incorrectly from Luc. xviii., 16. In the next line, Washbuk(u) ozel, "And let him (Lazarus) go" (Joh. xi., 44), is rendered "And *they permitted* him to go." On the same page, "*Aicano dlo eshcahh ohhed enun*," "so that it (the house) could not hold them" (Mark ii., 2), is perverted into "so that *he* was not able to receive *him*." Still again on same page, "Halech(u) ltamon," "go thither" (Joh. xi., 15), is arbitrarily changed as to mood and person, "let us go thither." What St. Matthew (ii., 9) says of the star, "until it came and stood over the house," etc. (*hdamo d'eto kom*, wau (the conj. *and*) being elegantly omitted in Syriac), is thus strangely altered "Until I came, I stood!" All these blunders, some of which are little to the credit of one who professes to teach grammar, might have been avoided by merely consulting his Syriac Testament or even the Greek or English version. But if correctness and precision are absolutely needed anywhere, it is in the translation and parsing of these grammatical exercises that are given for the benefit of beginners, to initiate them into the knowledge of words and their meaning, and the practical application of grammar rules. Mr. Phillips has some of these at the end of his book, consisting of passages from Scripture, Bar-Hebræus and St. Ephrem, to which he has added notes to help the student. As long as the extracts are only from Scripture, the notes are very good, and there can be detected in them no trace of inaccuracy. But when Mr. Phillips comes to deal with Bar-Hebræus he loses himself, seemingly for want of a guide, and falls into mistakes. We give a few of the more glaring.

The Syrian Chronicler (p. 189) speaking of the Seventy interpreters calls them "wise men *who were skilled* (damphosin) in both tongues, Greek and Hebrew." In the note we are told that the word in parenthesis comes from *phos*, and means *to interpret*. In the first place *phos* is not in use; when it was it never had this meaning. *Phos* survives only in its third active, *aphis*, and means *to persuade*. Its second or passive participle is used adjectively with Beth following, in the meaning of "skilled" (gnarus, versatus). If he had only turned to his New Testament (Acts xxvii., 3), he would have found the same word used by St. Paul when he praised Agrippa as one "well acquainted"[1] (mphoso) with the Jewish law and institutions. On the same page Mr. Phillips informs us that Kurbono (gift, offering) comes from *Kreb*, which in its Ethpaal has the sense of "making offerings." He should have said "in its Pael," the Ethpaal means "to be offered." *Ahhrebt(i) bait(i)* (p. 194)

[1] The Greek original has γνώστης, the Anglican version "expert," our own "whereas thou knowest," than which nothing could be more literal.

is rendered "my house *is desolate*." Here case, gender, person, and the causative conjugation are all lost sight of. *Bait(i)* is not nominative and feminine, but accusative and masculine (as he himself had already stated in these very Exercises, p. 178), and ahhrebt(i) is not third person masculine, of the first voice, but of the third active, second person and feminine (as the jud otiosum plainly shows). The true rendering is this: "Thou (O woman!) hast made desolate (or hast ruined) my house." *Mpharsio* (p. 195) is explained "he extendeth or pointeth." He adds that it comes from *phras* (to extend). It is not from *phras*, but from the quadriliteral *pharsi*, to lay bare, disclose. The participle from the context has a future sense and must be Englished "He (God) will disclose." In his last extract (p. 202) from Bar-Hebræus (or his continuator) Mar Jabaloho (My Lord Adeodatus or Deusdedit they would have said in the Western Church) is called a "Kathuliko shbihho." This Mr. Phillips (misled perhaps by the Latin translation in Assemanni B. Or., II., 266, who wrote only for intelligent readers) translates ridiculously enough "a laudable Catholic!" The old Jacobite, we fear, would have lowered his brow and shrugged his shoulders, had any one in his time paid him this unmeaning compliment. *Kathuliko* amongst the Eastern heretics is not the name of a creed, but of a Church dignitary, like Bishop, Maphriano, and Patriarch. Among the Eastern Christians, who are Catholics, *i. e.*, in communion with Rome, the grades of Kathuliko and Maphriano are as unknown as they are in the churches of the West. What the Syriac writer wished to say, was simply this: "Mar Jahaloho, the worthy Primate, gave orders for the honorable burial of Bar-Hebræus," etc.

Another ludicrous blunder occurs on p. 196, in a passage taken from the Fables or Facetiæ of Bar-Hebræus. It tells of a man whose house was broken into by thieves, who stole everything in it and left nothing but the *srigto*. And what was this? Mr. Phillips gravely tells us in the note that it means "the roof." To leave nothing but the roof, they must have, besides the contents of the house, carried off the walls and the floor. The Syriac fabulist never wrote, never gave a chance to infer from what he had written, any such absurdity. Srigto is not "the roof" but "a mat," the simple, portable bed[1] of the Easterns. The writer's mistake is explained possibly and probably enough, in this way. Phillips took this anecdote from the Chrestomathy of Kirsch, to which a Lexicon was added by Bernstein in the ed. of Leipsic 1836. He consulted Bernstein's Lexicon for *srigto*, and found these meanings: "Textum,

[1] The mat (*matta* in mediæval Latin) was anciently the name in monasteries for a bed, and is the origin of our "mattress."

intextum aliquid, storea, strages, *i. e.*, stragulum, etc." He took the first, and either with his eye or in his mind confounded it with *tectum* (roof). At the end of the same fable *blo agro* is translated "reward hath decayed." There is a verb *blo* or *bli*, to decay, but it is not found here. *Blo* is compounded of the preposition Beth, in or with, and *lo*, not; literally *with not*, that is without. It is the same as *Dlo*, but not so common. *Blo agro*, therefore means *without reward*. On page 198 the phrase *Trissai shubhho* is explained "those persons or things worthy of praise." It means simply "the Orthodox," as (with the arrogance peculiar to all heretics) the Eutychians style themselves. The Greek schismatics do the same; and if we were to seek a parallel case nearer home, we should readily find it in the sects whose proud name intimates that they alone profess the Gospel of Christ. *Trissai shubhho* means "right in opinion," and is the literal translation of the two words (ορθος and δοξα) of which *Orthodoxy* is composed. The Syrians have also naturalized the Greek term, and "those of the true faith" are called in their Missal and Office[1] Orthodocse, and with anomalous plural form Orthodocsu and Arthodocsu.

A remark or two on his notes on St. Ephrem and we have done with Mr. Phillips, about whom we had not anticipated saying so much. The last extract in his Grammar is a hymn of the great Doctor of the Syrian Church, taken (as Mr. Phillips might have stated, since he has given it a new heading) from the third volume (p. 129) of the Roman edition of St. Ephrem's Works. In the sixth stanza *hhoshon* is not "utility" but a participle, *availing*, *useful*, and in the plural feminine (used for the neuter) preceded by *lo*, is "unavailing, worthless things." In the same stanza *mahbarto* (*h* for *Ain*)[2] is rendered *instrument*. For this there is no warrant in the root *hbar* (with *Ain*) transiit. "Mahbarto" seems to be a road or passage for transportation by land or water. And this is not far from the meaning given by Castell, "transitus, pons," but unaccompanied by any example. Yet taking it literally as the immediate derivative of the participle of Aphel ("he or that which carries across, carrier"), it would be hard, in the absence of aught positive to the contrary, to deny the meaning given to it by Ambarachi[3] in the Roman edition,

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[1] See Maronite Office, Rome, 1830, p. 405 (ed. of 1863, p. 466, l. 5). Maronite Missal (printed in Rome about the middle of the seventeenth century), pp. 84, 95, 182, 200, 212.

[2] In the absence of Syriac type there is no means of letting the reader know when *Ain* occurs, as it has no representative in the European alphabet. Our only alternative has been to put *h* instead of it, and notify the reader each time that it stands for Ain. But this is tedious and unsatisfactory. Some writers represent it by a kind of inverted comma or sign of aspiration; but to introduce this into the middle of a word is awkward.

[3] He is often called Petrus Benedictus, and during his lifetime was generally known as Father Benedetti. These are translations of his Syriac name Mbarach, which means "blessed."

though it be found in none of our printed dictionaries. He translates it cymba[1] (boat); and he is great authority. Perhaps it is yet more general in its signification, "any means of conveyance or transportation," and this would cover boat, bridge, etc.

To part on good terms with Mr. Phillips, we will say that his translation of the difficult word *Malhe* (*h* standing for *Ain*) in the third line of the first stanza, is just what the root and the context require. He renders it "blind, sordid, ignorant." We may drop the third meaning and stick to the first without condemning the second. Yet he has great names against him. Bernstein is for excluding the word altogether, and replacing it by the word *Kalohe* (with Ain for third consonant), funditores (slingers). But this change is unnecessary, unsuited to the context, and violates the metre. Hence it is justly rejected by Bickell in his Glossary,[2] sub. v. Bickell says that Ambarachi and Hahn translate it by *cæcus* (blind), and this he does not approve. Under the root made up of the three elements, M, L, and Ain, Castell gives but two words, *Malho*, albugo, and *Mloho*[3] "lema, sordes in oculo." Now Bickell thinks that these meanings do not warrant the translation "*blind*" in the passage of St. Ephrem. He would rather give it the sense of "vilis, stultus, nequam," from two cognate Arabic words. It is, indeed, with great diffidence that the writer ventures to dissent from the opinion of this great Catholic scholar. But even apart from the authority of the Roman editors of St. Ephrem, and of Zingerle,[4] there is no good reason why the meaning of *blind*, or something to the same effect, should not be inferred from the clue given in Castell's dictionary, and confirmed by Bar-Bahlul's MS. Lexicon. It cannot be denied that it is not uncommon in Syriac to designate the noun and its *immediate* adjective by the same word. Thus Caphno is *hungry* and *hunger;* Hheshuco is *dark* and *darkness;* Phshito *branching* (outstretched) and a *branch;* Marho[5] (with Ain) *ill* and

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[1] The closest rendering in Latin of Mahbarto would be "transportatrix," as the Syrians having no neuter use in its stead the feminine. No name could be more expressive of a boat, and in fact a certain class of boats goes by a name very like it (transports).

[2] See page 52 of Glossary in "S. Ephræmi Syri Carmina Nisibena additis Prolegomenis et Supplemento Lexicorum Syriacorum. Primus edidit, vertit, explicavit Doctor Gustavus Bickell, Lipsiæ, 1866." This is a large and important accession to St. Ephrem's Poems, and edited with the care and learning that such a work demands.

[3] Castell gives this word without vowel-points, but Thomas Novariensis (from whom he quotes it), in his Thesaurus, Rome, 1636, page 39, points it with double Zkopho, *Mloho*. Bickell has Meloho, but this is, perhaps, an error of print.

[4] "Gesänge gegen die Gruebler, aus dem heiligen Ephräm gewählt und metrisch aus dem Syrischen uebersetzt von P. Pius Zingerle, Innsbruck, 1834." He translates Malhe "die Blinden."

[5] May not Malho be in some way connected with Marho? Or, to put it plainly, are they not variant forms of the same triliteral Semitic root? The interchangeableness of L and R runs through the Semitic as well as the Indo-European languages. Thus

illness. Then, since Malho is disease or *weakness of the eyes*, what is there to prevent the same word from meaning also *weak-eyed?* It suits the context well enough, for the Saint is inveighing against the *Bossuye* (or Searchers, as he most aptly calls heretics, the ever-seeking, never-finding inquirers after Truth, according to the Apostle, 2 Tim. iii., 7), who attempt with their feeble eyes to gaze on Uncreated Light, and scrutinize the mysteries of God, instead of accepting them with humble faith as the Christian should. The root MLH (3d rad. Ain), as we now find it in Syriac, has but one meaning, and that implies disease of the eye. This meaning, then, is the one that must be applied to the passage of St. Ephrem, unless the context absolutely forbid such application. In this case, and in this case only, can it become lawful to search out another meaning in the cognate languages. Does the context forbid our giving the word this meaning? It does not; on the contrary, explained in this way, the passage has an easy, natural meaning. Bickell is scarcely exact when he says that Ambarachi translates Malho by *cæcus.* The word or phrase used by the Syrian Jesuit is "qui oculis caligabant." Now, *caligare* in good Latin (and Ambarachi was ambitious in this respect) means to be short-sighted or dim-sighted, like *cæcutio.* And even had he used the word *cæcus*

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in Hebrew we find *almanot* (palaces) and *armanot;* in Syriac, *armalto* (widow) by the side of the Hebr. *almana;* and in both, the primitive biliteral portion of the root, aMAR or eMAR (dixit) identifies itself with the root MAL (locutus est) of MALal and MALel. That the same root should express, according to its variation in form (MARho or MALho), disease in general, or disease in a particular form, need not surprise any one who is in the least acquainted with the gradual growth, the fluctuation, the final establishment, or the falling off and decay of certain meanings in the words of every language. Terms of general signification come to lose their generality either by process of time, or by migration and dispersion among those who retain the language, and become specific; or what oftener happens, the generic and specific meanings divide the word between them, one retaining the original, the other seizing on the variant form, and sometimes peaceably interchanging their possessions. Thus, for example, the primitive Aryan roots signifying *wood* and *tree* (represented in Sanscrit by *daru* and *druma*), have come down through the later offshoots of Aryan stock with their generality much impaired and diminished. In the Teutonic family it has been preserved to some extent, as in the Gothic *triu* (arbor), and in our English *tree.* In Greek these roots show themselves under various forms, δρῦς, δρῦμος, δόρυ, and (with reduplication and nasal epenthesis) δένδρον. Of these, δρῦς (like its Celtic sister) and δρῦμος have dwindled down into *oak* and *oak-grove;* δένδρον retains its general notion of *tree;* δόρυ ranges from the highest possible generality down to the narrowest point, signifying "wood, tree, beam, ship-timber, ship, wooden spear, wooden javelin," and (widening back again) "spear and javelin of any kind." And it happens not unfrequently that in two languages born of the same mother a term which retains its general meaning in the one acquires a special meaning in the other. In the German and English, both sisters of Teutonic stock, for example, this has happened to the words Hund and Dogge (Hound and Dog). Each of these words is generic in one language and specific in the other. Their "dog" is not known to us outside of the chase; whilst our general term designates for them only the "bulldog."

(blind), it is well known that (like *blind* in English) it is not unfrequently taken in a limited sense.

We subjoin the first six stanzas which contain the words that have been the subject of remark. They will not displease the reader, though the translation is far from doing justice to the noble simplicity of the original. The metrical arrangement of the lines (five to the stanza) has been retained from Phillips's Grammar.

I.

The Standard[1] of Truth
That was set up in the Scriptures
Has been abandoned by the short-sighted men
Who have begun to hurl (their darts)
Against the Lord of the Watchers.[2]

II.

This is the Standard,[3]
That the Father is One
And Undivided;[4]
That the Son also is One
And Incomprehensible.[5]

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[1] "*Nisho* may mean sign, scope, mark, standard" (*i. e.*, banner), etc. Hahn translates *vexillum;* Ambarachi *symbolum* and *meta;* Zingerle *ziel*, and insists that it can have no other meaning. The meaning "*meta*" may be favored by the third stanza, but "banner" suits well the second, where the Christian standard, or its device rather, is explained.

[2] Vigiles, as the Vulgate calls it in Daniel. The "Watchers, Watchers on high, Heavenly Watchers, Watchers of Light," are constantly used in the Syriac liturgy as synonyms for Angels. They stand on the watch-towers of Heaven, and keep an incessant lookout, not to guard the safety of God's throne, but to befriend and succor our poor humanity, and to discover the first symptoms of repentance in the sinner awakened by grace, that they may circulate the joyful tidings through the heavenly Jerusalem (Luc. xv., 10). The name in Syriac is the same as that found in the original (not Hebrew, but Chaldee) of Dan. iv., 10, 14, 20, where our Bible agrees with the text, but the Anglican (like the Syriac) begins the chapter with verse iv. Michaelis, in his notes to Castell's Syriac Lexicon (Göttingen ed., p. 649), asserts that Angels must have been distinguished from Watchers as far back as the time of St. Ephrem. This he gathers from an old life of the Saint (in Assemanni's B. O., vol. i.), which says that "he was buried by the Angels and Watchers." But the inference is not just. "Angels and Watchers" is a cumulative form of expression, and is used frequently at this day in the Syrian Liturgy by those who hold that Watchers and Angels are only different names for one and the same thing. It means Angels in their twofold capacity of *Malache* and *Hire* (Messengers and Watchers). Michaelis further thinks that it was from Daniel's name of "Watchers" (the etymology of which he has been the first and only one to doubt) that the Church derived her doctrine of Angel Guardians. Quite an ancient and respectable origin, it would seem!

[3] Most of the errors of that day turned on the Trinity and Incarnation.

[4] The Syriac "Dlo phulogo" is literally "without division." F. Zingerle thinks it ought to be rendered "without doubt," and "phulogo" may have that meaning.

[5] Lit. inscrutable.

III.

The Standard is clearly seen,
It is set up in the light;
And yet the fool shoots
His random[1] arrows
In the midst of darkness!

IV.

Let ceasing (of speech) be
The end[2] of the eloquent;
And let silence be
The end of the Searchers
Into things hidden.

V.

Let the mouth learn
How it should speak,
And then[3] let it speak
Lest it have to repent
After it has spoken.

VI.

Let it first learn,
And then it may teach;
Lest it be likened
To a boat[4] freighted
With worthless wares.

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[1] *Blile.* Phillips has retained Blaile, a typographical error of the Rom. edition.

[2] Mr. Phillips says that *thhum* means *between.* We cannot accept this statement on his authority. It means "end, limit." The sense is clear enough; the end of all eloquence, of all pretended scientific investigation on the part of God's enemies, must necessarily be the silence of defeat. But whether the future of the text (nehwe) be used for the subjunctive as we have taken it, or merely future, we will not decide. Either makes good sense.

[3] *Achen.* It is singular that this little word has not yet made its way into any Lexicon. We have consulted in vain those of Castell with the additions of Michaelis, of Bernstein, Roediger, Zingerle, Bickell, and Martin. It does not seem to occur anywhere in the Bible. Castelli (Göttingen ed., p. 35) has Achen and Achno, with Olaph between Caph and Nun. But this Olaph is a mistake of the print for Achzen, Achzno. In all the passages quoted by Castell (Prov. xxiii., 7; xxv., 14, 25; Eccl. xxvii., 19; and Rom. v., 18), *aczno* is found. *Achen* might be a prolonged form of *Aich* (with *jud* elided, just as achzno comes from aich and zno), but more probably is *chen* "deinde" with prosthetic Olaph. Another example of *achen* may be found on page 239 of a poetical treatise on Good Conduct (Ctobo d'Shaphir Dubore), written long ago by John, a Chaldee monk of Mossul, and printed at Rome, in 1868, in Chaldee characters. He says: "First work out in thy mind the hidden things (mysteries of religion), and *then* (w'achen) become a teacher." The sentiment is very like that of St. Ephrem.

[4] F. Zingerle, in his translation, favors the idea of "a crossing" or "bridge." He says:

Dass er nicht sey
Wie ein Uebergang
Für Ungeziemendes.

III. Though M. Martin's book is published in Europe, we think it deserves some notice at our hands, not only because of its intrinsic worth, but also because it may be easily procured, and at trifling expense.[1] The author is a French priest, who has established his fame as a Syriac scholar by several works[2] on the philology of that language, amongst which is his publication of the grammatical treatises of Abulpharagius (the Arabic name by which Bar-Hebræus was generally known amongst his Mohammedan contemporaries).[3] He is an enthusiast on the subject of Syriac and Oriental studies, and seeks to infuse a portion of this spirit into his clerical fellow-countrymen. In his preface, which is addressed to the French clergy, he earnestly and warmly commends these studies as most useful to the priest, and as necessary to the theologian.[4] Indeed, his zeal waxes not only warm, but almost angry, when he inveighs against the intellectual torpor that seems to have seized upon those whose lives are professedly dedicated to the cause of God and religion. His language applies not to France only, but to any and every country where the entire body of the priesthood is not tied down to incessant missionary duty. We give the opening sentences of the preface, that the reader may see what it is that forms his special ground of complaint, and that he may have also some idea of M. Martin's Latin style.

"Non ad hos dirigo libellulum meum, qui putant et tempus et sudorem et pecuniam amittere illum, qui scientiæ operam navat vitamque devovet. Et quam numerosi sint isti in clero, quacumque de causa ita fiat, ü qui legunt ephemerides, libros diurna nocturnaque manu volutant, vel cum rebus Ecclesiæ nostri temporis familiares existunt, solum norunt! Hos sane non convertet libellulus iste, quem cum viderint extraneis characteribus signatum, tanquam necromanticum opus refugient. Unus ipse Deus vix eos convertere posset, nam nostri sæculi mores qui tantam in Clero Catholico scientiam cujusvis generis exigere videntur, hos parum commovent; unde quomodo malo subveniendum, quomodo innitendum ut Clerus semper primas sub respectu scientifico teneat, neque leviter curant. Tales (et quandoque pios) homines si ad meliorem de studiis opinionem revocare opus esset, certus sum meos omnino irritos fore conatus. Aerem incassum verberaturus essem."

M. Martin intimates that one of his motives for publishing the book is, that clergymen may, by its perusal, gauge their own disposition towards this class of studies. To this end he has made it short, that they may discover without much difficulty how easy it is to acquire the elements of Syriac. When they have gone through it, they will have found out whether there is sufficient inducement for them to persevere or not. If they think there is, let

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[1] It costs only about 80 or 90 cents.

[2] "Jacques d'Edesse et les Voyelles Syriennes, Paris, 1869;" "Jacobi Edesseni Epistola ad Georg. Ep. Sarug. de Orthographia Syr., Paris, 1869;" "Tradition Karkaphienne, Paris, 1870;" "Syriens Orientaux et Occidentaux, Paris, 1872."

[3] Œuvres Grammaticales d'Aboulfaradj, Paris, 1872. 2 vols., 8vo.

[4] Page 2.

them "set out and proceed prosperously" on the way. If they feel disinclined (which he fears will be the case with many), let them follow their bent, and settle down comfortably in their old state of sluggishness. Even so, the effort they have made will have done them no harm.

M. Martin's book is worthy of all praise, not only for the motives that inspired him to write, but also for the way in which he has accomplished his purpose. It is a model of brevity, only forty-seven pages being devoted to what is strictly grammar. The rest is made up of Preface, Chrestomathy, and Glossary. But in this short compass he has given everything that is really necessary. The author, however, does not look upon his work as perfect; all that he modestly claims for it is, that it will serve as a preparation or introduction to the larger works of Hoffmann, Uhlemann, or others who have written full, elaborate treatises of Syriac Grammar. It is unnecessary to say that M. Martin never dogmatizes, never states anything of which he is not certain. Hence his rules are precise and accurate; in them he has done his best to be concise, but there is no confusion, no looseness, no inaccuracy. The only inexactness that we have seen—and it is slight enough, regarding the form of expression rather than the substance—occurs on page 50, where, speaking of the verb *Slek*, he says that the first letter, Semcat, is treated like the Nun (in Pe-Nun verbs). This is a *lapsus linguæ*, for it is not the first radical (Semcat), but the second radical (Lomad), that is dropped in the Future and Aphel of this verb; and it bears more resemblance to a verb of the "geminantia Ain" order than to one of the Pe-Nun class. Or it may be said to borrow its anomalous tense and third Active from the obsolete *Nsak* (ascendit), cognate with the Chaldee *Nesak* found in Daniel. Any one is welcome to hold this opinion, provided he do not make of it a dogma from which none may dissent (as Michaelis arbitrarily does in his notes to Castell's Lexicon, p. 599).

One of the things that has pleased us most in M. Martin's book, is the courage with which he has ventured to discard the old technical names of the conjugations derived from *phal* (with Ain for middle radical), and substitute in their stead names borrowed from the paradigm *ktal*. He has not done it everywhere so as to make it a fixed practical rule, but he does it occasionally (as on pp. 18, 20, 50, 59, 60), that the reader may become accustomed to it by degrees. Though the desirableness of this change must have occurred to many a student and teacher before now, yet so far none has seen fit to introduce it. If ever innovation in technical language was lawful and necessary, it is so in this case. And we hope to see the day when the Paels, Ethpaals, Aphels, etc., will be driven out, not only from Syriac, but from Hebrew grammar. They were

originally intended, and may still be useful, for Easterns who can pronounce, and recognize when pronounced, the middle Ain; but for the Western student they are more a hindrance than a help. Even the rarer conjugations would be more reasonably called Kaitel, Katli, Kartel, etc., for these exhibit to the eye or ear the second radical that is missing or unpronounced in Paiel, Pali, Parel, etc.

M. Martin's Chrestomathy is valuable, but too hard, we fear, for *Selbststudium*, as the Germans call it. Yet the Glossary, though aiming at the utmost brevity, is as full as could be desired. All the extracts given (with but one exception) are inedited pieces drawn from the National Library of Paris and the British Museum. Besides the difficulty of the language, to translate them properly so as to get at their complete meaning, presupposes too much knowledge of the East, its sects, their history, etc. But used under the guidance, and with the explanations of a professor, the Chrestomathy would be a most excellent book for a class. The first of the inedited extracts—though not of the Apostolic age, nor the production of Dionysius the Areopagite, whose name it bears—is confirmatory of the old traditions that have been cherished from time immemorial in the Roman Church, about the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul on the same day, their affectionate parting before being led to their different places of suffering, the choice of St. Peter to be crucified with his head downward, that with his dying breath "he might kiss the place of his Master's feet" (p. 64). To conclude, M. Martin's little work is good even for one who wishes to study by himself; but for one who has a competent teacher to assist him, it will be doubly valuable.

We have no space left to speak as fully as we desire of Uhlemann's Grammar and its miserable English translation. This must be reserved for another number, in which something also remains to be said on the present state of Syriac lexicography.

BOOK NOTICES.

BIBLIOTHECA SYMBOLICA ECCLESIÆ UNIVERSALIS. The Creeds of Christendom, with a History and Critical Notes. By *Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D.*, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Three vols. large 8vo. Vol. I. The History of Creeds, pp. 941. Vol. II. Greek and Latin Creeds, pp. 557. Vol. III. Evangelical Protestant Creeds, pp. 880. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

Nothing could be more instructive and useful in more than one way to the Christian student than a collection of all the creeds that are to be met with amongst the various bodies that profess Christianity. To contemplate this motley array of human, avowedly fallible expositions of Divine teaching, side by side, affirming, denying, sometimes retracting and amending their predecessors, sometimes couched in ambiguous language that may be interpreted as one pleases, contradicting each other in a thousand ways—all this is, indeed, a lamentable, but, withal, a profitable sight. There could be no better, no more luminous or terrible commentary on the words of Our Blessed Lord, preserved for us by the inspired wisdom of St. John, "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be made One Fold and One Shepherd" (John x., 16). "Not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; THAT THEY ALSO MAY BE ONE in Us, as We also are One. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them, THAT THEY MAY BE ONE as We also are One; I in them and thou in Me, that they may be made PERFECT IN ONE, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me" (John xvii., 20–23). Inconstancy, and vacillation in opinion, and change from one belief to another, are the necessary fruits of that weakness of the understanding and perversion of the will, wrought in our nature by Adam's deadly sin. And none knew it better than He whose handiwork we are, and who "knoweth our frame," and who came to undo the evil effects of the primeval sin and curse by His redemption. He, therefore, in the days of His flesh, when about to found His Church or congregation of believers, with earnest supplication besought His Heavenly Father that unity of faith might be her special and abiding portion, and might likewise be to the world a proof of His own divine mission, and of the divine character of the Church He was about to establish. Did His prayer fail of effect? Was that petition, the anxious nature of which may be gathered from its repetitions, uttered on the very eve of that death which He was to undergo out of obedience to His Father, thrust aside by that same Father as inexpedient or unworthy to be heard? Or will any one presume to say that His own Sacred Heart did not fully and most ardently desire that which He sought with His lips? God forbid! The Christian soul instinctively revolts at the bare mention of such blasphemous suppositions. We believe and know that "He was heard for His reverence." Unity of faith has ever been the undisturbed inheritance of His True Church, while inconstancy, uncertainty, and shifting creeds have been in every age the inevitable portion of those who pretend to teach in Christ's name, but are not His, for He knows them not; the self-appointed messengers who run, but have not been sent. And the other part of His prayer has also been heard, viz.: that unity of doctrine should be to mankind a standing proof of the di-

vine mission of Himself, and of that Church which was to perpetuate His work after His departure from this world. This unity it is that has proved a landmark of salvation to thousands who were tossed about by every wind of doctrine, at the mercy of every billow in the tempestuous sea of private judgment. Through God's mercy this unity of faith in the true Church caught their attention; they recognized her at once as the Church for which Christ had prayed, and they entered her communion that they might be one with Him. And as unity of belief proves the divinity of Christ's religion, so disunion and discord in belief are the sure mark, and, at the same time, the reproach, and scandal, and condemnation of the pretended Christianity that not only tolerates them, but insults heaven by vaunting them as proofs of Gospel liberty. The heathen is a far more enlightened judge of these things, and laughs to scorn the religion that is held out to him as divine by men who contradict each other in their teaching. Have we not heard English and American ministers writing home in a spirit of anger, rather than of due shame and sorrow, that their attempts to convert the heathen were completely nullified by the appearance on the same scene of missionaries sent by a rival sect? And have not some of them, with a cunning that smacks more of the world than of the Gospel, proposed as a remedy for this scandal that each denomination should have a missionary ground of its own, inaccessible to others, and thus rob the heathen of all chance of finding out that the religion offered him as coming from God is made up of a hundred discordant and contradictory creeds? We say nothing of the morality of this remedy, which proposes to the distant stranger a system of religion as divine, and lest he should reject it if thoroughly known, conceals from him a substantial part of it, hides the ulcerous spot which at home is vaunted as its distinctive feature. Oh that their eyes could be opened to see things honestly and truly as they are! Instead of hiding the truth they would sink into the ground for shame at the thought that an ignorant savage understands far better the meaning and spirit of the dying Saviour's prayer than those who call themselves enlightened Christians.

But it is not pagans only who are led by innate common sense to abhor the scandal of conflicting creeds among those who call themselves Christians. Even in the number of those who, in the sixteenth century, were foremost in rending the unity of the German Church, not a few retraced their steps when they saw the havoc made by the principles they had incautiously adopted, and came back to pillow their aching heads on the bosom of Catholic unity. And of those whom the cruel restraints of intellectual pride, sensuality, worldly position, and other circumstances, prevented from taking this step, we possess volumes of confidential utterances, divulged since their death, in which they express their feelings of shame, grief, horror, and even despair, in witnessing the religious strife that was raging all around them. What one of them (Sarcerius) says of himself, "The dissensions in the (Lutheran) Church are eating my heart and life away," was true of a thousand others. In fact, many of them died of grief and heartbreak, as their disciples and friends distinctly state; many others of what the doctors of that period called *melancholy*, but which, no doubt, was the same thing as broken heart; many lost their reason; others finally laid violent hands on themselves to escape the religious chaos they themselves had created. The number of those who, retaining their senses, died in despair may be guessed from occasional statements made by the Reformers and their friends, but will never be known till the last great day of final judgment. Of those victims of the so-called Reformation, whose fate is known from the records

of their contemporaries, the number is sufficiently great, and has been strangely overlooked by modern inquirers friendly or hostile to that religious movement. Of course we should scarcely expect that such facts would be paraded, or even honestly stated, by the professed panegyrists of the Reformation. But some might be expected to deal with it impartially as a matter of mere statistics.

The want of unity, which they themselves had rent asunder, forms the perpetual burden of confidential complaint between the leading Reformers and their friends. They are longing for death as a deliverance in almost every letter; they congratulate themselves and each other on the death of friends and relatives who have been snatched away from the wicked turmoil of religious strife. Many of them sigh for the last day, the end of the world, to anticipate their own death, and save them from the horrors of unbridled license in religious opinion and daily life. Even one of the heads of the new sectaries, the wily, doublefaced Melancthon, who, in public, put on a bold countenance against Popery, in his private letters, where he unbosoms himself to his friends, gives us the true state of his mind. These epistles, some of which were suppressed, others shamefully mutilated by Lutheran zeal in former editions, have now been published entire by the impartiality of the rationalist Bretschneider, in whose collection, styled Corpus Reformatorum, they occupy several volumes. They are a perpetual Jeremiad on the religious discords and dissensions brought on by the Reformation. He says that the waters of the Elbe could not furnish tears enough to bewail the divisions in faith of the new churches. And this is a favorite saying of his, for he repeats it in one shape or another a score of times in his correspondence. When the *History of Sleidan* first appeared, in 1555, to the great delight of all Protestant Germany, he sullenly refused to join in the chorus of universal approbation. He writes to a friend whom he could trust, that he "cannot praise the book because it tells of the scandalous changes of religion, and is only a dressing up of evil deeds in fine words. In it there are many things that ought to be buried in everlasting silence. If he could have his own way he would never allow the young generation to get a knowledge of those religious changes which only reveal to the world our madness and our misery."

But the juxtaposition of the various creeds of religious sectaries in contrast with those of the unchanging Church of Christ is not only useful for moral and religious instruction, but has also a great dogmatic and historic value. It enables the student to trace the rise and progress of those heresies that have made necessary new additions to the orthodox creed, and to discover the tortuous, winding ways of religious error that is ever dogmatizing, ever shifting, changing, correcting, and contradicting itself. The Catholic Creed of Nice, Ephesus, or Chalcedon, does not differ substantially from that of Trent; the latter would not have differed even in words from the former, had it not been for the new errorists that rose up to disturb the peace of the Catholic world by contradicting what had been devoutly believed for fifteen centuries. But heretical creeds are merely the representatives of private judgment, and must, therefore, necessarily change and keep changing, not only in form, but in substance. Thus the Augsburg Confession of 1530 was twice amended and substantially changed by the very men who first wrote it. The Creed of 1540 differs in essentials from that of 1530, and it would be a very pertinent question to ask how much of either is believed at this day in Germany.

These three volumes show an amount of patient toil, learned research, and general erudition, which are very creditable to Dr. Schaff. He

shows an acquaintance with many subjects which are, we fear, a *terra incognita* for most of our American divines of his own or other denominations. But while we pay due homage to the doctor's literary ability, we cannot praise the temper and spirit of that portion of the book which is strictly his own. Polemical discussion should not, and need not, be introduced into a work of this kind. It could, we feel sure, be compiled in such an impartial spirit that no one could complain of misrepresentation. A Catholic theologian could have done it with very little pains; a German divine, whose Protestantism has developed into Rationalism, one of the school of Bretschneider or De Wette, could (and we believe would) execute such task with faithful impartiality. But from the average Protestant divine, as we know him by experience, it would be scarcely fair to expect that he should forego the chances which such a book offers of dealing random blows against Popery. Dr. S. has, perhaps, an additional motive for dipping his pen in gall. They say that at some former period he was suspected of "Romish tendencies." Whether this charge was founded on knowledge of his opinions, or resulted merely, as is too often the case, from his having committed the unpardonable sin of treating Catholic doctrine with some show of honesty and impartiality, we have not learnt. But a suspicion of the kind, just or unjust, seems always to impose on its victim the necessity of protesting in season and out of season against Rome and her doctrines. The more virulent the tone of his protest, the better his hope of re-establishing his claim to orthodoxy. This is the way in which we account for, and excuse, the bitter language with which Dr. Schaff assails the Catholic Church, her pontiffs, doctrines, discipline, in fact her whole history. It is a sad thing that a man of his culture and learning should be thus compelled to vindicate his Protestantism at the expense of his better knowledge, and of the convictions derived from years of careful study. But whilst we pity the cruel necessity that compels him to inveigh against Rome, we think, and respectfully suggest to the reverend author, that such invective should be confined within the legitimate bounds of rhetoric. It should not stray beyond these limits. It should not lead him to pervert facts, or color assertions with a view to mislead his readers. Why should he tell us (vol. i., p. 174) that St. Irenæus "sharply reproved" Pope Victor I., when he probably had before him on his desk a copy of the historian, to whom we are indebted for all that we know on this point, and who distinctly says that the saint "in a becoming way admonished" Pope Victor (*decenter monuit*)? Or why, to have a fling at the "Filioque," should he remark (vol. ii., p. 58) that Assemanni was "a convert to Romanism?" He might with equal truth say of Cardinals Antonelli, Bezzarri, and Riario, of our day, or of the whole Italian people of the thirteenth century, that they were converts to Romanism. Again (vol. i., p. 269), to lessen the authority of a wrong-headed Reformer, Flacius Illyricus, it is slyly remarked that he was a convert from Romanism. The drift of the remark is plain enough, but where is its point, or even its common sense? Were not Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, Brentius, Zwingli, Calvin, and all the rest of them "converts from Romanism?" There are a good many other loose and unfounded assertions of Dr. Schaff which we have not room to notice, but shall probably do so in a future number.

Before closing, we would say a word about the translations used by the author. We have not been able to read them over and compare them with the originals. But the names of Waterworth and Manning are sufficient guarantee for the faithful translation of the Tridentine and Vatican decrees. A single glance at Krauth's translation of the Augsburg Con-

fession, which Dr. Schaff has placed by the side of the Latin original, has led us to suspect that the entire version may not be what it ought to be, a faithful reproduction of the original. If there be anything in which accuracy is indispensable, it is in translating a confession or formulary of faith. Now we invite the reader's attention to the following passage of the Confession (vol. i., p. 6).

"In eventum ergo talem, quod in causa religionis dissensiones inter nos et partes amice et in charitate non fuerint compositæ, tunc coram V. C. M. hic in omni obedientia nos offerimus ex superabundanti comparituros et causam dicturos in tali generali, libero et Christiano Concilio de quo congregando . . . conclusum est."

"In the event, therefore, that the dissensions in the matter of religion between us and those of the other side shall not have been amicably and charitably settled, we hereby, in all obedience, though not thereunto bound, do pledge ourselves in your Majesty's presence, that we shall be forthcoming, and maintain our cause in said general, free, Christian Council, which it has been decided to summon," etc.

Now hear Dr. Krauth's version, in which he mixes up times and tenses, past, present, and future, and shows plainly that he does not understand what the writer, or Princes subscribing, intended to say. We italicize the words in which he has missed the sense of the original.

"As the event, therefore, *has been*, that in this matter of religion the differences between us and the other party *have not been settled* in friendship and love, we here present ourselves before your Imperial Majesty in all obedience, and in more than mere obedience, ready to COMPARE VIEWS and to defend our cause," etc.

And this, we are told, is English modelled after the style of the seventeenth century. Who in that age ever heard of the quiet modern phrase "to compare views?" Or in what Latin Dictionary did Dr. Krauth ever find that *comparituros* means "to compare views?" This is a mistake for which a schoolboy would receive a good reprimand, or something worse, in the good old days when the *ferula* was something more than a figure of speech. *Comparituros* is not exactly the word that a Bembo or a Sadolet would have used, but it is substantial German-Protestant Latin from *compareo*, to *appear*, and not from *comparo*, to *compare*, as Dr. Krauth imagines. The event the Princes contemplated was in their minds a possibility; Dr. K. makes it out a fact. They did not then and there *present themselves* to maintain, etc., as Dr. K. would have us believe; they only *pledged themselves* to *appear afterwards*, should it be necessary. Dr. Krauth is a dignitary in Church and State, and has high-sounding titles appended to his name. All we can learn from them is this: A man may be a Doctor and Professor of Theology in a Northern State, and a Provost in one of its universities, and yet be unable to translate a few plain sentences of easy Latin!

MESMERISM, SPIRITUALISM, ETC., HISTORICALLY AND SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED. Being Two Lectures delivered at the London Institution, with Preface and Appendix. By *William C. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., etc.* New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1877.

The two lectures which make up the larger part of this book were prepared and delivered, as we learn from its preface, at the invitation of the Directors of the "London Institution." Mr. Carpenter says, too, that he acceded to their invitation "with the understanding" that he "should treat the subjects proposed purely in their scientific and historical aspects, my purpose being to show first the relation of what

seems to me essentially an epidemic delusion, to epidemics more or less similar, which have at different periods taken a strong, though transient, hold on the popular imagination; and secondly to point out how completely the evidence adduced by the upholders of the system fails to afford a scientific proof of the existence of any new Power or Agency capable of antagonizing the action of the known Forces of Nature." Mr. Carpenter's lectures, it appears, were satisfactory to a large portion of those to whom they were addressed. For he says that they are now published "in consequence of many representations" that they "might be advantageously brought under the notice of a wider circle than that of their original auditors." Yet it is evident that they were not satisfactory to all his auditors, inasmuch as he says, rather complainingly, in his preface, that "Mr. A. R. Wallace, speaking from the Chair of the Anthropological Section, addressed me in the following words: 'You expect us to believe what *you* say, but you will not believe what *we* say;' and the same distinguished naturalist has since publicly accused me of 'habitually giving only one side of the question, and completely ignoring all facts which tell against my theory.'" In reply to this, Mr. Carpenter says: "I have no other 'theory' to support than that of the constancy of the well-ascertained Laws of Nature; and my contention is, that where apparent departures from them take place through human instrumentality, we are justified in assuming in the first instance either *fraudulent* deception, or *unintentional* self-deception, or both combined, until the absence of either shall have been proved by every conceivable test that the sagacity of skeptical experts can devise."

Subject to a qualification or proviso similar in general intention to that contained in the last clause of the passage quoted, though somewhat modified and differently expressed, there is nothing in the proposition for which Mr. Carpenter contends, to which reasonable objection can be made. It is questionable, however, whether, as the proviso stands, it would be accepted as reasonable by any person who stood outside of the school of scientists to which Mr. Carpenter evidently belongs. There are no limits to skepticism, as there are none to credulity, in regard to matters either of religion, or of material science. Skepticism as little befits an impartial searcher for truth, and as little qualifies him to certainly find it, as does incredulity. As his proviso now stands, it looks too much like an effort on Mr. Carpenter's part to "beg the question," and assert the non-existence of any other natural powers or agencies than those now known, simply because scientists have not discovered any others, and, still more, an effort to "rule out of court" the question whether in any instance spiritual or preternatural agencies may not have something to do with these "apparent departures from the constancy of the well-ascertained laws of nature." It strikes us as a fair illustration of how dogmatic some of our "skeptical experts" can be, even while decrying and denouncing dogmatism. It would have been more in accordance, we think, with logic and the reason of things, if Mr. Carpenter had phrased his proviso in some such form as: "Until the absence both of *fraudulent* deception and of unintentional *self*-deception has been proved by the severest tests which impartial, experienced, and sagacious persons can devise."

Turning now to the body of the work, we find that Mr. Carpenter abandons in his lectures his seeming purpose of contending that *all* phenomena, however strange, that involve, or seem to involve, a departure from the constancy of the well-ascertained laws of nature, must be pronounced to be the results of either "*fraudulent* deceptions, or of unintentional *self*-deceptions," unless they fulfil the conditions of his pro-

viso. His native good sense saves him from entering directly upon any such unreasonable and impossible undertaking. With the exception of a few pages at the commencement of the book, of which we shall speak hereafter, and some matter in the appendices, Mr. Carpenter confines himself in the main body of his work to an exposure of the means by which so-called Mesmerizers, Spiritualists, etc., etc., commonly trick and delude those who are foolish and wicked enough to visit their exhibitions or séances. He passes under review "Mesmerism," "Odylism," "Electro-Biology," "Mesmeric Clairvoyance," "Spirit-rapping," "Table-turning," etc., etc. He shows very conclusively that in the instances which he cites, the occurring acts or phenomena, supposed to be supernatural or spiritual by most of those who witnessed them, were explainable as the action of natural agencies, or else were imaginary, existing only in the minds of persons who had been deceived either by others or by themselves, or by both. He gives a history of repeated detection of frauds and tricks practiced by "mesmerists" and "spiritualists," of extraordinary instances of self-deception, and of the power of imagination, of excited conditions of the mind, and of exceptional physiological conditions of the body in producing effects commonly supposed to be impossible of production by human or natural agencies. If the author had confined himself to this, he would have produced a book that would have been useful in helping to disabuse the public mind of certain erroneous physiological notions, and strengthening the distrust and ill repute which justly attaches to "Spiritualists," *et id omne genus*. In this connection, however, we may say that we are strongly of the opinion that the position which persons generally occupy in relation to "spiritism," etc., depends much more upon their moral and religious character than upon their knowledge or ignorance of the extent to which fraud, deception, and all kinds of charlatanism enter into these mesmeric and spiritualistic exhibitions. Persons who have a proper moral sense will keep away from them, whether they know, or not, of the numerous instances of falsehood and deception that have been proved against them. On the other hand, persons not under the influence of this moral sense will attend those exhibitions, no matter how frequent and complete be the exposures of the fraud and dishonesty that enter into them.

But Mr. Carpenter does not confine himself to the work of exposure referred to, and to the conclusions legitimately deducible from the instances he cites. He goes beyond them, and in doing it violates logic, and lays himself open, too, to the charge of intentional indirection and dishonesty. In the first place, from the particular instances he mentions, he insists that it may be legitimately inferred that *all* apparent departures from the known laws of nature are only fictitious appearances, the results either of fraud and deception, or of "excitation" of mind. In other words he deduces from a certain number of particulars a universal conclusion. In the second place he passes entirely beyond the purpose stated in his preface, and, by insinuation and indirection, endeavors to infuse into the minds of his readers his own disbelief of the existence of any other powers or agencies than those which belong to the natural world. Utterly forgetting or disregarding "the understanding" that he "should treat his subject purely in its historical and scientific aspects," and that "his contention was that where apparent departures" from "the constancy of well-ascertained laws of nature" took place "through *human* instrumentality, we are justified in assuming either fraudulent deception or unintentional self-deception, or both combined," until the absence of both shall have been clearly demonstrated—forgetting and

disregarding these declared purposes, Mr. Carpenter, almost at the outset of his first lecture, sneeringly refers to "a Christian Father" who "goes on to tell how when Simon Magus was borne aloft through the air in a winged chariot, in the sight of the Emperor, the united prayers of the Apostles Peter and Paul, prevailing over the demoniacal agencies that sustained him, brought him precipitately to the ground." Mr. Carpenter adduces this account as parallel to, and of the same character with, an account of a "Mr. Horne sailing in the air," and a statement of eleven nameless persons declaring that "Mrs. Guffy was conveyed through the air in a trance by invisible agency from Highburyport to Lambs Conduit Street," and then says: "Of course if you accept the testimony of these witnesses to the aerial flights of Mr. Horne and Mrs. Guffy, you can have no reason whatever for refusing credit to the historic evidence of the demoniacal elevation of Simon Magus, and the victory obtained over his demons by the two Apostles."

Mr. Carpenter then goes on to gather together under one head, as belonging all to the same class and character, demoniacal possessions, no matter how strongly attested, the "ecstatic revelations of Catholic and Protestant visionaries," "the flagellant and dancing manias of the Middle Ages," etc., etc., which "have since been almost paralleled at Methodist 'revivals' and camp meetings." All these alike, he thinks, "if time permitted," it "would be my (his) endeavor to show were merely particular instances in "a long succession of epidemic delusions, the form of which has changed from time to time, whilst their essential nature has remained the same throughout, and that the condition that underlies them all is *the subjection of the mind to a dominant idea.*" The convenient excuse of want of time comes in fortunately for Mr. Carpenter, to save him from adducing any proof of his assertions, but it does not deter him from repeating those assertions from time to time, in the form of indirect affirmation or insinuation. After a few other remarks he returns again to the subject, and asserts (again without attempt at demonstration or proof) that the general belief of men in preternatural and supernatural agencies "may be plainly traced (I think) to the emotional longing for some assurance of the continued existence of departed friends, and hence of our own future existence, which *the intellectual loosening of time-honored beliefs in the immortality of the soul has brought into doubt.*"[1] Scattered through the work are numerous similar sneers and insinuations against the belief of Christians in spiritual and supernatural agencies, and in the appendices are like references to miracles, included by Mr. Carpenter in the same class with mesmeric and spiritualistic phenomena.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Carpenter through his lectures in detail. What we have said and quoted from him shows sufficiently the character of his work. He starts with the implied assumption that no powers or agencies exist other than those which belong to the material world. Consistent with the spirit of skepticism which rules him, he sneers at all evidence to the contrary. Assertion on his side of the question is equivalent with him to proof, while evidence on the other side goes for nothing. Of course, argument with such an opponent is time spent to no purpose. He passes by as utterly unworthy of consideration the evidence of Catholic history to the reality both of miracles and of demoniacal possessions, the recorded testimonies of priests, bishops, theologians, and saints, whose integrity, acuteness of mind, and learning cannot be called into question, and whose names are reverenced,

[1] The parenthesis in the quotation is Mr. Carpenter's, the italicizing is our own.

and will ever be reverenced, by all who hold in honor truth, honesty, and intellectual pre-eminence; he sneeringly alludes "to the solemnly attested proofs recorded in the proceedings of our law courts within the last two hundred years, ... to the belief in witchcraft, then accepted not only by the ignorant vulgar, but by some of the wisest men of the time, such as Lord Bacon and Sir Matthew Hale, Bishop Jewel and Richard Baxter, Sir Thomas Browne and Addison," and summarily and contemptuously "rules out of court" their testimonies, also, as unworthy of regard. Yet he professes, at the outset of his lecture, that he will treat the subject "*historically* and *scientifically*." If an utter disregard of the plainest rules of logic be scientific, Mr. Carpenter may justly claim that his method may be thus characterized. As for his method being "historical," the only ground on which he can claim this character for it, is that he utterly ignores historical evidence. Sages, philosophers, men learned in material science as well as theology, were all fools, as regards the subject under discussion, previous to the latter portion of the seventeenth century, and all the accounts of miracles and demoniacal possessions, during the mediæval times and previous ages, are referred to only in the way of sneering ridicule. As for miraculous, and demoniacal or spiritualistic manifestations nowadays, they are all alike, either frauds, or explainable by the hypothesis of unconscious mental "excitation," "hysteria," "coma," "subjective sensations," etc., etc.

If Mr. Carpenter had examined with the care and thoroughness which a truly scientific treatment requires, the facts connected with the belief of Catholics, that diabolical operations are not only possible, but do actually take place, and, under certain circumstances, are not unfrequent, he would have discovered that the Christian Fathers whom he contemptuously sneers at, while firmly believing in both the possibility and the actuality of diabolical manifestations were, at the same time, perfectly familiar with the fact that counterfeits of them were not unusual, due either to intentional fraud and deceit, to unintentional self-deception, to an excited mental condition, or to one or another of the many physiological causes which Mr. Carpenter mentions; just as there always have been, and are to-day, imaginary or counterfeit miracles, "lying wonders," of the existence of which the Church Fathers, and the Apostles before them, have always been aware, and against being deceived by which, and seduced into error, they have given frequent warning. Of these facts the Church is fully aware. She has rules and tests, methods and processes for determining between the supposititious or pretended, and the real, far more searching and exhaustive than any which Mr. Carpenter and his "Sadducee" scientists can apply. It is no part of the Catholic faith to give immediate and indiscriminate credence to the tricks of every charlatan who pretends to be a miracle-worker or to have the power of producing preternatural apparitions or operations. Of all this Mr. Carpenter seems to have no knowledge, and yet had he studied his subject with the industry and care necessary to treat it historically, he would not be unacquainted with it.

Mr. Carpenter's logic, as we have already intimated, is very defective. Because numerous counterfeits of diabolical operations have been proved, therefore, he argues, all are counterfeit. As well conclude that because numerous counterfeit coins are in circulation all are counterfeit. The very credence given to counterfeits depends on the antecedent and concurrent existence of the genuine coin. Mr. Carpenter seems never to have thought of this. His whole argument, moreover, assumes that there are no spiritual beings or powers, and consequently that the warnings in the Sacred Scriptures, and those of the Church against dealing

with sorcerers and evil spirits are only the expressions of men who labored under delusions.

He simply reproduces Hume's sophism. Assuming that miraculous and diabolical manifestations are contrary to universal experience, he rejects as unworthy of consideration all testimony to the actual occurrence of such manifestations. We maintain that there is no such universal experience as he assumes, and that the actual experience of mankind directly contradicts his hypothesis, both as regards its underlying assumption and many of his subsequent deductions.

ELEMENTARY RATIONAL PHILOSOPHY. Parts I. and II. By *James M. Wilcox, Ph.D.* Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

This work is a compendium of Logic and Metaphysics, and contains two of the four parts which, according to the author, constitute entire philosophy. The Logic is intended to serve the purpose of an elementary treatise, for which it is well designed; but the aim of the author in preparing it goes beyond this. By employing an analytical method, he simplifies much that otherwise would be difficult of clear apprehension, except by practical thinkers, and thus makes a subject commonly considered dry and abstruse, interesting as well as intelligible. He thus endeavors to rescue Logic from the prejudice which attaches to it in popular estimation as a study of little real utility, "whose end is the splitting of hairs, of puzzling adversaries, of dodging blows, of avoiding truth, and of making the worse appear the better part."

The author is of the opinion that the ill repute in which Logic is commonly held, is mainly owing to the unfortunate methods adopted by most writers upon it; it is made to appear too objectless, or its object, as usually represented, is too vague. "I hold," he says, "that in Logic, as well as in all studies, if a worthy and intelligible object be presented to an earnest mind, interest will be aroused, and an efficient motive for work will be supplied. The mind may weary in its powers, but will not weary of its work if the work interest it. . . . . Scientific writers generally overlook the creation of an interest in their work, depending upon people to become their readers through an interest previously existing. This restricts very much the number of their readers. To create a love for his subject should be held by a scientific writer to be a prime duty; and subjects great and small are in this like men, great and small, that the interest will much depend upon a proper presentation. . . . . The synthetic method, which is proper for higher metaphysics, is unsatisfactory to a beginner, although clear to a scholar. It starts with definitions, and presupposes much knowledge; whereas the analytic starts with the consciousness of one's own existence, ideas, and powers, which are to a beginner the first, strongest, and most satisfactory of all knowledges. Proceeding from these first facts, the genesis of further knowledge is followed intelligibly, and understanding follows understanding easily."

The remarks just quoted indicate sufficiently the ruling idea of the author as regards the method adopted both in his Logic and Metaphysics, and which he consistently adheres to and carries out. The result is a work which will not only serve as a class-book in academies and colleges, but also as a book which, by its clear, natural, and intelligible method of presenting subjects commonly considered dry and difficult, can be understood by ordinarily intelligent persons without the aid of a teacher. To such persons, interested in tracing out and understanding the laws which govern human thought, and in sharpening and strengthening their own reasoning powers, the Logic will prove very useful.

Following the Logic is an important chapter on the Division and Definition of Sciences. In this chapter the nature, scope, and design of philosophy and its subordinate sciences are discussed and clearly defined. Following this is an "Analytical Catechism," into which is condensed in the form of question and answer the substance of the previous chapter.

The second portion of the work, or Metaphysics, is necessarily, and in accordance with its subject, less elementary, though the author still has evidently kept in view the requirements of a class-book, and has, much more than is usually done in text-books, covered the ground of an entire course of Metaphysics. The same method which characterizes the Logic is adhered to by the author as far as the subject-matter permits in the Metaphysics. Recognizing the necessity in reasoning against skepticism or rationalism, of some common starting-point, he starts from the conceded fact of *the validity of reasoning*. The analytic method is then applied to oppose broad skepticism. The author's aim may be thus explained: No man is an idealist or skeptic in the beginning, for when he divests himself of his *realism*, it is by a process of *reasoning*. His skepticism is then positive, and *reasoning* a valid thing. This must be conceded by the most universal skeptic, else he could not part with his native realism, and adopt the opposite. The patent fact of reasoning, therefore, is taken, as we have already remarked, as the basis of the work, and is decomposed; and the whole course to the end is a progressive, broad analysis of *reasoning*. The reader will observe that this course begins only with the "Analytical Catechism;" the Logic which precedes this being elementary and preparatory.

The Metaphysics is divided into two principal parts, Psychology and Ideology. The progress of investigation and exhibition is conducted in this wise: The mental faculties are separately specified and examined, and thus the constitution of the entire mind is ascertained and established, after which the practical operation of the mental faculties and their interplay is explained, and their coördination as a system. The limitation of the human mind thus becomes definite and known, and is no longer a vague possession of ignorance. Thus understanding will always indicate to a thinker what are the productive paths of inquiry, and what are the paths that must of necessity lead to nothing.

The second part of the Psychology treats of the nature of the human soul, and the first feature in which it differs from the body, viz., simplicity, is brought out by a clear demonstration that all thought, either in complex idea, in judgment, or in reasoning, is unified in one perception. What is termed "synthetic unity of thought," that is, rigorous unification in its subject of thought compounded of elements, can only take place in an absolute simple.

The Ideology is a departure from the Ontological way of thinking common in our schools, and disabuses the mind of some errors by pointing out certain terms as *ideas* that are commonly thought to be *things*. We may have a very complex way of viewing a very simple object, and every different view is a different idea, not a different part of the object. The ideology treats as a specialty only a few of the most highly abstract ideas, such as are commonly treated ontologically. These are the "Categories," and are distinguished as ideas essential to the intellect, without which we could not do our thinking. They are demonstrated to have their origin in realities; and, being common to all men, there is in every mature mind the materials out of which to build a knowledge of God and the creation. For ignorance of these great truths there can never, therefore, be pleaded a want of knowledgeable material. This part of the

Ideology concludes with a brief exposition of Transcendental Philosophy and the key to its refutation is furnished.

The second part of the Ideology is an application of the ideas whose reality was demonstrated in the first part. Here the *real* relation of *cause and effect* is carried back through an indefinite series to a beginning, which is shown to be a *real* cause, that is, not itself an effect. This first cause, thus discovered as the absolute, is developed into the infinite. The author's treatment of this difficult subject, about which so much confusion of thought has gathered, is very happy. It is brief and simple, but exhaustive and conclusive.

After this follows a treatment of the religion of reason, without reference to the doctrines of any particular Christian denomination. The God reached by human reason is explained to be not a thing of sense or imagination, but a synthesis of pure abstractions. He is real and simple in himself, but complex to our apprehension, which can view Him only according to its own composite nature. The intelligible parts, so to speak, or attributes, are distinguished from the unintelligible, and are explained as being not truly parts of the object but complexities of the subject that contemplates with a complex mind. The attributes which we regard as belonging to God are creatures of our minds, ideas that are entirely inadequate and that must necessarily be so, since we can form them only from limited experiences and by limited powers. As far as they go, they express the truth as regards our understanding, but not as regards its object, who is simplicity itself, absolute and immutable.

Our proneness to pass intellectual judgments upon God, and the readiness of our wills to reproach Him for misconceived injustice, both of which are sources of skepticism, are explained as springing from a misconception, wherein our ideas of human moral virtues derived from knowledge of men are applied to Divinity whose nature is inconceivable and immutable. The mind, in this part of the work, is made to soar amongst high abstractions, some of which are negative, and the value of these negative ideas is explained. They are commonly termed negative attributes, such as eternity, immutability, etc., and are not real additions to the Divine substance. The value of the ideological treatment of these important subjects becomes here most clearly apparent.

It has been our aim to confine ourself simply to an exhibition of the general plan and method of the work, without criticizing or discussing it. We remark, however, that in the portion of the work last mentioned, the errors of Locke, Hume, Reid, and Kant respectively, are referred to, and briefly but clearly and happily refuted, while, at the same time, full justice is done in showing how, in some respects, they cleared the ground of other pre-existing errors, and prepared the way for sound and more correct ideas.

The last article or subject treated on is *The Cosmos.* The author commences with a definition of the universe that corresponds with the most advanced physical science, and the whole article is little else than an elaboration and illustration of the definition. After criticizing other definitions and showing their insufficiency, the author gives his own definition, viz.: that the universe is "*the complete totality of material existences* SIMULTANEOUS AND SUCCESSIVE." The most radical Evolutionist could not frame a definition with larger liberality than this. The subject of Evolution is thus at once opened up, the treatment of which is carried on metaphysically, the author contending that metaphysics alone can properly handle the subject, that ideas can penetrate farther than sense or imagination into the arcana of matter, and that physical induc-

tions in this direction are but empty assumptions. The universe, in its elements, in its developments, in all its forms and orders of existence, is maintained to be a system according to design, not an aggregation according to chance. The introduction into this discussion of what constitutes *chance*, and what the evidence of a *subjective* order, appears to be novel in some respects, but is clear and convincing. It is very abstract, but that is due to the difficult nature of the subject itself.

The "Conclusion" embraces a general summary of the leading points made by the author, and the definitions made in the chapter entitled "Division and Definition of the Sciences" emerge again clearly to view on the final page, as developed and illustrated by the entire treatment of the subject-matter of the book.

Disciples of the various existing schools of thought, of course, will differ in opinion as to the correctness of some of the author's positions and conclusions, but will agree, we think, that the book is a valuable addition to our philosophic literature.

GOD THE TEACHER OF MANKIND. A Plain, Comprehensive Explanation of Christian Doctrine. *By Michael Müller, C. SS. R.* Vols. I. and II. (in one volume). New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy See. 1877.

This work is an expansion and explanation of Father Müller's "Intermediate Catechism, No. 3, for High Schools and Academies."

His design, and the method he has adopted in carrying out that design, may be gathered from the following remarks in the Preface: "Being desirous to contribute my mite to meet and withstand the mischievous activity of the emissaries of Satan, to rear the edifice of Christian knowledge on its own secure and solid basis—the true teaching of its divinely commissioned teachers—I have, to the best of my ability, arranged in order, expounded, I trust with clearness, and sustained by argument, the entire economy of religion, comprehending as it does the whole substance of doctrinal and practical religion. As, in imparting instruction of any sort, the method and manner of communicating it are of considerable importance, so, in conveying instruction to the people, the method and manner should be deemed of the greatest moment. As to the method, I have been guided by St. Augustine, who says in his treatise, 'Manner of Teaching the Ignorant,' 'The true method of teaching religion is to begin our account of religion from the creation of all things in a state of perfection, and develop the whole history of Christianity down to the existing period of the Church, and through the Church down to our own time;' in other words, to show how Almighty God, from the beginning of the world, has always been the teacher of mankind through those whom He first taught in person, and then commanded to teach others in His name and by His authority."

In carrying out this plan, Father Müller treats in Part I. of "The Enemies of the Church." The first enemy noticed is heathenism; the second, heresy. These are very briefly referred to. He then takes up and exposes the third enemy of the Church, under the title of "Freemasonry." In the chapter devoted to this subject he shows, at length, its real objects and designs, its lies, its ceremonies, its oaths, how the oaths are administered, the obligations and scope of its oaths. He takes up the addresses and formal declarations made to the public by leading Freemasons, analyzes them, exposes their concealments and falsifications, and exhibits the actual working and effects of the system upon society, government, and religion. He shows that Masonry is one of the wicked progeny of children to which Protestantism has given birth, that "it

was only at the period of the Protestant Reformation that it completed its present compact and well-united organization;" he shows how Freemasonry takes possession of schools, academies, colleges, and universities supported by the State, entangles in its net men of science, and employs them in its own bad work; how Masons are divided into two great classes; the one class—comprehending the majority—consisting of persons who, without knowledge of the special end of Freemasonry, or indifferent to it, have adopted the principles of Masonry "without any thorough examination, and then defend them through prejudice;" the other class, comprising the leaders and officers of the higher orders, who consciously hold the real principles of Masonry, which are "Atheism, or, at best, Deism, in religion, anarchy in politics, Materialism and Rationalism in Philosophy, and hatred of Jesus Christ in all things." Father Müller then shows how Masonry has always opposed and persecuted the Church, sometimes openly, oftener secretly, working through various agencies, and influencing and urging on the State to hostile action against the Catholic religion. He then shows the attitude of the Church to Freemasonry, quoting from Bulls and Allocutions, and showing that no Catholic can be a Freemason without incurring the guilt of mortal sin and the penalty of excommunication.

The chapter following this is on "How the Persecutors of the Church Die," after which short chapters on the Obligation to Spread the Truth, and the Value and Necessity of Christian Doctrine, make up the first part of the work.

The second portion of the book consists of an explanation of the Introduction to the Catechism and of an exposition of the truth that God is the teacher of mankind, under the four general subdivisions: God the Father our Teacher, God the Son our Teacher, God the Holy Ghost our Teacher, the Catholic Church the Guardian of Divine Truth. After thus establishing that the office of teaching Christian doctrine belongs of right, and by divine appointment, to the Church, Father Müller devotes 178 pages to a consideration of the Ninth Article of the Creed, developing its scope and meaning, with great fulness of detail. The work concludes with "A Word to Every Catholic," setting forth, with plainness and force, the duty of Catholics as regards the Church and the priesthood.

It is of the utmost importance that the laity of the Church be fully instructed not only in Catholic dogmas and practices, but in their great underlying principles. Father Müller's book will be a valuable help in carrying forward this work of instruction.

EVIDENCES OF RELIGION. By *Louis Jouin*, Priest of the Society of Jesus. New York: P. O'Shea. MDCCCLXXVII.

We have just read the advance sheets of this remarkable work. The author's name is of itself a sufficient recommendation. As far as our philosophic lore extends, we should be at a loss to point to any treatise on Ethics which, for clearness, directness, simplicity, comprehensiveness, and general utility, is on a par with F. Jouin's *Elementa Philosophiæ Moralis*.

But we venture to say that these *Evidences of Religion* throw the author's previous works into quite perceptible shade. We have here a volume of three hundred and eighty small-sized pages in bold clear type, into which have been compressed, in perfect logical order, all the most striking arguments on religion, from the proofs of the existence of God and the giving of a revelation to the burning questions of the day. The

origin of the universe, the mystery of life, the necessity of worship, miracles, spiritism, the corruption of primitive traditions, the economy of the Jewish religion, scientific objections to the book of Genesis, chronology, the antiquity of man, geology, prehistoric times, the Messiah, the Gospels, the early spread of Christianity: such are some of the main points through which, in the First Part alone, sweeps the course of argument. The Second Part—on the Church established by Christ—was easier to handle. Here was needed judicious selection of proofs long since grouped in their proper order, rather than originality of arrangement, and here, too, is visible a gift with which the author seems especially blessed. He knows how to be brief and where to stop.

The author wisely leaves the reader some brainwork to do. In cases where a windy composer would have blown an absurdity into bubbles right and left, exhibiting the emptiness of its rainbow lustre, F. Jouin says all in a pregnant sentence or paragraph, and surely it is the very triumph of a writer to make him who reads say: "He might have made more of this."

The style is simply transparent. Whether F. Jouin writes in Latin or in English, you are taken up not with the expression—it is even quite possible for you to forget what language he is speaking—but with the thought. Crude neologisms are carefully shunned, smart tricks and acrobatic feats of language still more so; just enough of archaic phraseology is sprinkled here and there to denote a man whose favorite authors are of the classic mould.

In these days of self-assertion and captious advertising, we should not dare to predict a large sale for any work, albeit excellent, unless we knew pretty exactly how many runners, and peddlers, and popular booksellers had been supplied at a liberal discount. And yet we do not believe that any conscientious teacher of higher catechism, or any one who has to deal with misinformed doubting souls, can afford to do without F. Jouin's book. He himself says nothing of the kind. Without apologizing himself, as some do, into a nonentity, he simply keeps in the shade. In fact, he takes good care to tell you in the preface that his work is by no means necessary for those who wish to make an act of faith. He intends it for young men in colleges; but we have no doubt it will be held in high favor in the better class of convents, though there are some things in it which few men, walking encyclopædias excepted, can develop in such a way as to do justice to the author's suggestions.

Had we not received the work so late it would have called for a more extended notice with appropriate quotations; as it is, we can only direct attention, among so many valuable hints and topics, to the masterly proof that "the principle of Causality is objectively real" (p. 17), to the chapter on Miracles (p. 56), to Chapter XI., on the Mosaic Cosmogony, and to the strictures on Gibbon's causes of the rise and establishment of Christianity (p. 196), where the line of reasoning is not at all the same as that which Dr. Newman has so ably drawn out in his *Grammar of Assent.* In the Second Part we would recommend the Figures of the Church and their explanation (pp. 227, 235), where a real wealth of texts is neatly distributed; the Unity of the Church (p. 246), Simultaneous Catholicity (p. 259), the Notes of the True Church (p. 275), the Inquisition (pp. 305, 309), the successor of St. Peter in the Primacy (p. 341), the paragraph on Bad Popes (p. 360), and, above all, the last chapter, of which Encroachments, the Deposing Power, Toleration and its limits, Catholic Liberalism and its fundamental error, are the most striking features.

A Table of Contents, with headings of chapters and sub-headings

of sections, and a copious Alphabetical Index, add not a little to the handiness and general usefulness of the work.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PORTUGUESE DOMINIONS. By *Rev. Alfred Weld*, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1877.

Everything which throws light on the causes of the persecutions of the Society of Jesus has ever had in one country or another, and sometimes in all countries, to endure, is valuable. History is constantly quoted against that society, the fact that it has been and is the object of general hatred is employed as evidence that it deserves to be hated. Yet nothing can be more fallacious than such a method of reasoning. It has been the lot of the most faithful children of the Church, the most zealous and exact followers of Christ in all ages, to be calumniated, reviled, persecuted. The great Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic were assailed by bitter enemies, the holy Apostles were held up to reproach as the vilest of men, and our divine Lord who showed the path to the highest Christian virtue, and exemplified it in Himself, led the way, too, in suffering reproach and enduring the extremity of agony that men could inflict, and has left us the warning that as men persecuted Him they would persecute His followers also.

Father Weld's work is an important contribution to existing materials for forming a correct and just judgment respecting the opposition to the Society of Jesus during the last century. It examines and lays bare the motives, events, and causes which brought about the expulsion of the members of the Society of Jesus from the Portuguese dominions. It shows clearly from official and other documents, some of which have only recently become accessible or brought to light, that the Jesuits were innocent of the charges made against them; he points out the steps and means by which Pombal rose to power and gathered into his hands all the reins of government, flattering and deluding the luxurious and weak king, Joseph I., with a show of obsequious respect for his person and wishes, but really ruling him and bending him to his every behest and purpose; he traces the growth in Pombal's heart of jealousy and hatred of the Society of Jesus, and shows that Pombal recognized in that society an opponent to his ambitious schemes, and one that must be removed and destroyed before they could be consummated; that his dreams of wealth to be drawn from South America demanded for their realization, as Pombal supposed, the destruction of the Reductions or Indian communities the Jesuits had formed in South America.

The history of the Reductions is succinctly but clearly sketched, the savage and degraded condition of the Indians originally, sunk in the lowest depths of heathenism and cannibalism, the complete transformation wrought by the Jesuit Fathers in their character, the laborious and self-denying lives of the missionaries, the hardships and dangers they encountered in their expeditions into unexplored regions in search of heathen savages whom they converted and brought from time to time to reside within the limits of the Reductions, the needless and useless compulsory migration of the Christian Indians from the Reductions, the injustice and cruelties practiced upon them by Portuguese and Spanish colonists of South America, and the officials of the Portuguese government, the unsuccessful search for gold, the unavailing efforts of the Jesuit Fathers to protect the Indians, the combination of Pombal with the Jansenists in calumniating the Jesuits, the false accusations brought against them, the plot to implicate the Jesuits in a conspiracy to assassinate the king of Portugal, the libellous pamphlet published against them,

their expulsion from Portugal and the Portuguese dominions beyond the sea, the trials and sufferings to which they were exposed, their patience and humility and heroic fortitude, their arrival at Civita Vecchia and their kind reception in Roman territory, the imprisonment of Father Malagrida, packing the inquisition, Father Malagrida's trial, the ridiculously false charges on which he was arraigned, his condemnation and execution, Pombal's prison system, the horrible cruelties suffered by the imprisoned Jesuits—all these are graphically described, and the truth of the statements made is shown and proved by incontestable evidence. Following the chapters treating these subjects is a concluding chapter, in which are described the death of the king, the opening of the prison doors and release of an immense number of long incarcerated persons of every rank and condition, the fall of Pombal, his trial and condemnation, the sentence of death recorded and remitted, his death.

The work is a triumphant defence of the Jesuits in Portugal and the Portuguese colonies, and all the more so from the calm, moderate, and impartial manner in which the investigation is conducted. Its value, and at the same time its power of conviction, is increased by numerous references to original and official documents, and the copious quotations made from them.

MISCELLANIES. By *Henry Edward*, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

This volume of the miscellaneous writings of Cardinal Manning well exhibits the fruitful and versatile character of his mind, as well as the variety and extent of his learning. It consists of twenty-four pages, embracing subjects as different as it is possible for them to be, yet all treated with that clearness, and directness, and force, which characterize Cardinal Manning's writings and discourses The volume opens with "A Discourse"—entitled "Roma Æterna"—delivered "before the Academia of the Quiriti in Rome, on the 2165th Anniversary of the City, April 21st, 1863," and very appropriately closes with a paper, or rather treatise, upon "The Independence of the Holy See," composed and first published during the current year, to which are appended the Allocution of His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., on the persecution of the Holy See, and of the Church in Italy, delivered before the Sacred College of Cardinals, March 12th, 1877 (with an English translation), and the letter of Cardinal Simeoni, addressed to the Apostolic Nuncios, on the action of the Italian government with respect to that Allocution.

Between these papers, commencing and concluding the volume, are twenty-two others, consisting of articles contributed to the *Dublin Review*, lectures delivered before the Catholic Academia in England, discourses to Catholic Associations, lectures to Mechanics' Institutes on Progress, and on the Dignity and Rights of Labor, letters to the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P., on the Visit of Garibaldi, to Earl Grey on Ireland, to His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, five articles refuting accusations of heresy made by Dr. Nicholson, of the "Church of England," on account of a sermon of the Archbishop upon the worship due the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and showing that objections to the devotion necessarily involve heresy as to the incarnation, articles, written by request for the *Daily Telegraph*, on "The Church of Rome," and papers on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," "Ultramontanism and Christianity," "Christianity and Antichristianism," "The Pope and Magna Charta," "Philosophy without Assumptions." Among the papers we have not mentioned is a very interesting and

learned one, "The Demon of Socrates," read before the "Royal Institution," January 26th, 1872; another, in which the different theories that have been held, or are now in vogue, on the relation of Church and State, are discussed; another, in which the relation of the Church to science and politics is exhibited; and three papers, each very beautiful, on Father Faber, Cardinal Wiseman, and Frederick Ozanam.

To attempt to speak of any of these papers in detail, or to indulge in quotations from them, would extend this notice far beyond the space it is designed to occupy. But we cannot refrain from remarking that the introductory paragraphs of the letter to His Grace, the Archbishop of Armagh, form as perfect a specimen of graceful epistolary composition as we remember ever to have met with, while the body of the letter, as well as that to Earl Grey, show fulness of knowledge as regards the religious, social, and economical condition of Ireland, joined with a warm and deep interest in her progress and improvement.

Cardinal Manning touches nothing that he does not elucidate. There is a directness, as well as clearness and strength, in his writings that make even profound and difficult subjects, when treated by him, comprehensible by thoughtful persons of ordinary education.

NEW LANDS WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. A Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship "Tegetthoff" in the years 1872–1874. By *Julius Payer*, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from drawings by the author. Translated from the German with the author's permission. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1877.

Public interest in Arctic explorations has not by any means passed away since the return of the *Alert*, and *Discovery*, and the report of their commanders, "Impossible to reach the North Pole." Even accepting this, which many, however, are not at all prepared to do as a settled fact, the importance of Arctic exploring expeditions is not destroyed, scarcely diminished. It is one thing to reach the North Pole, quite another and different to explore the regions in its vicinity. And by their exploration many questions, not only interesting, but important, in their relations to geography, hydrography, magnetism, and climatology, and kindred sciences remain to be settled, upon which careful observations in the Arctic regions will throw much light.

The Austro-Hungarian expeditions, of which the work before us is a narrative, aimed rather at furthering the last-mentioned objects, than at making a sudden dash for the Pole. After thorough discussion of the routes and results attained by previous explorations, and the difficulties they encountered, it was thought that the seas between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zembla presented the fairest prospect of attaining valuable results. Many considerations favored this conclusion; besides, the remarkable fact that those seas were almost unknown to science, was of great weight with those to whom the duty of maturing the route and plan of the expedition was committed. It was determined, however, to send out first a pioneer expedition in a small sailing vessel called the *Isbjörn*. On its return it brought back a favorable report, and on the 13th day of June, 1872, the main expedition left Bremerhaven in the *Tegetthoff*, a small steamer, with twenty-four men, officers and crew, on their adventurous voyage, all solemnly "renouncing, by a formal deed," "every claim to an expedition for our rescue in case we should be unable to return."

Their "ideal aim was the northeast passage," their "immediate and definite object was the exploration of the seas and lands on the northeast coast of Novaya Zembla." The work before us tells the story of

their voyage, their dangers and difficulties, their two winters and the intervening summer amid the ice, their sledge expeditions, their final abandoning their vessel, their long and perilous boat voyage, their reaching Novaya Zembla, their coasting along its dreary, rock-bound and ice-bound shores, and their rescue by the schooner *Nicolai*. The work is intensely interesting as a narrative of adventure, hardships, and dangers encountered, bravely battled with, and overcome. The typographical execution of the book is admirable, and it is enriched with upwards of forty spirited sketches and illustrations.

TURKS AND GREEKS. Notes on a recent Excursion. By *Hon. Dudley Campbell, M.A.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1877. Philadelphia: On sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The title of this book is calculated to excite agreeable anticipations in regard to its contents. A gentleman of noble family and large opportunities for mental culture, as his name with its prefix and suffix indicate, travelling through Turkey and Greece as recently as last autumn, and taking notes of what he observed, could scarcely fail in seeing much that was interesting to himself at the time, and the recital of which would interest the public.

Mr. Campbell, too, during a portion of his tour travelled with members of an English embassy, and had the *entré* to diplomatic circles in Constantinople and Athens. He therefore possessed exceptionally excellent advantages for acquiring information. Then the countries through which his travels extended, so rich in historic associations, so varied in their enchanting scenery, inhabited by peoples of so many and diverse nationalities and races, it might reasonably be expected, would have quickened the mind, excited the imagination, and sharpened the perceptions of a person even of the most stolid temperament.

The reader who opens the book with such anticipations will find himself disappointed. Mr. Campbell seems to have no capacity either for observing or describing. Of the scenery about Buda-Pesth he has this to say:

"The Danube is a splendid river above Pesth, as you look at it from a magnificent bridge, with an island in front of you."

Of Belgrade he says:

"On landing, one is disappointed at the little progress made by a place so famous in history. There are no fine streets or good shops, and few decent buildings, and the pavement is extraordinarily rough."

His remarks upon the peoples of Turkey and Greece, and upon the questions that were agitating them, are commonplace and superficial. You look in vain through the whole book for anything fresh, interesting, or instructive. If relationship were inferable from intellectual resemblances, we should unhesitatingly pronounce Mr. Campbell a near kinsman of "Lord Dundreary."

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. By *Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.*, Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

The papers that compose this volume are on subjects directly and intimately related to questions belonging to present times. They bear evidences of thought and care in their preparation, and are written in pleasing and attractive style. The first paper, entitled "The Catholic Church in the United States, 1776–1876," opens with a reference to the religious spirit of the early colonists of the United States, shows their hatred of the Catholic religion, the disabilities to which Catholics were

subject, and the hostile, and, in some instances, penal, legislation enacted against them. He shows the feebleness of the Church in this country at first, as regards numbers and material resources, and its slowness of growth, and then exhibits in contrast its present condition, closing with some pertinent remarks upon the future prospects of the Church and her relation to the prosperity of the people of the United States.

In three well-considered papers the "Influence of Catholicity and Protestantism on National Prosperity" are discussed under the several heads of Wealth, Education, and Morality. "The Persecution of the Church in the German Empire" forms the subject of another paper, replete with important facts which clearly exhibit the real animus and insidious designs of the imperial government of Germany against the Church. Three other articles entitled "Prussia and the Church" trace the progress of Catholicity in Prussia from its first introduction into that country, its relations to the State at different times, and its present position and prospects. Incidental to the main purpose of these last-mentioned papers, but closely connected with it, are a number of interesting and valuable references to the condition of Protestantism, and its action at different periods in the history of Prussia. A trenchant *exposé* of "German Journalism" follows these papers, after which, and concluding the volume, we have a well-written paper, abounding in beautiful thoughts on Religion and Art.

Bishop Spalding is widely known as a graceful and thoughtful writer, and a perusal of this volume will show that his high reputation in this regard is not undeserved.

A Life of Pius IX. down to his Episcopal Jubilee of 1877. By *Rev. Bernard O'Reilly*. Second edition. New York: P. F. Collier, Publisher. 1877.

This work, as we learn from the preface, has grown out of a desire long cherished by the author to trace the causes, and hold up to public view the machinations and conspiracies that have culminated in the recent sacrilegious spoliations and usurpations, and have "left the Holy Father nothing but the uncertain freedom of his prison in the Vatican."

The author tells us that from 1831 it has been his habit "to read everything that could throw light on the state of Italy, and enable him to trace out the causes of the chronic discontent and unrest" to which her peoples have been a prey. From this the general design of the work may be inferred. The main portion of it is occupied with a history of the Pontificate of Pius IX. from its commencement, in 1846, to the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul, in July, 1867. From 1867 down to the Episcopal Jubilee the author becomes more succinct in the treatment of his subject.

Father O'Reilly describes at considerable length, and in detail, the plots and conspiracies of the infidel revolutionists of Italy and surrounding countries, their intrigues with the rulers of different European nations, and the manner in which the mutual distrust and jealousies of those nations were made instrumental in furthering revolutionary schemes. Much light is thrown upon these subjects by copious quotations from official documents and from circulars, some public, others secret, sent forth by the leaders of the revolution.

The ecclesiastical acts of the Holy Father are also narrated, and the work is enriched with frequent quotations from Papal Allocutions and similar documents. It is written in flowing and attractive style; its descriptions of scenery and pen-portraits of distinguished personages add

to the interest of the narrative. As regards typographical execution, it is a fine specimen of beautiful workmanship.

A Popular Life of our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX. Drawn from the most reliable authorities. By *Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M.*, Pastor of St. Rose's Church. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1877.

The author does not claim that his book is a history of the Pontificate of Pius IX. His aim is to make the Catholic public "familiar with the glories and trials, triumphs and humiliations," of our present Sovereign Pontiff, "to portray his life as it has been, and still is, thank God, adorned with the fairest virtues that have ever graced the soul of an occupant of St. Peter's chair." Father Brennan's book, therefore, is rather a biographical sketch than a history of Pius IX. In giving it this shape and character, the author has shown, in our opinion, excellent judgment, and produced a work calculated to do great good. While a clear understanding of the history of the life of our Sovereign Pontiff in his official relations up to the present time is important, yet there is another point of view from which it may be studied and exhibited with salutary and edifying effect. Father Brennan portrays with brevity, but admirable clearness, the private and public life of our great and glorious Pontiff from early childhood down, virtually, to the present time, its many and great vicissitudes, truthfully and graphically recounting "a story of exalted virtue, of meekness, firmness, humility, self-respect, patience, courage, faith in God, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, unbounded charity towards all men." The most important official acts of the holy Pontiff, also, are treated briefly, but in such way as to bring out their deep significance and importance.

Light: A series of simple, entertaining, and inexpensive experiments in the Phenomena of Light, for the use of students of every age. By *Alfred M. Mayer and Charles Barnard.* New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1877.

This book is one of an excellent series of works entitled *Experimental Series for Beginners*, published by Messrs. Appleton & Co. Its design is stated in its comprehensive title, which we have copied in full. The experiments which it describes are interesting, and some of them beautiful, and well calculated to engage the attention of children and beginners in the study of nature, and not only to instruct them in the phenomena and laws of light to a certain extent, but also to excite an increased interest in the study.

The materials required for the experiments are of the cheapest and most common description, and may be found in almost any dwelling-house or bought for a small sum of money in any town or city. According to a statement in the preface, all the experiments may be performed at a cost not exceeding fifteen dollars. The directions for the construction and arrangement of the apparatus are simple and easily understood.

This work, small as it is, fills an important place in scientific literature. It enables almost any boy or girl to become an experimenter as well as student, and is a great aid to a teacher who has no apparatus, and wishes to train his pupils to become exact observers.

The Age of Anne. By *Edward E. Morris, M.A.*, of Lincoln College, Oxford. Head Master of the Melbourne Grammar School, Australia. With maps and plans. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This book is one of a series entitled *Epochs of Modern History.* Its author in its preface disclaims all pretensions to originality. It is simply

an effort to work into such shape as will be available for pupils in higher schools the results of the historical researches of others.

Judged by the author's statement of his purpose and object, it is a success, setting forth in a succinct, clear, and interesting manner the leading events of the history not only of England, but of Europe generally, which transpired during the reign of Anne, Queen of England. Its value is increased by a number of maps, which show clearly the great changes in the territorial limits of different European countries, brought about by diplomacy or force of arms, from the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, five years before Anne ascended the throne, to the close of her reign and life in 1714. It was a period of constant agitation, of contention between the two great parties into which the English people then were and ever since have been divided, of continual intrigues among European nations, and of almost incessant hostilities. These are all very clearly summarized and brought to view by the author in this work.

He will Come, or Meditations upon the Return of the Lord Jesus Christ to Reign over the Earth. By *Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D.* With an introduction by *Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.*, Rector of St. George's Church, New York City. New York: Mucklow & Simon, publishers. 1877. 12mo., pp. 212.

This is a reproduction for modern tastes of one of those fond fancies and idle dreams, which private judgment has found in scripture, or rather in its own silly interpretation of God's word. The author would like to persuade Episcopalians, his readers, not only that the millennium is true, but that it is a matter of belief contained in some way in the creed of their church—"this church of ours" is the pet name by which he calls it more than once (pp. 15, 17). But he does her injustice. Wrong as she is in many points, she is not heterodox in this. She may indeed shelter in her bosom millenarians, as she does socinians, rationalists and freethinkers, but she does not incorporate their opinions into her standards, and, besides, the number of these advanced Protestants is always small compared with the bulk of her members. The author attempts a strain of piety in some parts of his book, but it is so affected, so unnatural, that it sometimes forces a smile, but more frequently pains and sickens any one who is accustomed to read the Fathers, or great ascetical writers of the old and one true Church, who never aimed at effect, but wrote out of the fulness of their hearts.

The Life of Pope Pius IX., and the Great Events in the History of the Church during his Pontificate. By *John Gilmary Shea.* 8vo., pp. 440. New York: Thomas Kelly. 1877.

Were Mr. Shea to try, he could not, we believe, write a dull or uninteresting book. And the reader who takes up this life of Pius IX. will find it an excellent, most accurate, and delightful biography of one of the greatest Pontiffs that ever sat in Peter's chair. We have lately seen some biographies of Pius IX. censured by the Catholic press as lacking accuracy and originality. No such charge can be made against Mr. Shea. A historian himself, and endowed with excellent taste, he has consulted only the best sources, and, discarding all trifles and everything below the dignity of his subject, has given everything that was of importance in the private and public life of the Pontiff. And his facts may be relied on. The only inexactness that we have noticed is on pages 132 and 137, where the pyxis sent by the Bishop of Valence to Pius IX. is said to have belonged to Pius VII. It should be Pius VI. The inaccuracy,

however, we suspect, comes from Maguire's "Rome and her Ruler," which is there quoted.

Biology, with Preludes on Current Events. By *Joseph Cook*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. Philadelphia: On sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1877.

Modern Philosophy, from Descartes to Schopanhaur and Hartmann. By *Francis Bowen, A.M.*, Alford Professor of Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company. 1877.

The Logic of Chance. An Essay on the Foundations and Province of the Theory of Probability, with especial reference to its Logical Bearings and its Applications to Moral and Social Science. By *John Venn, M.A.*, Fellow, and Lecturer on Moral and Social Science in Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London. Second edition. Rewritten and greatly enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. Philadelphia: On sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

These three works, each by a gentleman of high reputation, are on very important subjects. They were received after nearly all the foregoing notices were in type, and at too late a date to admit of the examination and notice which they deserve. We shall recur to them in the next number of the *Review*.

Our Faith the Victory; or, a Comprehensive View of the Principal Doctrines of the Christian Religion. By *Right Rev. John McGill, D.D.*, Bishop of Richmond. Third edition. Large 12mo., pp. 493. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1877.

This is a sterling book, and not only good for Catholics to study their religion, but also most suitable to be placed in the hands of intelligent Protestants who wish to be instructed in the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. Bishop Challoner's "Catholic Christian" is good for all classes, the educated and the uneducated. But Bishop McGill's book is better suited to those who have a certain amount of education. This is the result of his logical, lawyer-like mind, which delighted in close reasoning on religious, indeed, upon all subjects. The book is a reflex of the good Bishop's character, straightforward, honest, and bearing the impress of that heavenly truth which it seeks to explain.

Monotheism, in the main derived from the Hebrew Nation and the Law of Moses, the Primitive Religion of the City of Rome. An historical investigation, by the *Rev. Henry Formby*. London: Williams & Norgate. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1877. 8vo., pp. 360.

This remarkable book must interest every scholar. It has been a labor of love with Mr. Formby, and to prove his point he has brought to his aid much judicious reflection and a mass of erudition. The book is too important to be passed over with a brief notice, and we shall return to it in our next.

Repertorium Oratoris Sacri. Monthly publication. October, 1877. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

A collection of sermons from the works of great preachers of divers nationalities, English, French, Italian, and German. It is a book of great utility to a young preacher, suggesting thoughts and, what is still better, appropriate passages of Scripture.

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